

ALL BRAND NEW  
FEATURES!

THE

# HUMAN TORCH

10¢

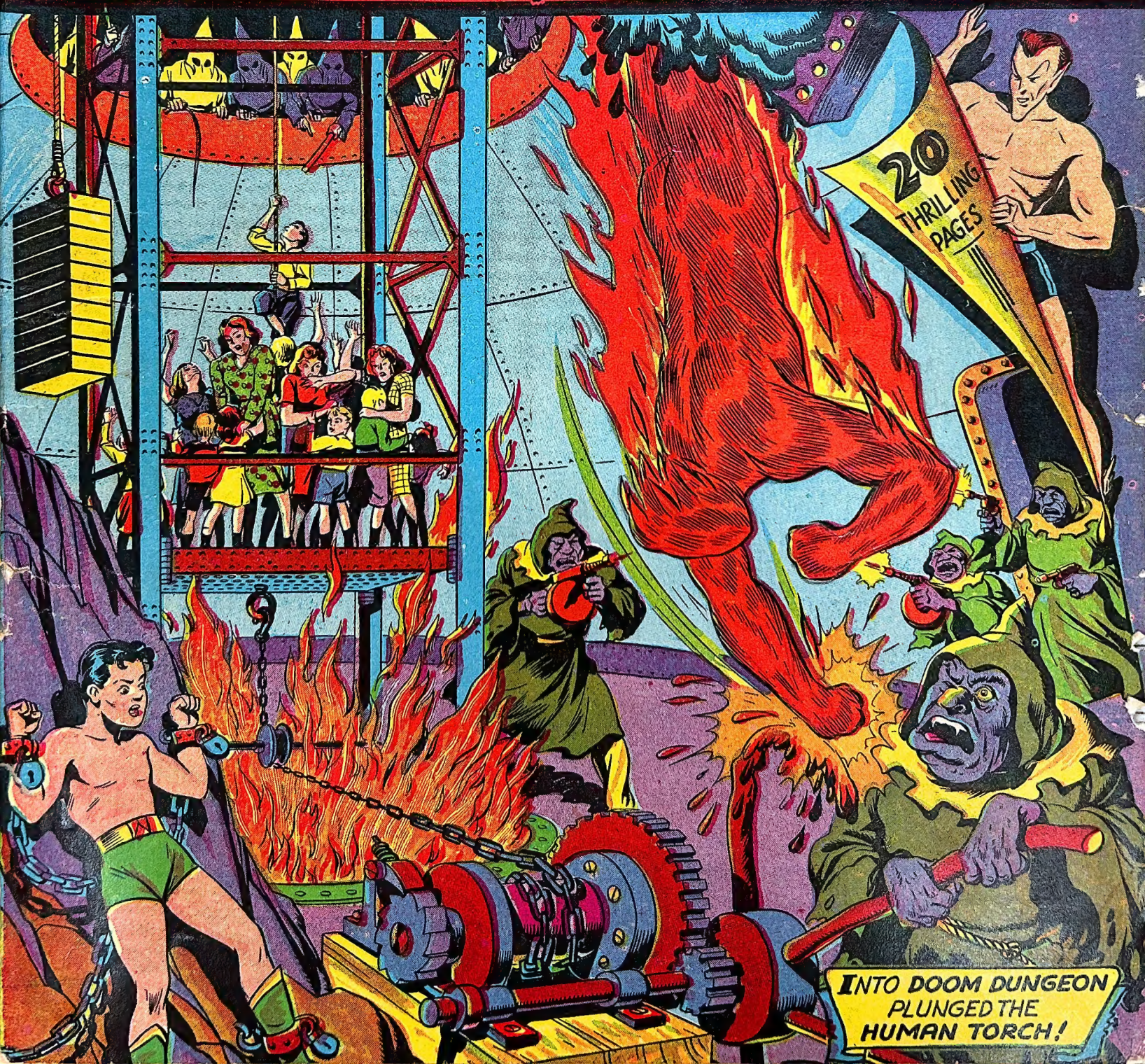
WINTER  
NUMBER

NO.

6

ALSO

the SUB-MARINER



INTO DOOM DUNGEON  
PLUNGED THE  
HUMAN TORCH!



# THE SUB-MARINER

10¢

COMICS

WINTER  
ISSUE

NO. 4

Plus 20 PAGES of THE "ANGEL"!

— NEVER LETS YOU DOWN —  
— ONLY THE BEST STORIES —  
— THE BEST ARTISTS —

SEE  
- NAMOR BATTLE  
THE "HORROR" IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE, NO. 4 -  
PLUS -  
THE "ANGEL"!

FOR SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

10¢

# SHAKE!

THE SUB-MARINER  
IS OUR

# PAL!





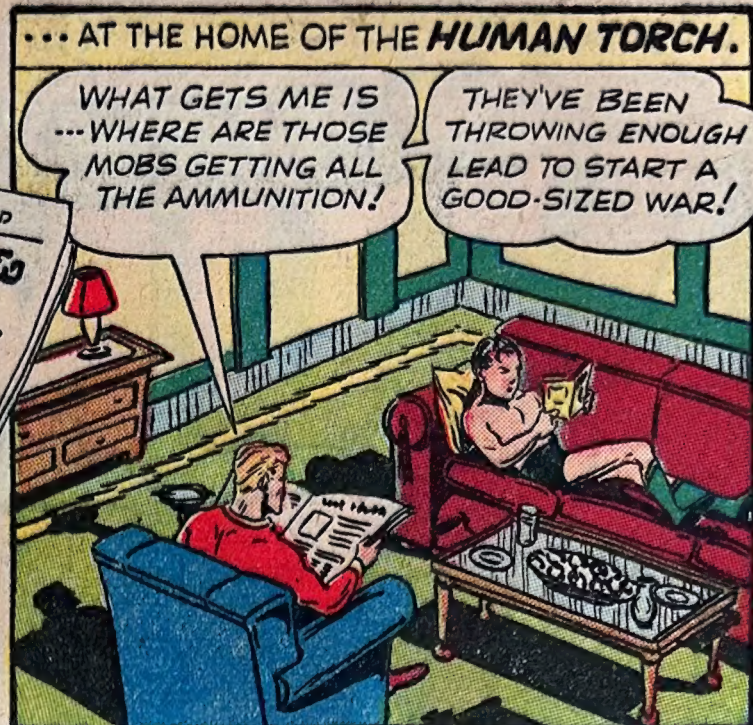


**T**HE MEN WHO MADE CRIME  
A BUSINESS SAID, "BUSINESS  
IS BAD." AND THEN THEIR  
MACHINES BEGAN HUMMING,  
CHURNING OUT TOOLS OF  
DEATH FOR THE BLOODY  
HANDS OF A MOB OF MURDER-  
HUNGRY, MONEY-MAD  
TERRORISTS! YES, THE  
MACHINES WERE GOING  
FULL-BLAST, BUT YOU  
COULDN'T PUT YOUR FINGER  
ON WHERE THEY WERE HIDDEN.  
**CAN THE TORCH**  
**FIND THE SECRET ARSENAL**  
**WHERE THE WEAPONS**  
**WERE MADE AND STORED ?**

and  
**TORO**  
in

**"SECRET  
ARSENAL"**



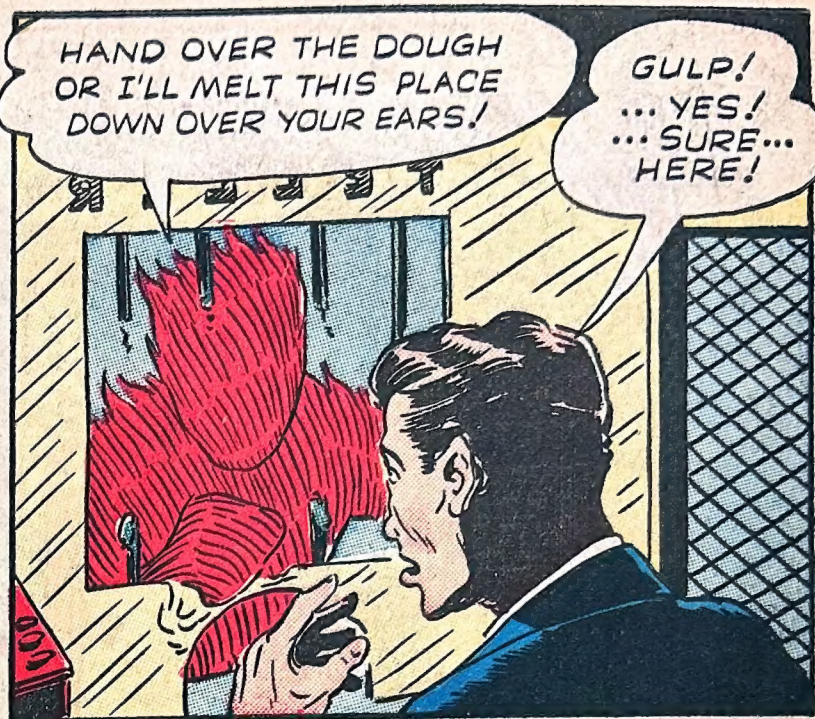






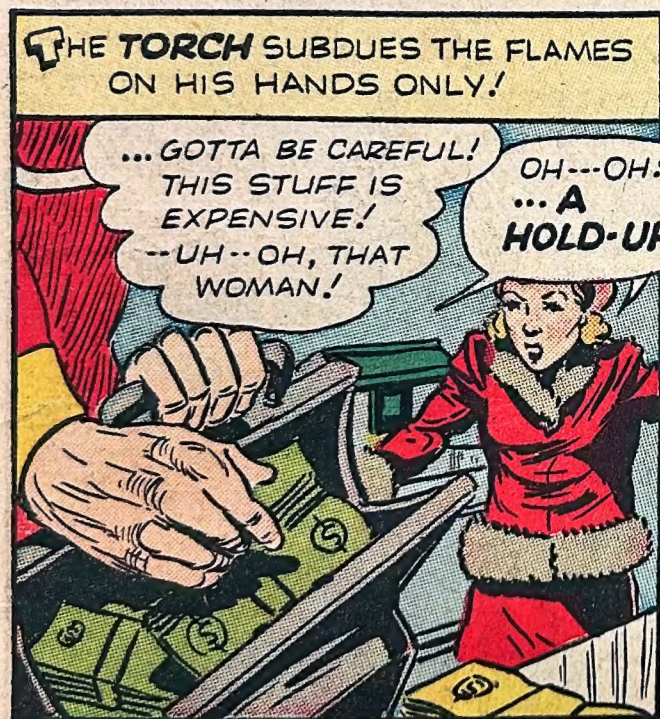
GOOD AFTERNOON!  
... WANT TO OPEN  
AN ACCOUNT?

NO, MISTER,  
... I WANT TO  
**CLOSE ONE!**



HAND OVER THE DOUGH  
OR I'LL MELT THIS PLACE  
DOWN OVER YOUR EARS!

GULP!  
... YES!  
... SURE...  
HERE!



**THE TORCH** SUBDUES THE FLAMES  
ON HIS HANDS ONLY!

... GOTTA BE CAREFUL!  
THIS STUFF IS  
EXPENSIVE!  
--UH-- OH, THAT  
WOMAN!

OH---OH!  
... A  
**HOLD-UP!**



GET THE  
POLICE!  
**A HOLD-UP!  
THE  
HUMAN  
TORCH!**

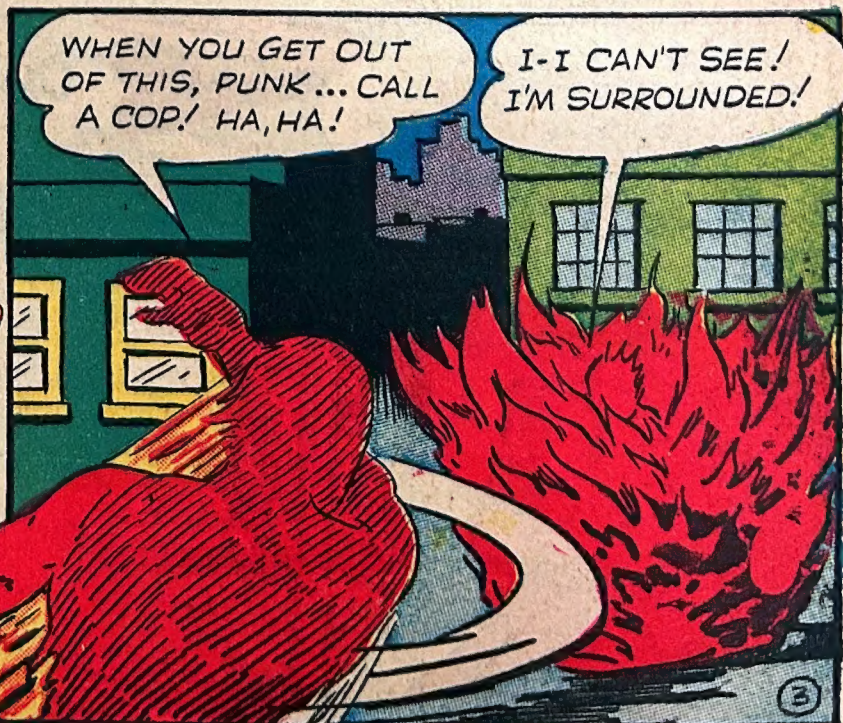
**GANGWAY!**

UGH!



I SAW THE WHOLE  
THING, **TORCH!**  
... JUST A MINUTE!

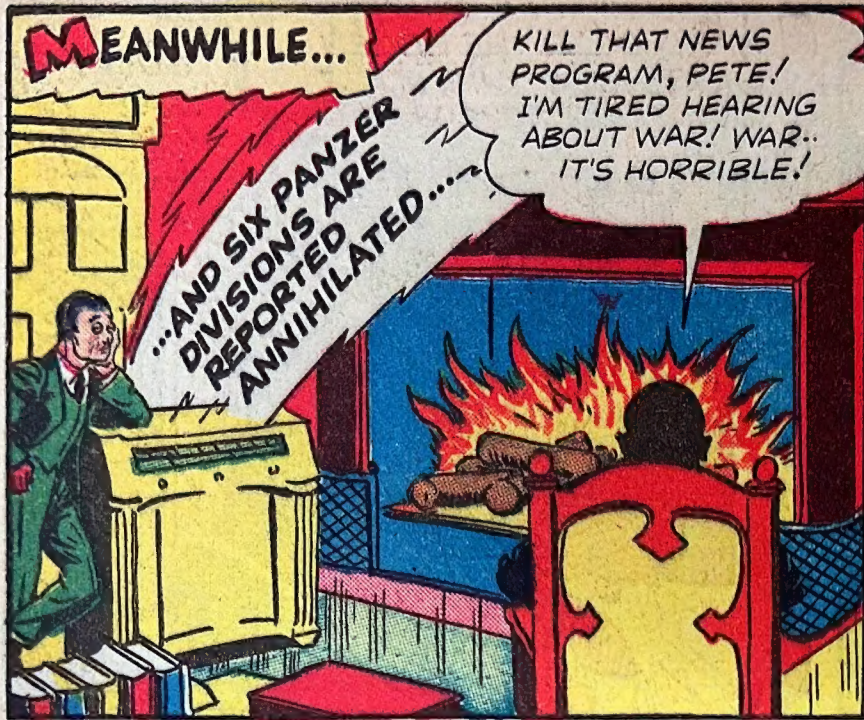
FIRE-BALLS,  
EH?



WHEN YOU GET OUT  
OF THIS, PUNK ... CALL  
A COP! HA, HA!

I-I CAN'T SEE!  
I'M SURROUNDED!



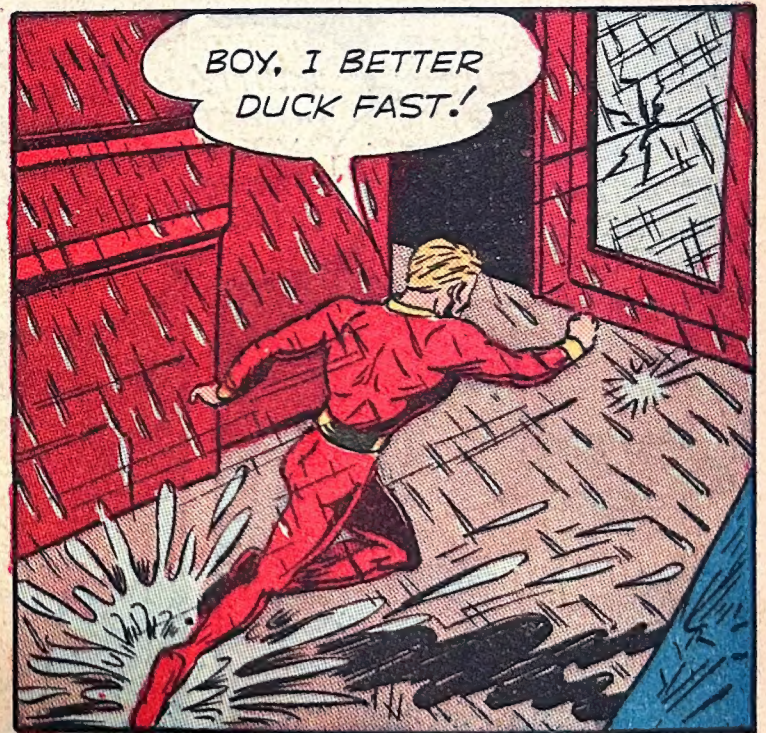
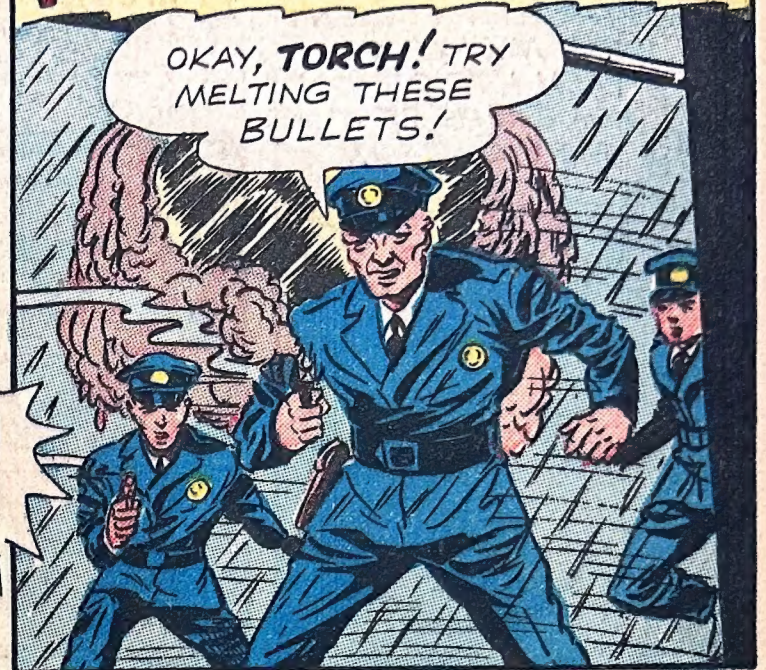




**P**RESSURE ON THE BUTTON TURNS ON AN EMERGENCY FIRE ALARM AND PUTS CHEMICAL SPRINKLERS INTO ACTION!



**F**ACTORY GUARDS RACE TO THE SCENE!



...I GOT AWAY! BUT I'LL  
HAVE TO BEAT IT HOME AND  
CHANGE MY CLOTHES!  
...**WHEW!**



**HOME...**

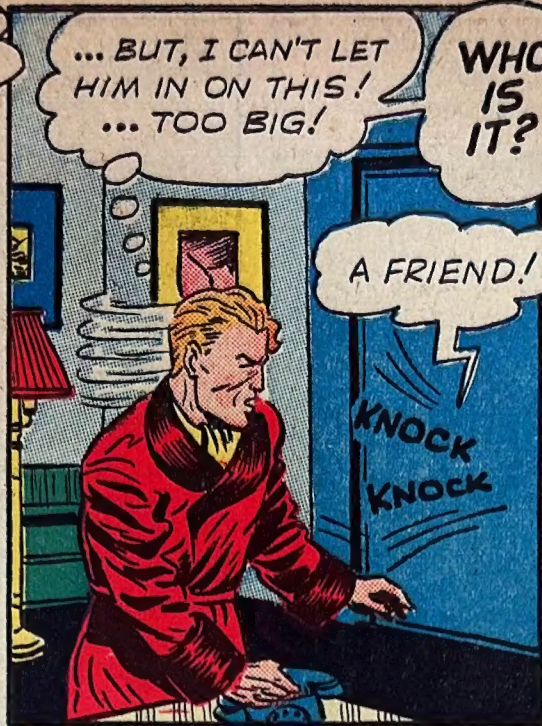
...PHONE'S RINGING!  
MAYBE IT'S **TORO**. HE  
LEFT ME SINCE I STARTED  
MY ONE-MAN  
CRIME WAVE!



HELLO, **TORCH?** YOU  
MUST BE MAD! YOU'RE  
NOT A CRIMINAL! YOU  
**CAN'T BE!**









**INSIDE PETE'S CAR!**

JOE! ... WE'RE BEIN' TAILED  
BY A CAB! ... **QUICK! ...  
THROW ON THE  
BRAKES!**

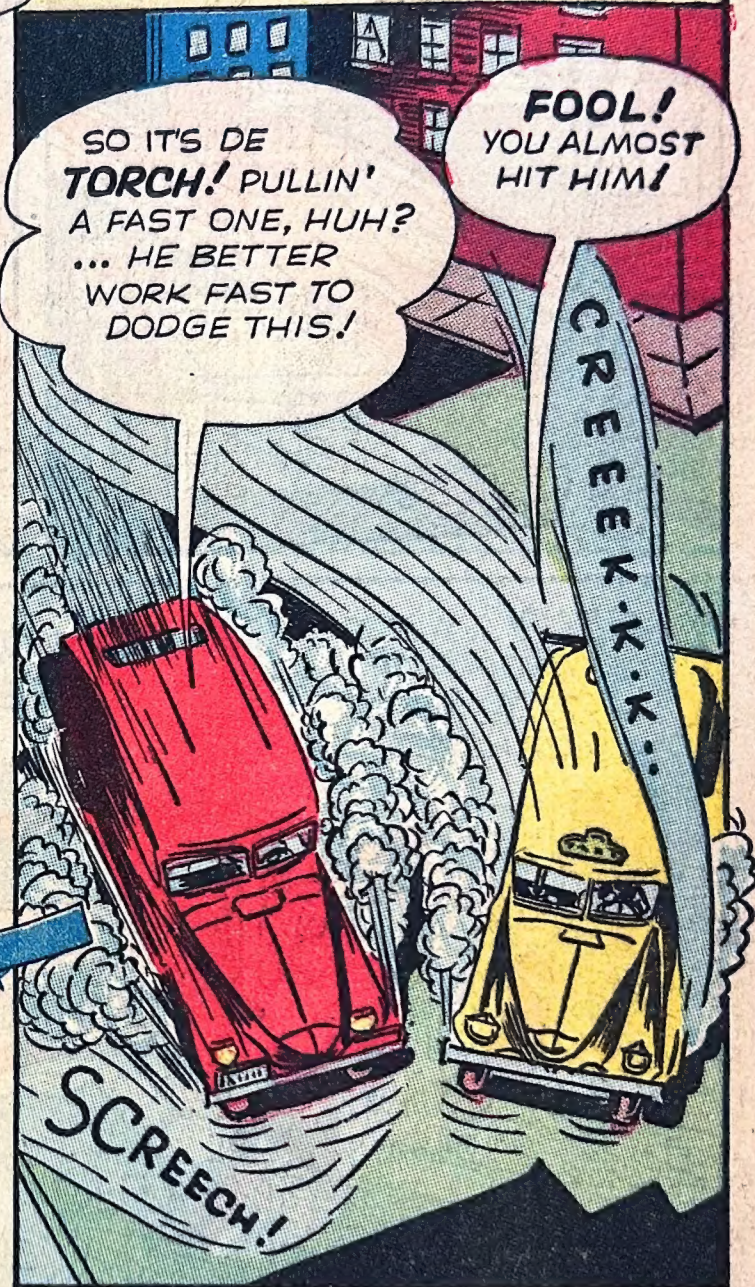
**HOLD YOUR  
HAT, PETE!**



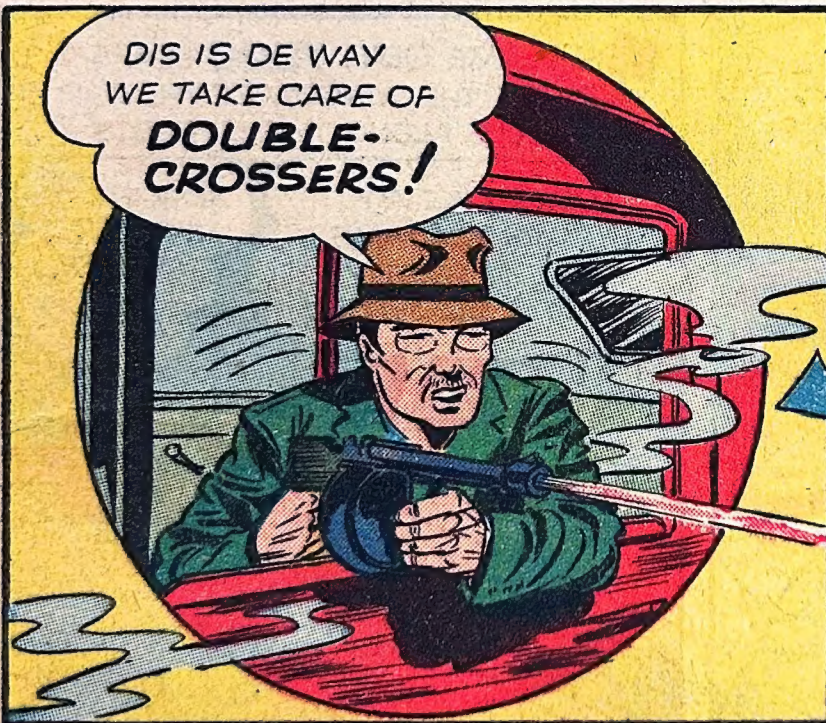
**AS THE SEDAN JERKS TO A HALT,  
THE **TORCH'S** CAB SWERVES TO  
AVOID A CRASH AND DRAWS  
ALONGSIDE THE OTHER CAR!**

SO IT'S DE  
**TORCH!** PULLIN'  
A FAST ONE, HUH?  
... HE BETTER  
WORK FAST TO  
DODGE THIS!

**FOOL!  
YOU ALMOST  
HIT HIM!**



DIS IS DE WAY  
WE TAKE CARE OF  
**DOUBLE-  
CROSSERS!**



**WHAT...  
YEOW!**



**THE DRIVER IS NEXT ON  
THE LIST!**

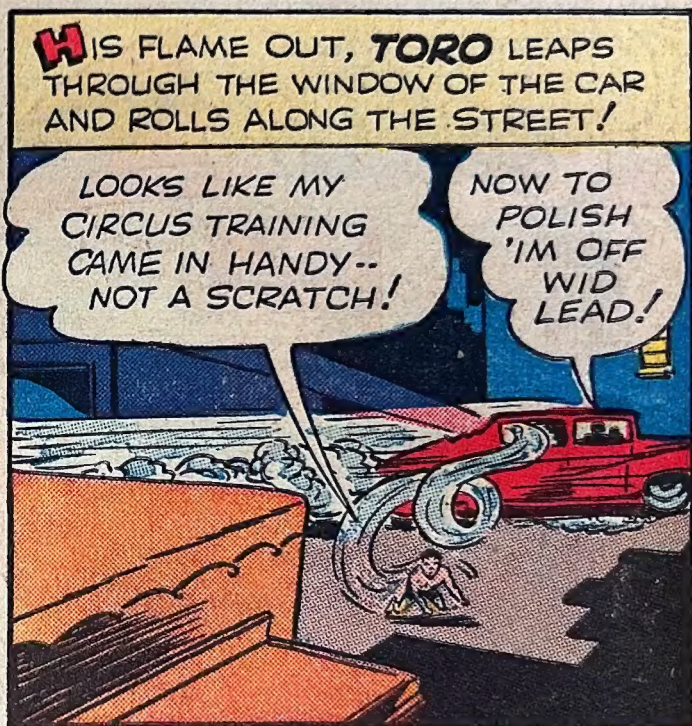
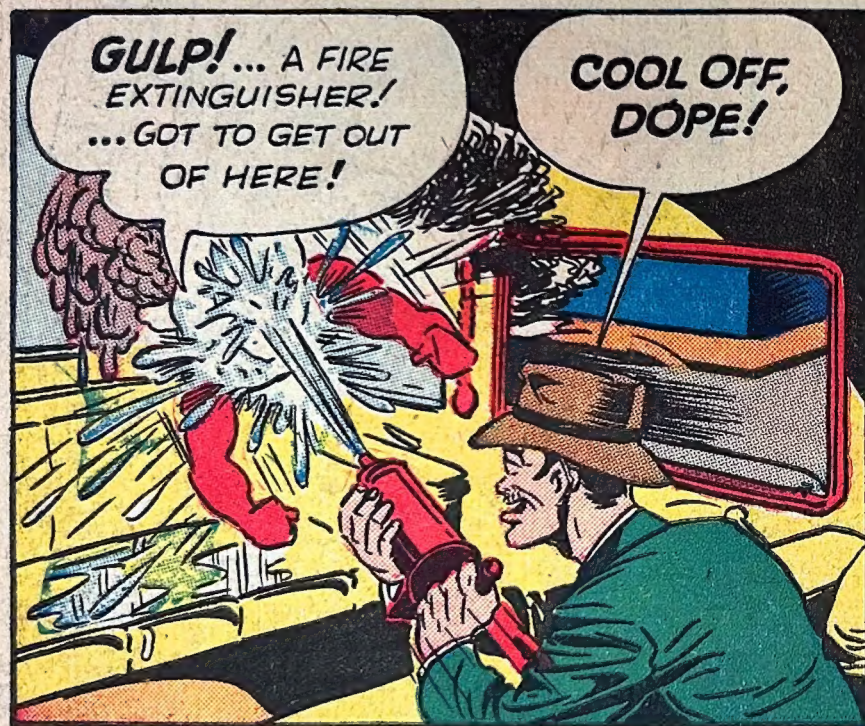
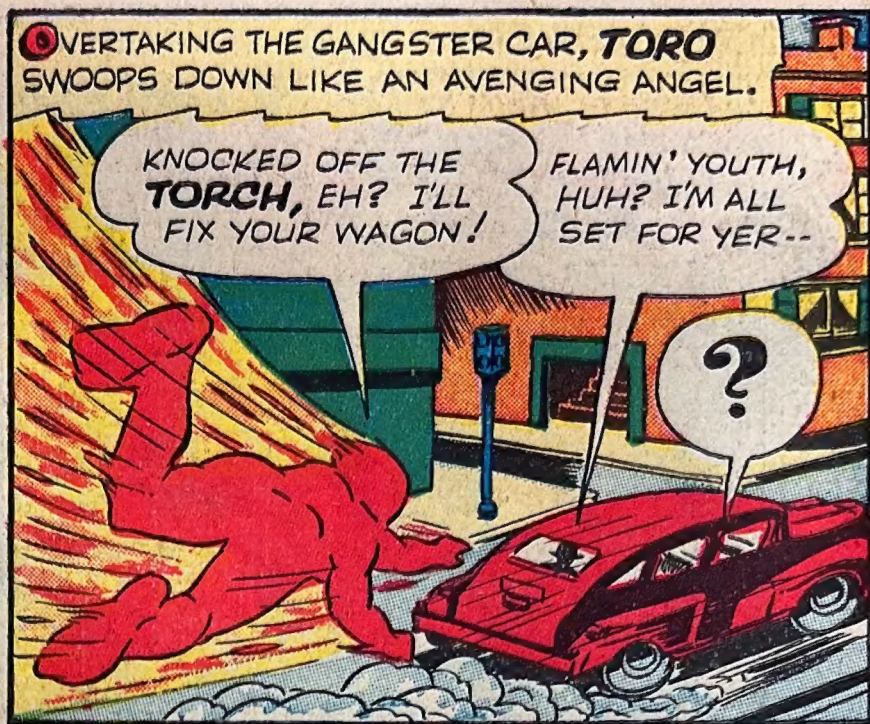
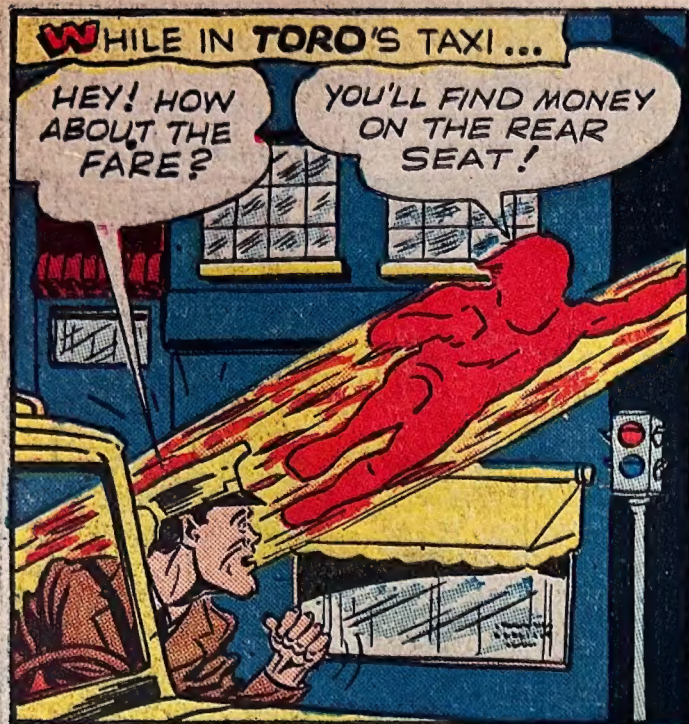
**AGH-RR--**



**ITS DRIVER DEAD, THE  
TAXI CAREENS OUT OF  
CONTROL!**

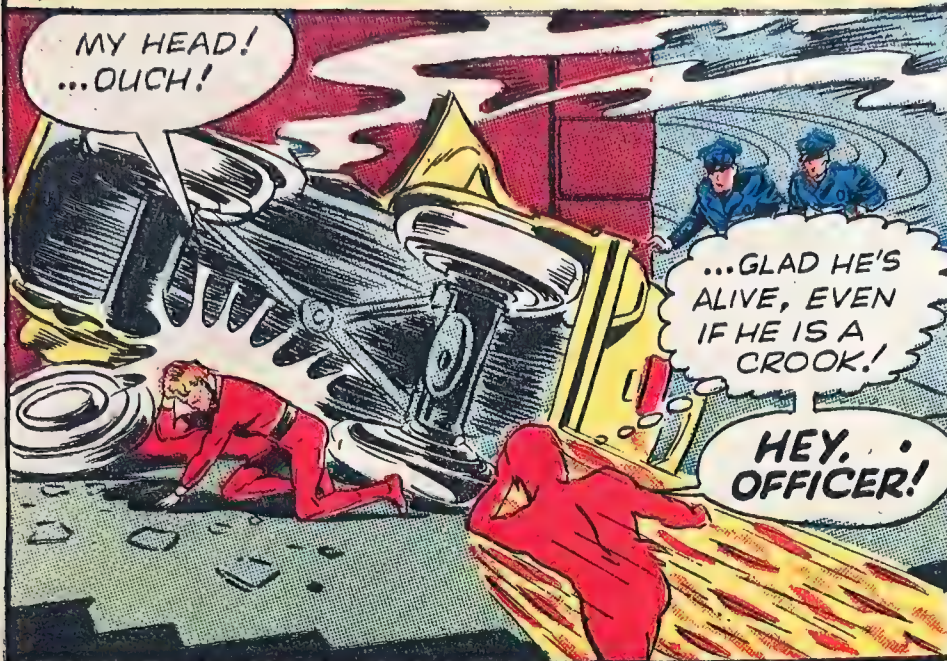




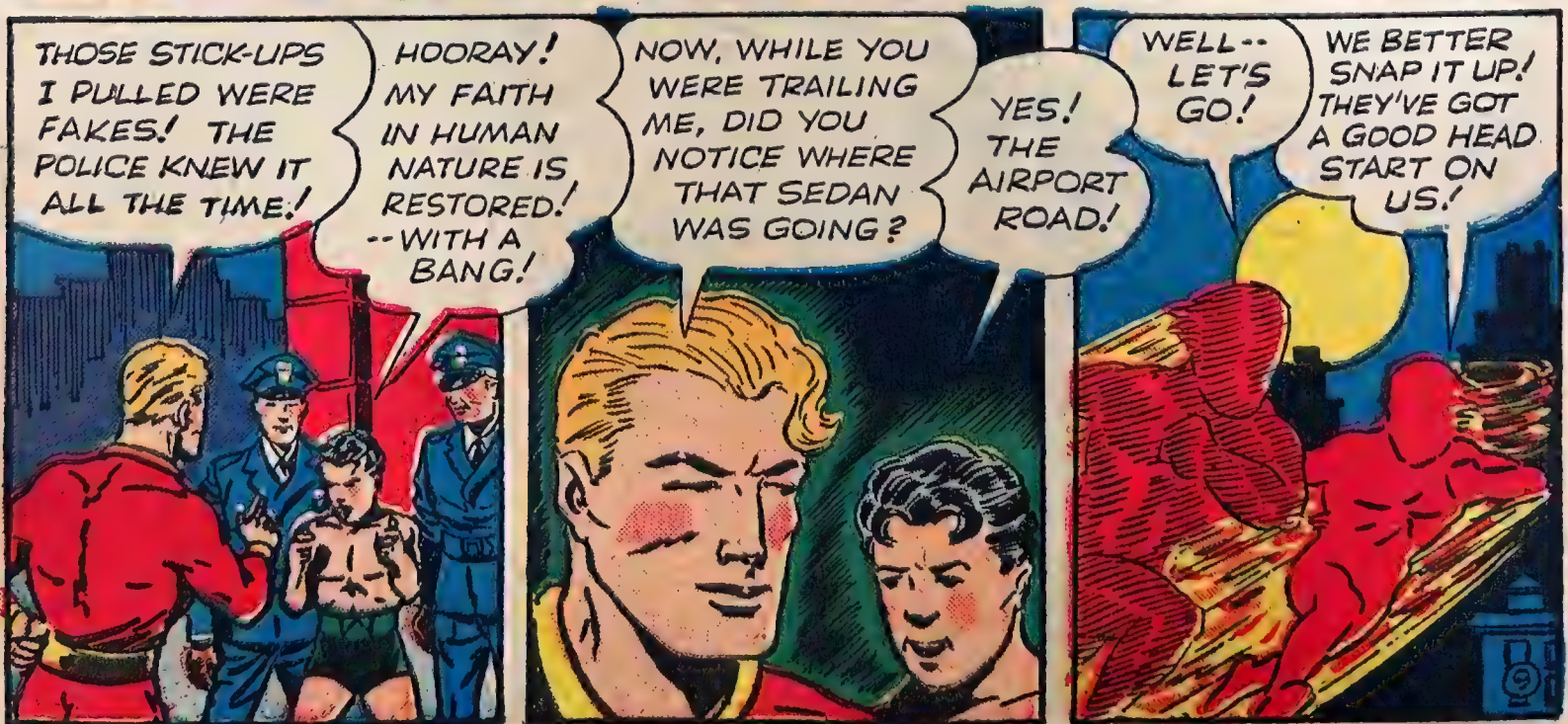
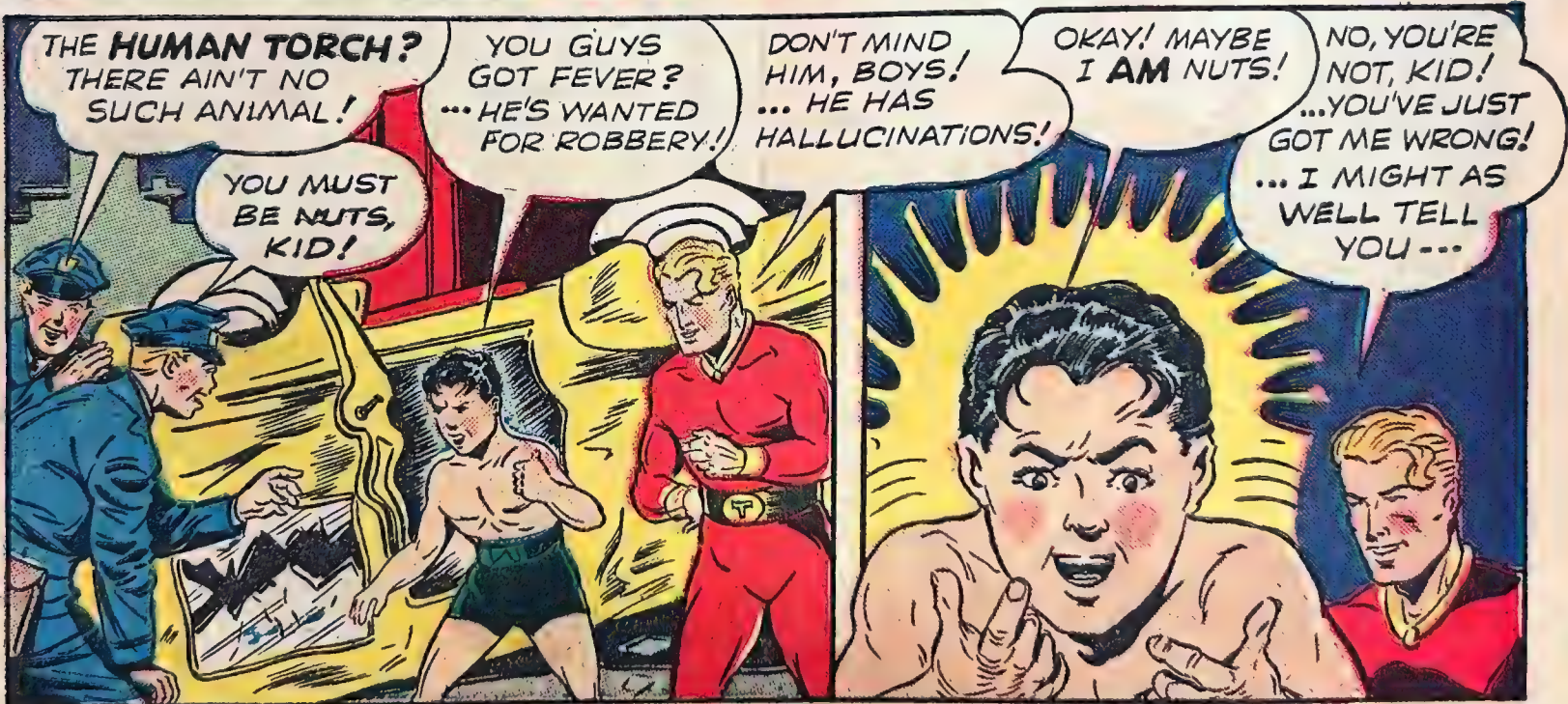




**TORO** RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH!



KNOW WHO THAT IS? ... **THE HUMAN TORCH!** WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR?... **ARREST HIM!**



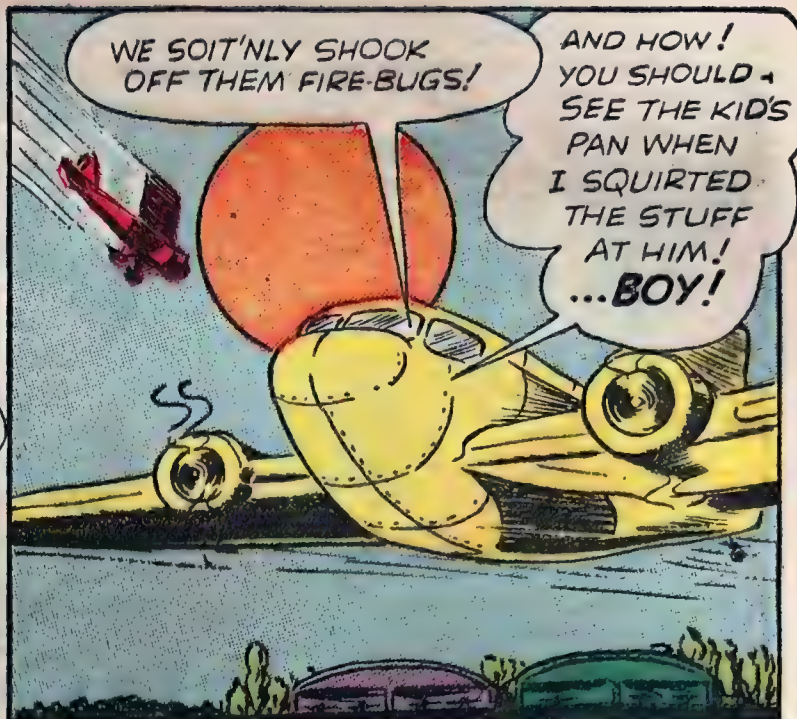




WE'RE HERE,  
**TORO!**

LOOK! A BLUE  
CABIN JOB, NEXT  
TO THEIR CAR,  
TAKING  
OFF!

THE MEN  
MUST BE  
ABOARD THAT  
PLANE!



WE SOIT'NLY SHOOK  
OFF THEM FIRE-BUGS!

AND HOW!  
YOU SHOULD -  
SEE THE KID'S  
PAN WHEN  
I SQUIRTED  
THE STUFF  
AT HIM!  
...**BOY!**



THINK I'LL SHORT-WAVE  
DE BOSS AND LET HIM  
KNOW WHAT'S WHAT!  
... CALLIN' MR. FALTON!  
... PETE CALLIN'  
MR. FALTON!...

**FALTON ON!**  
...HOW DID YOU  
MAKE OUT?  
...**SELL HIM A  
BILL OF GOODS?**



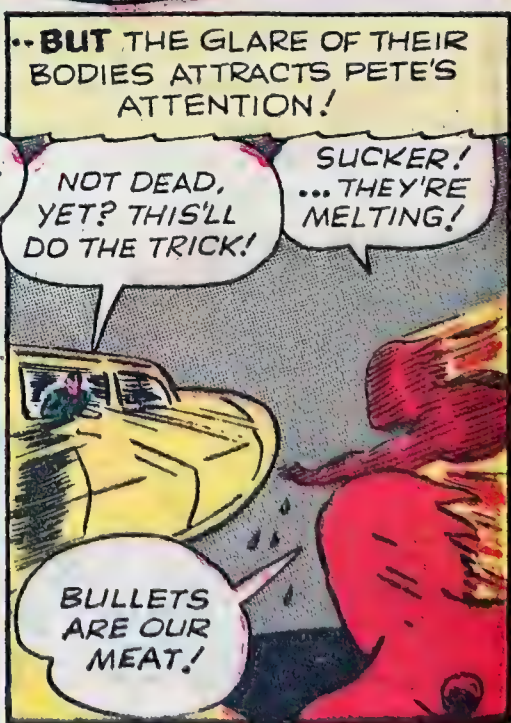
... YEAH--BULLETS! ... HE  
TURNED OUT TO BE  
A PHONEY!



**MEANWHILE...**

DIVE FOR  
THE WINGS, KID,  
BUT DOUSE YOUR  
FLAME WHEN  
YOU LAND!

RIGHT!



...**BUT** THE GLARE OF THEIR  
BODIES ATTRACTS PETE'S  
ATTENTION!

NOT DEAD,  
YET? THIS'LL  
DO THE TRICK!

SUCKER!  
...THEY'RE  
MELTING!

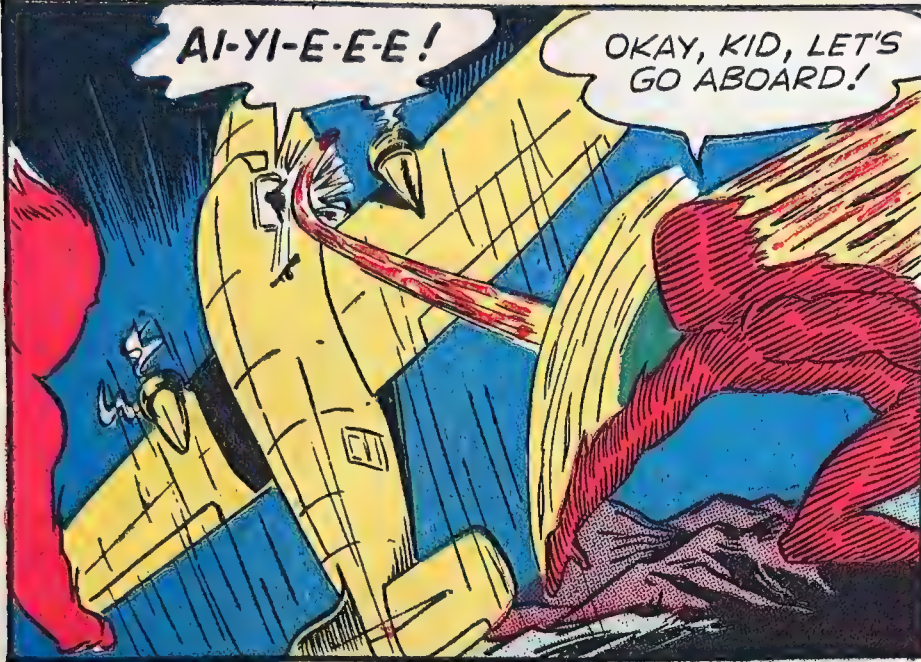
BULLETS  
ARE OUR  
MEAT!



**THE TORCH DISARMS PETE WITH A FIRE-BALL.**

AI-YI-E-E-E!

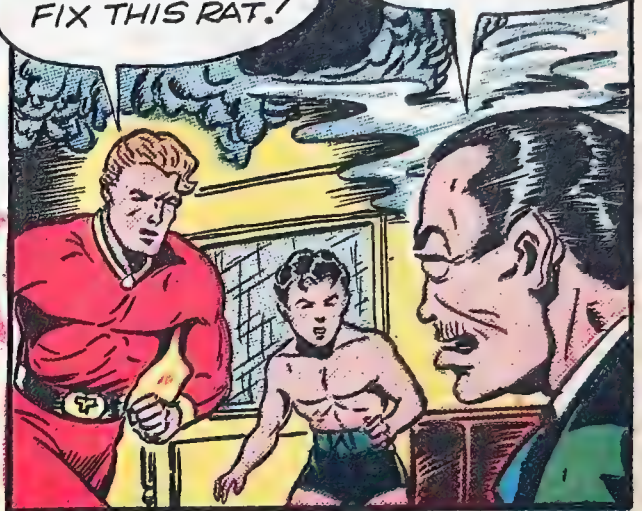
OKAY, KID, LET'S GO ABOARD!



**TORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE TOP AND SUBDUDE THEIR FLAME!**

TAKE CARE OF THE PILOT! I'LL FIX THIS RAT!

YOU AND WHAT ARMY?



**LIKE A CORNERED RAT, PETE LASHES OUT DESPERATELY!**

MISSED!

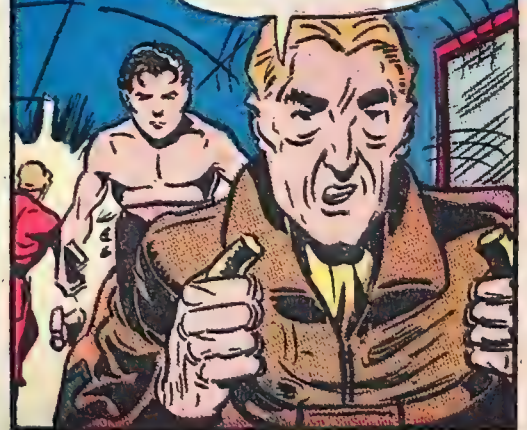


THIS IS THE WAY IT'S DONE, CHUMP!

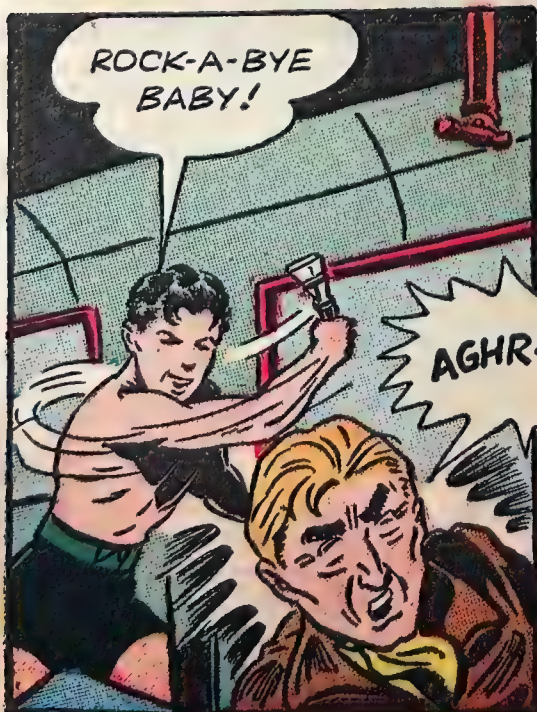


**AS THE PILOT BATTLES TO CONTROL THE PLANE, TORO GRABS A MONKEY-WRENCH...**

FINISH 'EM OFF, PETE! ... AND STOP ROCKIN' THE PLANE!



ROCK-A-BYE BABY!



GRAB THE CONTROLS, KID!

GOT 'EM!

AGHR-R!

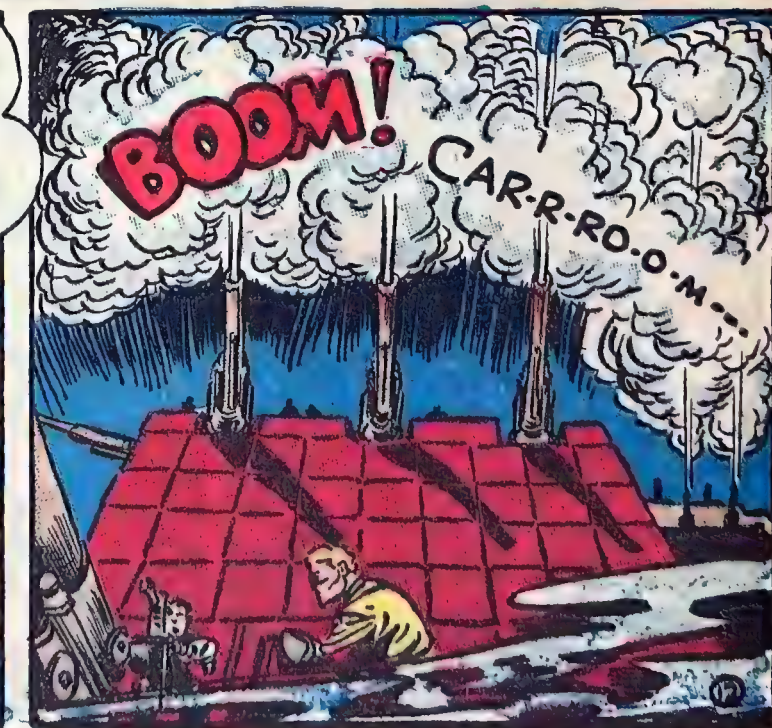
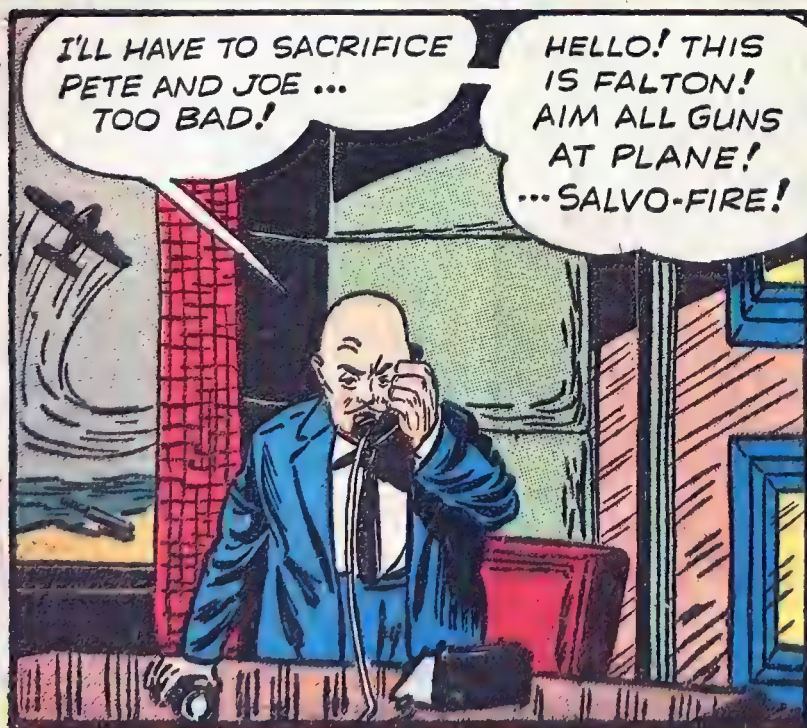
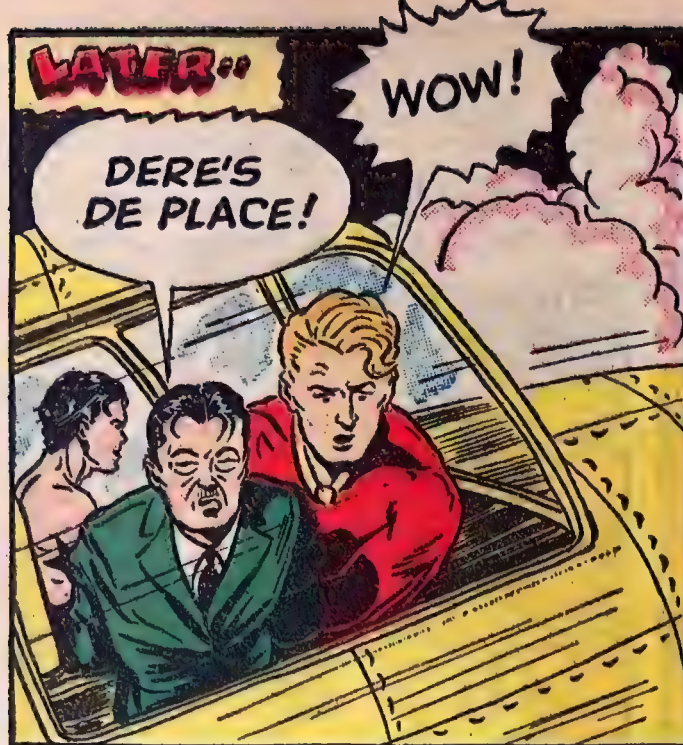


START BLABBIN'! WHERE WERE YOU HEADIN' FOR?

FLORIDA! ...OKAY, I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROUTE!







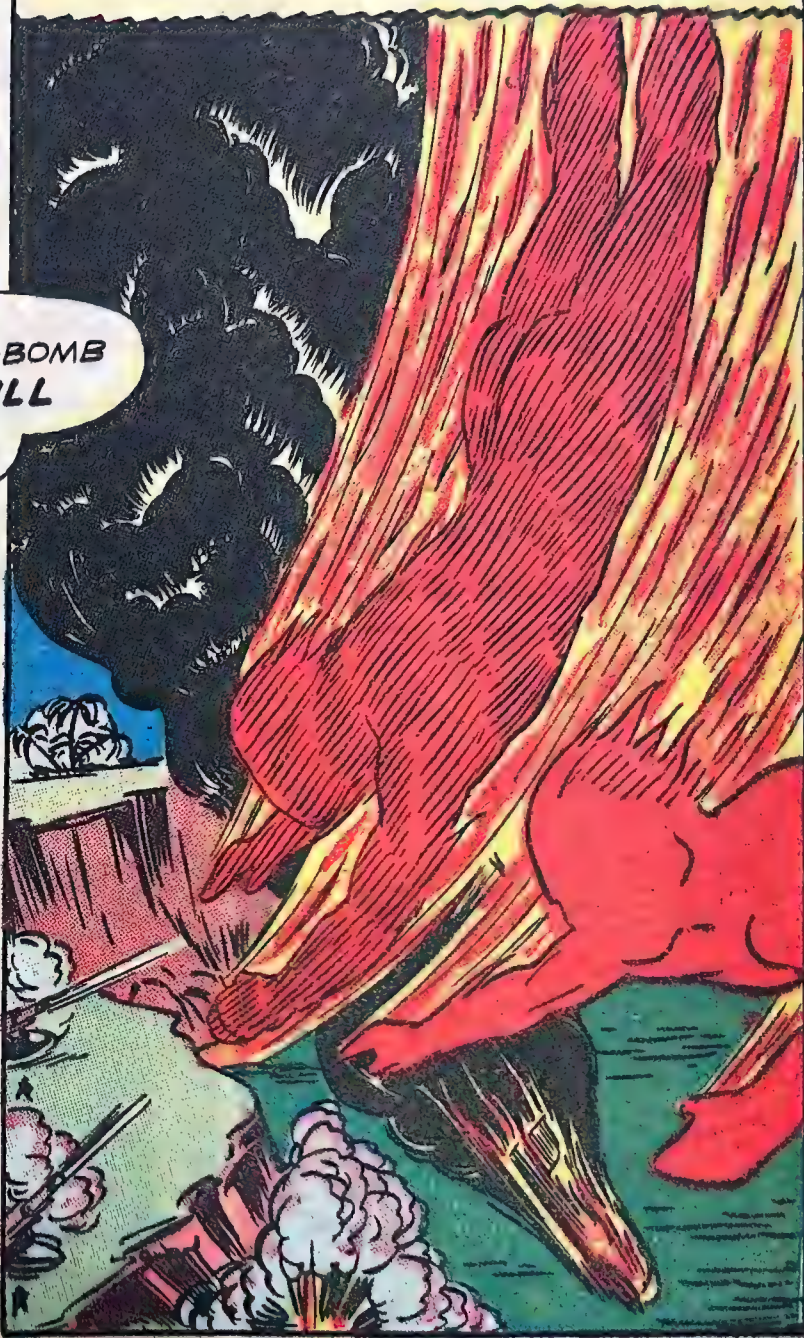


**S**HELLS SCREAM UPWARD, RIPPING THE PLANE APART, BUT **TORCH** AND **TORO** LEAP OUT --FLAMING!



NOW, LET'S DIVE-BOMB 'EM, KID! **FULL SPEED!**

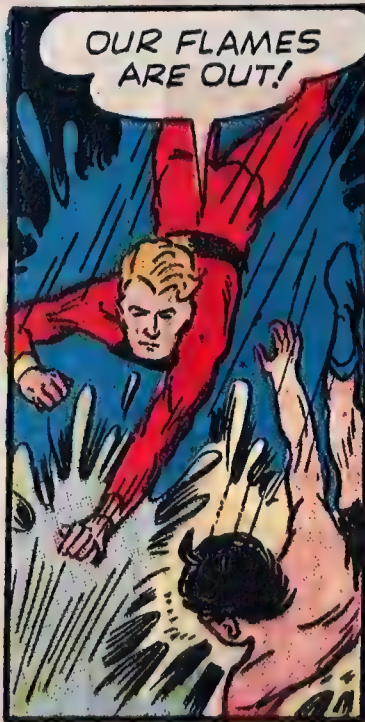
**D**OWN ZOOM THE **TORCH** AND **TORO** --SMASHING THRU A VERITABLE CURTAIN OF EXPLODING STEEL!



**S**UDDENLY ANOTHER GUN GOES INTO ACTION -- A CHEMICAL SPRAY CANNON!



OUR FLAMES ARE OUT!

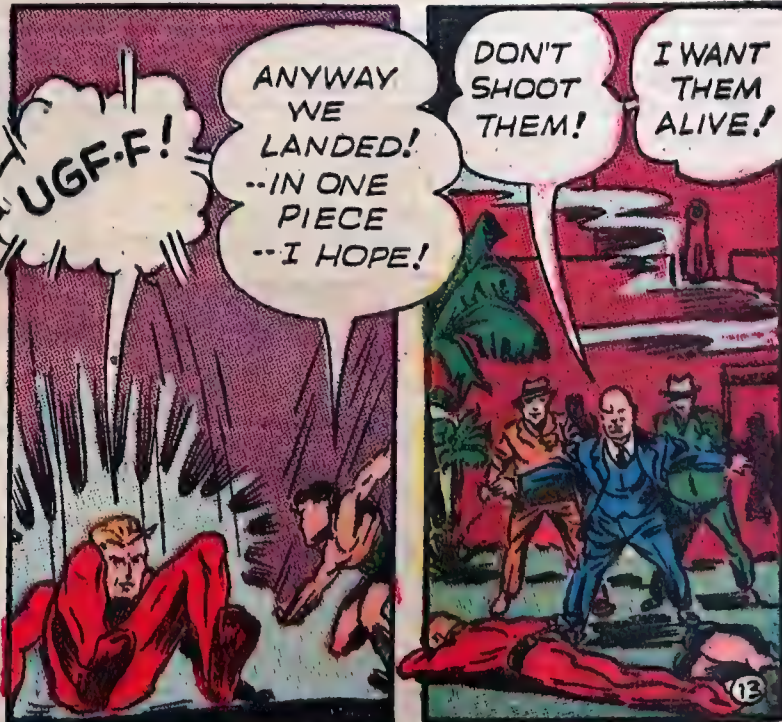


UGF-F!

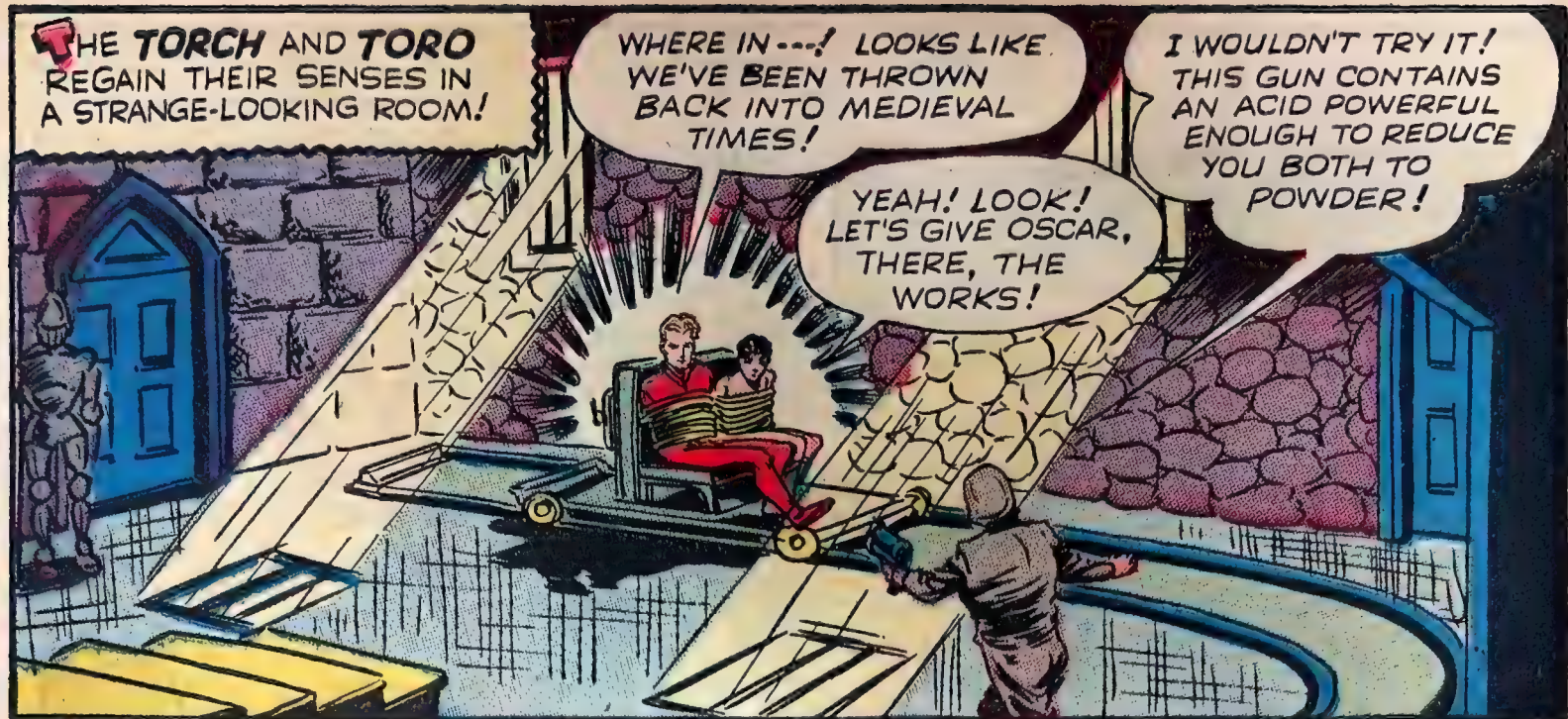
ANYWAY WE LANDED! --IN ONE PIECE --I HOPE!

DON'T SHOOT THEM!

I WANT THEM ALIVE!





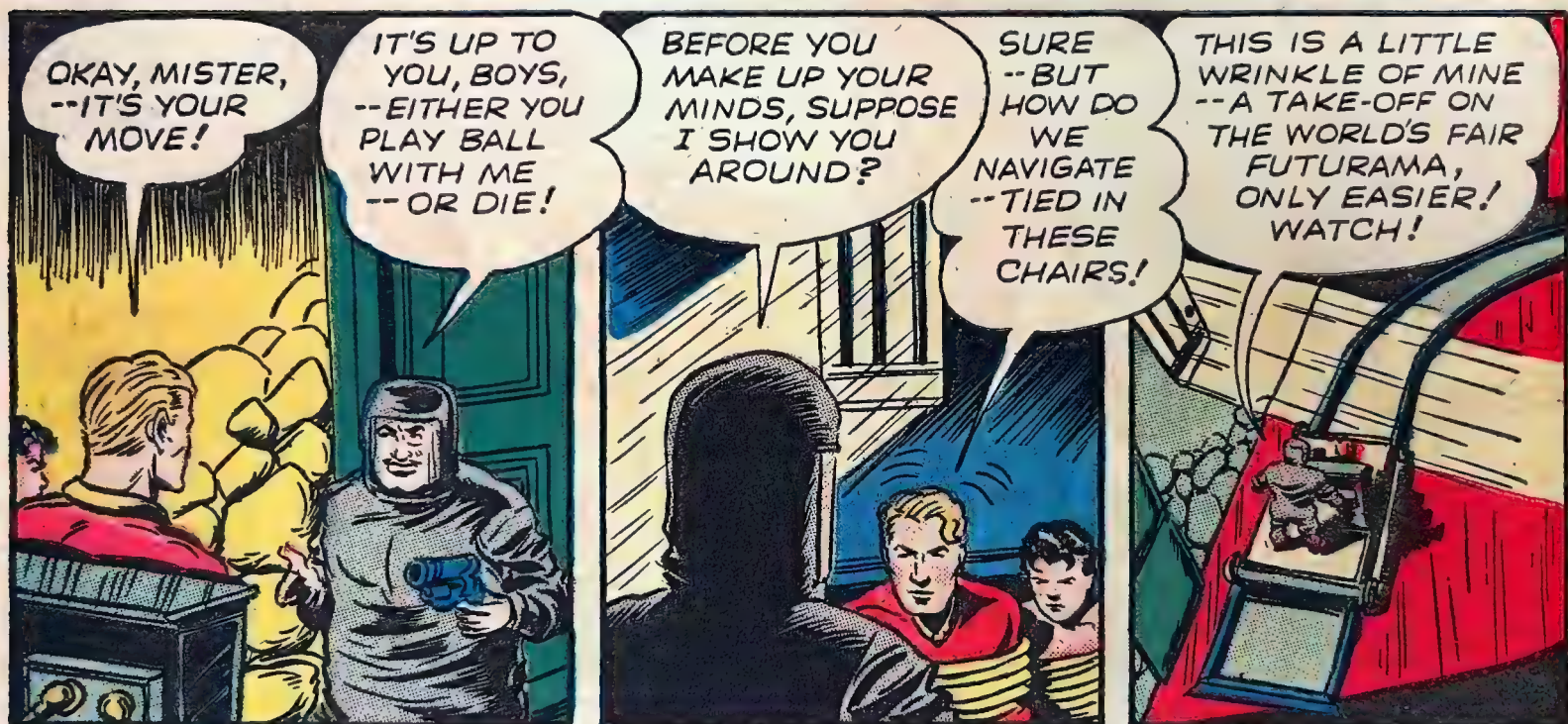


**THE TORCH AND TORO**  
REGAIN THEIR SENSES IN  
A STRANGE-LOOKING ROOM!

WHERE IN ---! LOOKS LIKE  
WE'VE BEEN THROWN  
BACK INTO MEDIEVAL  
TIMES!

I WOULDN'T TRY IT!  
THIS GUN CONTAINS  
AN ACID POWERFUL  
ENOUGH TO REDUCE  
YOU BOTH TO  
POWDER!

YEAH! LOOK!  
LET'S GIVE OSCAR,  
THERE, THE  
WORKS!



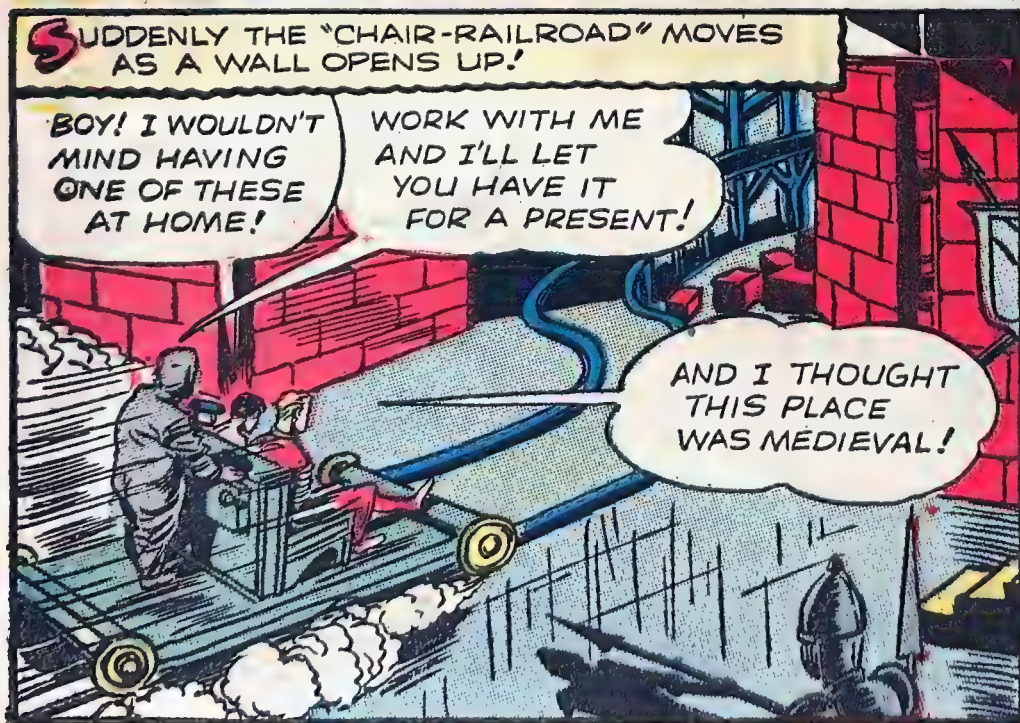
OKAY, MISTER,  
--IT'S YOUR  
MOVE!

IT'S UP TO  
YOU, BOYS,  
--EITHER YOU  
PLAY BALL  
WITH ME  
--OR DIE!

BEFORE YOU  
MAKE UP YOUR  
MINDS, SUPPOSE  
I SHOW YOU  
AROUND?

SURE  
--BUT  
HOW DO  
WE  
NAVIGATE  
--TIED IN  
THESE  
CHAIRS!

THIS IS A LITTLE  
WRINKLE OF MINE  
--A TAKE-OFF ON  
THE WORLD'S FAIR  
FUTURAMA,  
ONLY EASIER!  
WATCH!



**S**UDDENLY THE "CHAIR-RAILROAD" MOVES  
AS A WALL OPENS UP!

BOY! I WOULDN'T  
MIND HAVING  
ONE OF THESE  
AT HOME!

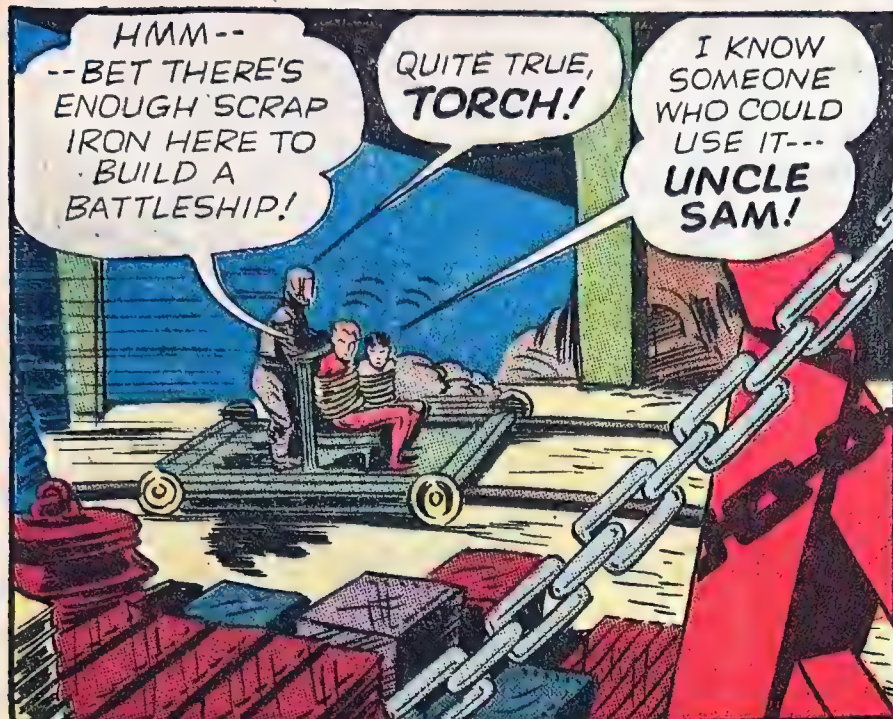
WORK WITH ME  
AND I'LL LET  
YOU HAVE IT  
FOR A PRESENT!

AND I THOUGHT  
THIS PLACE  
WAS MEDIEVAL!



YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING  
YET! WE ARE NOW ENTERING  
THE WAREHOUSE!





HMM--  
--BET THERE'S  
ENOUGH SCRAP  
IRON HERE TO  
BUILD A  
BATTLESHIP!

QUITE TRUE,  
**TORCH!**

I KNOW  
SOMEONE  
WHO COULD  
USE IT---  
**UNCLE  
SAM!**



I FEAR I'M NOT A  
VERY DUTIFUL  
NEPHEW! BUT  
THEN CHARITY  
BEGINS AT  
HOME!

NOW I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
WHERE WE  
MELT IT!

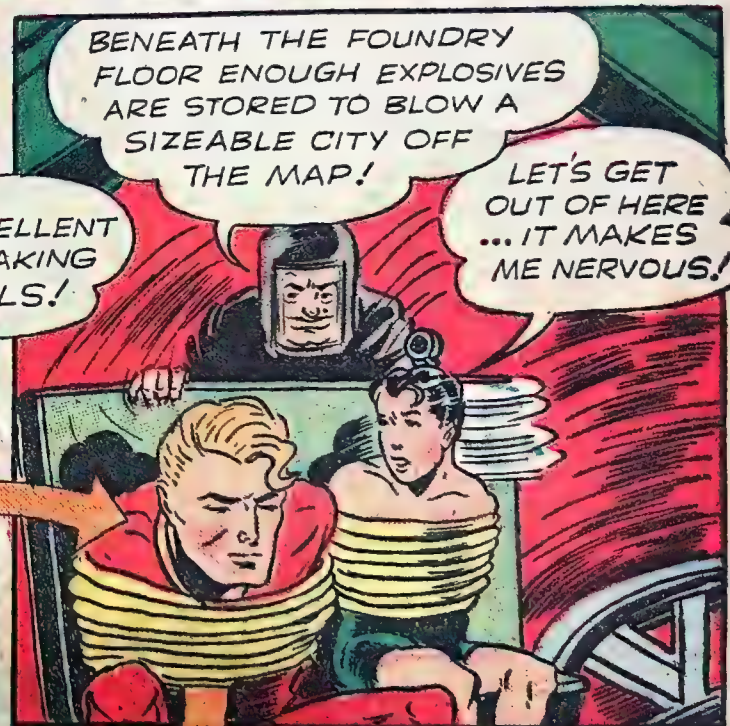


**T**HEY MOVE INTO A GREAT FOUNDRY  
RIVALLING ANY USED IN THE  
NATION'S DEFENSE PROGRAM!

SURE IS  
WARM IN  
HERE!

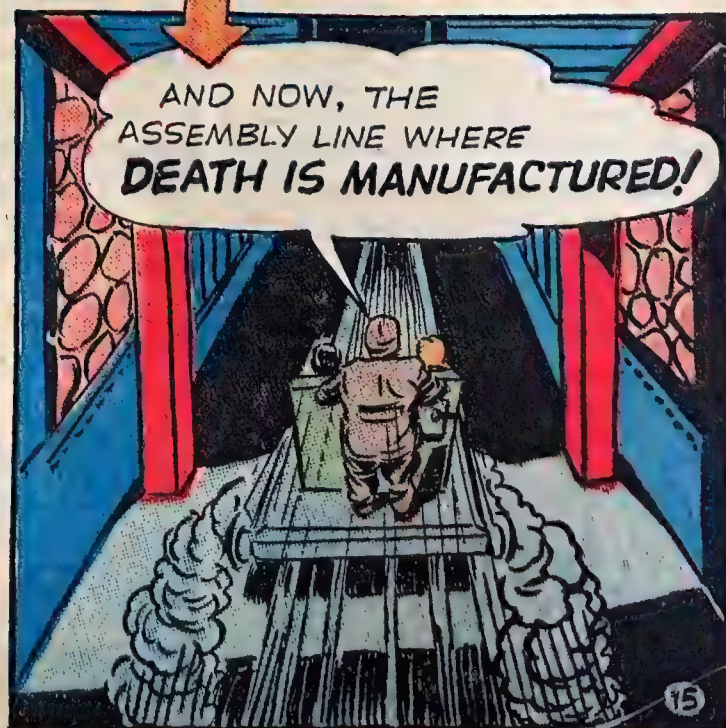
NATURALLY! AS  
HOT AS YOU TWO  
CAN BECOME,  
THAT VAT IS  
HOTTER!

IT'S EXCELLENT  
FOR MAKING  
SHELLS!



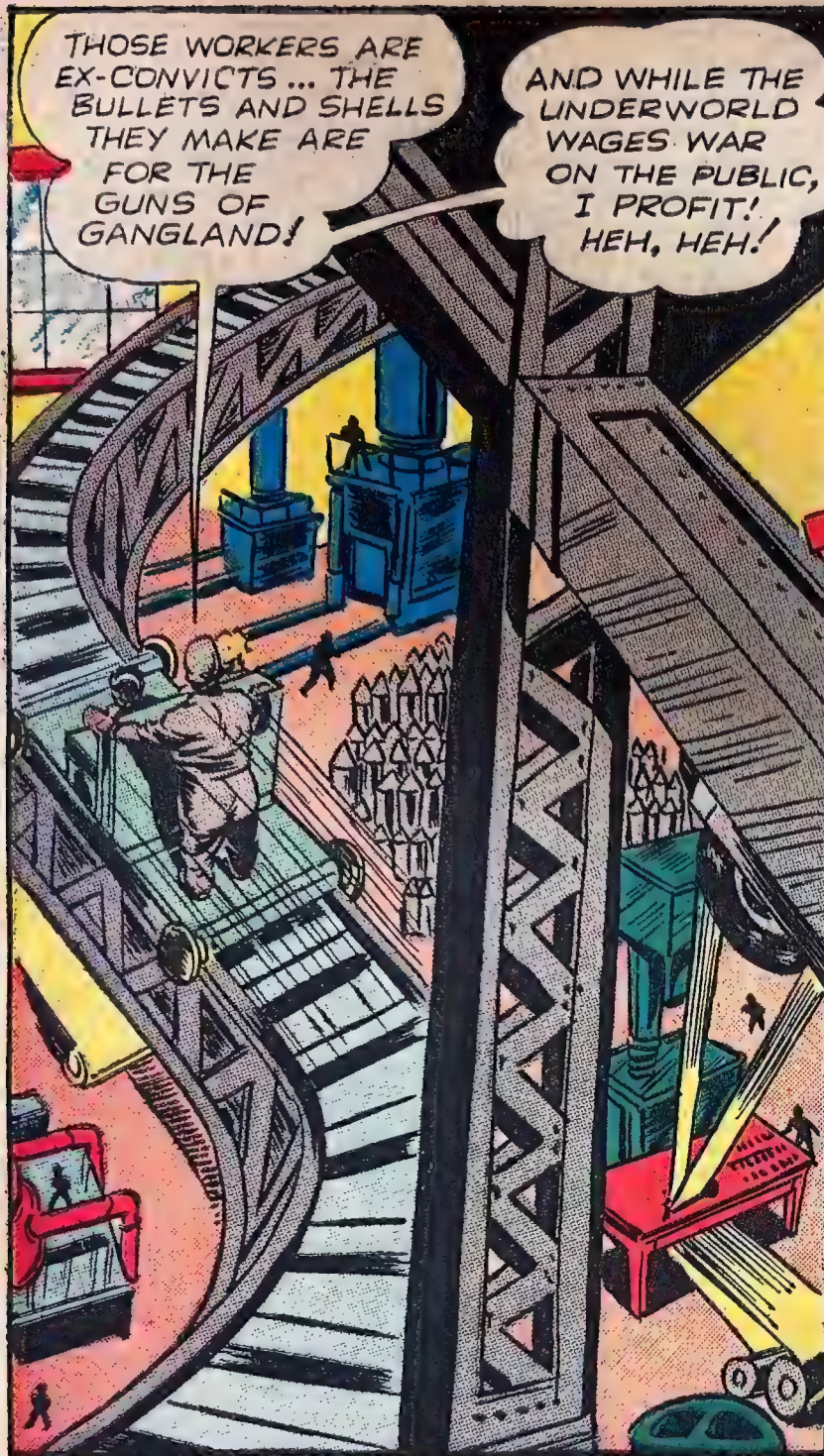
BENEATH THE FOUNDRY  
FLOOR ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES  
ARE STORED TO BLOW A  
SIZEABLE CITY OFF  
THE MAP!

LET'S GET  
OUT OF HERE  
...IT MAKES  
ME NERVOUS!



AND NOW, THE  
ASSEMBLY LINE WHERE  
**DEATH IS MANUFACTURED!**





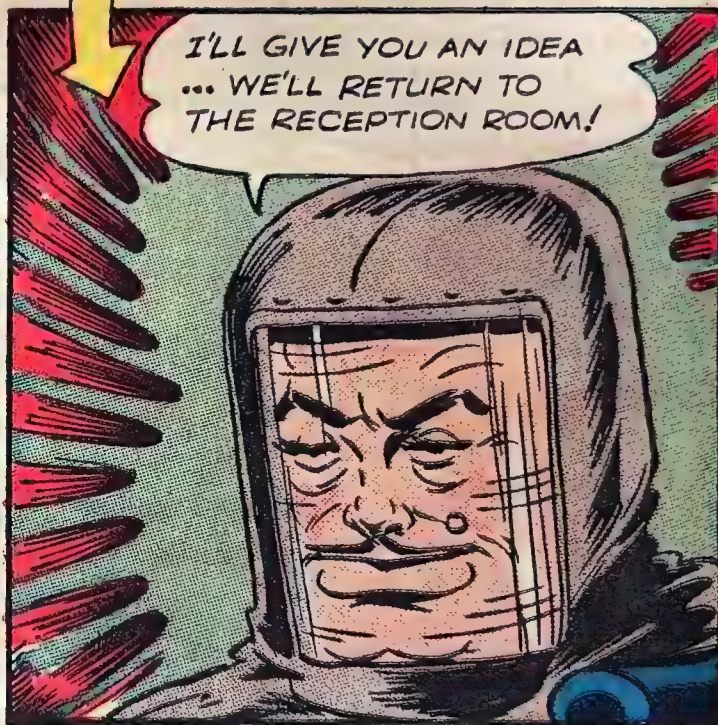
THOSE WORKERS ARE  
EX-CONVICTS ... THE  
BULLETS AND SHELLS  
THEY MAKE ARE  
FOR THE  
GUNS OF  
GANGLAND!

AND WHILE THE  
UNDERWORLD  
WAGES WAR  
ON THE PUBLIC,  
I PROFIT!  
HEH, HEH!

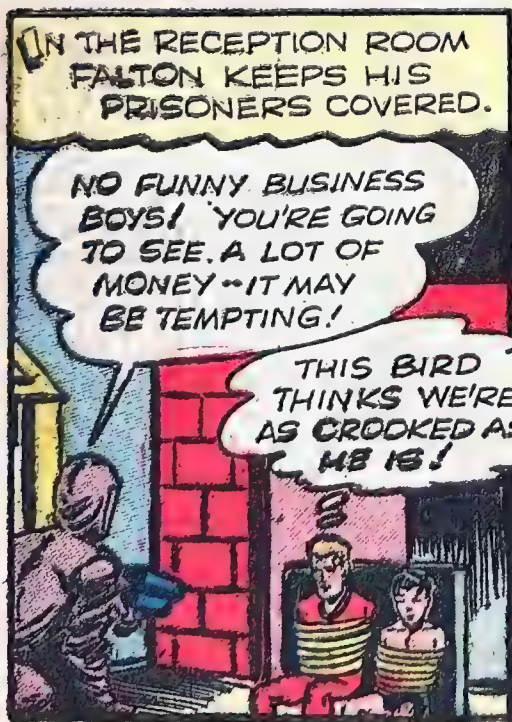


... AND NOW, HOW WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR  
ME? ... YOU COULD HANDLE  
THE COLLECTIONS AND  
JOG UP THE RATS BEHIND  
IN THEIR PAYMENTS!

WHAT'S  
IN IT  
FOR  
US?



I'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA  
... WE'LL RETURN TO  
THE RECEPTION ROOM!



IN THE RECEPTION ROOM  
FALTON KEEPS HIS  
PRISONERS COVERED.

NO FUNNY BUSINESS  
BOYS! YOU'RE GOING  
TO SEE A LOT OF  
MONEY -- IT MAY  
BE TEMPTING!

THIS BIRD  
THINKS WE'RE  
AS CROOKED AS  
HE IS!



EYING ILL-GOTTEN MONEY  
FALTON FORGETS HIMSELF  
AND LOWERS HIS GUN ---

LOOK! THE WEALTH  
OF MIDAS! I'LL GIVE  
YOU 20 PER CENT!



THE **TORCH** MOVES  
INTO ACTION!

I'M TAKING A  
CHANCE -- BUT IT'S  
WORTH IT!



**T**HE **TORCH'S** FIREBALL IGNITES THE MONEY ...WITH AN AGONIZED CRY, FALTON LEAPS FORWARD, DROPPING HIS ACID GUN!

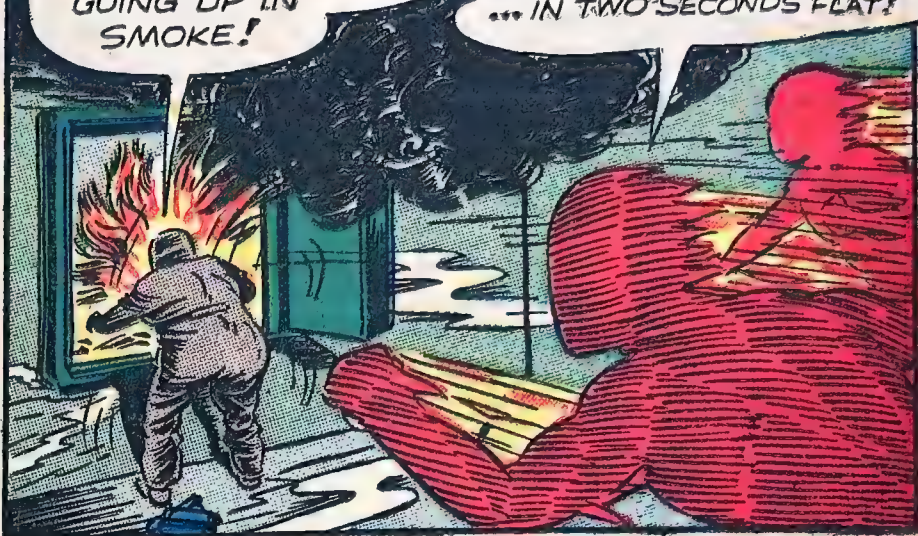
AI-YI-HI-- MY BEAUTIFUL PRECIOUS MONEY!  
... ON FIRE!



**D**ESPERATELY, HE TRIES TO BEAT OUT THE FLAMES ... OBLIVIOUS OF HIS PRISONERS!

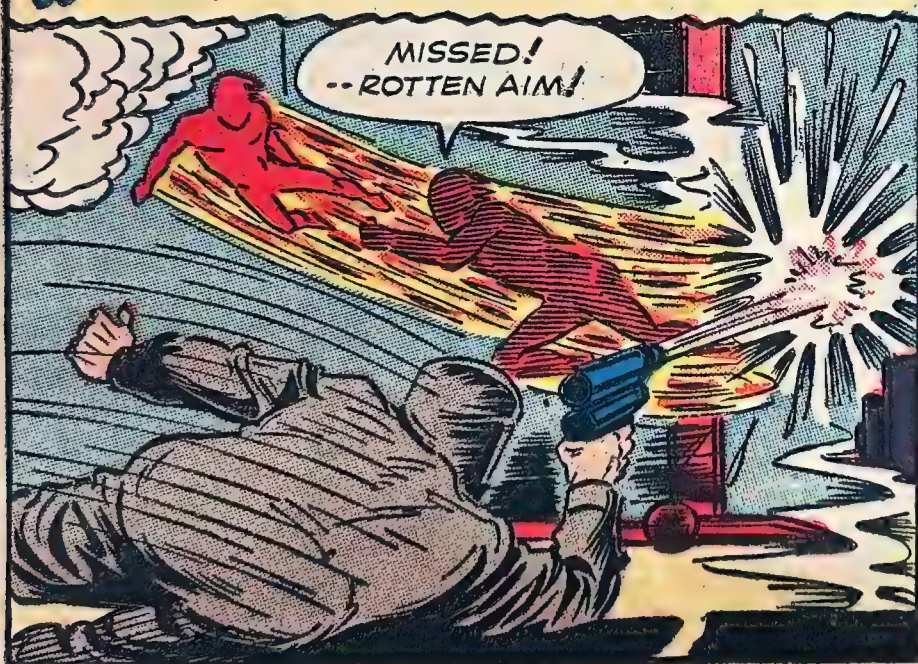
MILLIONS, MILLIONS!  
GOING UP IN SMOKE!

SOMETHING ELSE IS GOING UP IN SMOKE  
... IN TWO SECONDS FLAT!



**W**HIRLING, FALTON DIVES FOR THE GUN AND FIRES!

MISSED!  
--ROTTEN AIM!



UGH!

HE DROPPED HIS GUN!

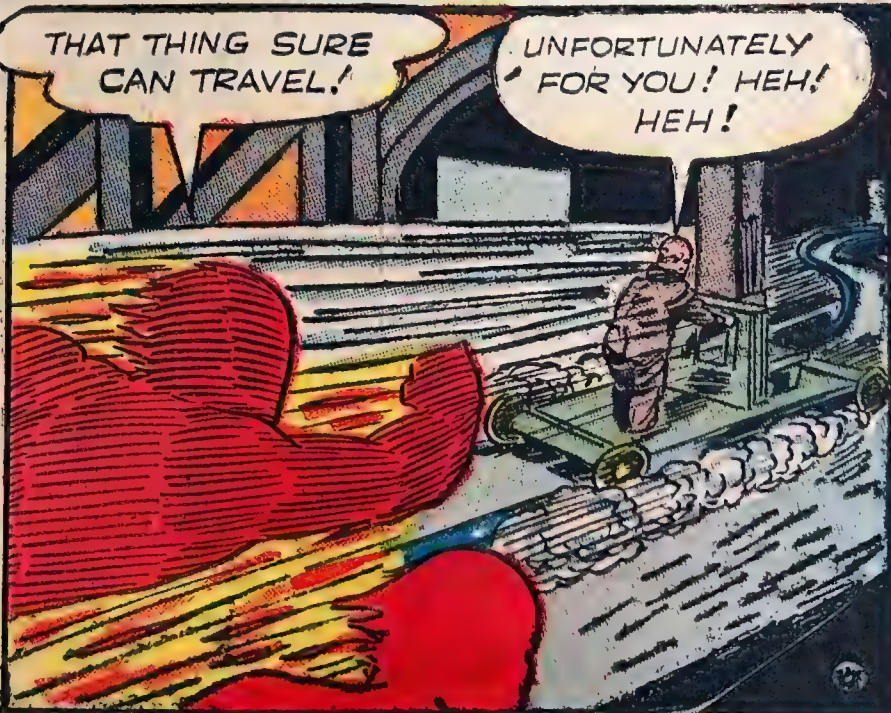


HE'S JUMPING ON THE  
"CHAIR CHOOCHOO"!



THAT THING SURE CAN TRAVEL!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU! HEH!  
HEH!

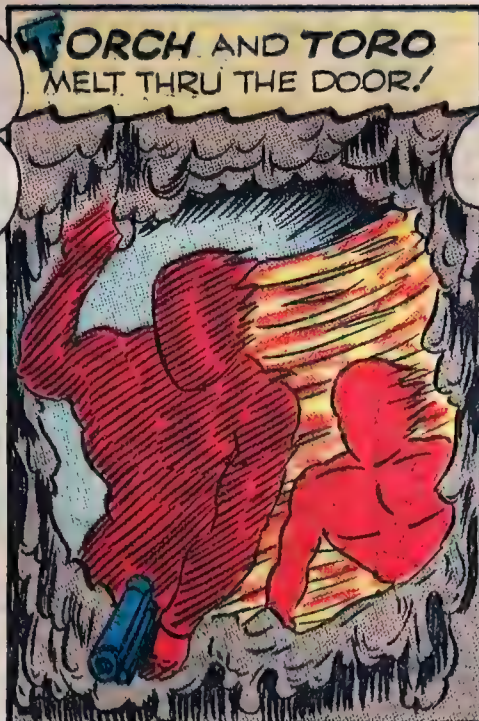






TALK ABOUT  
SLAMMING A  
DOOR IN  
YOUR FACE!

WHAT'S  
A STEEL  
DOOR  
TO US!  
C'MON!

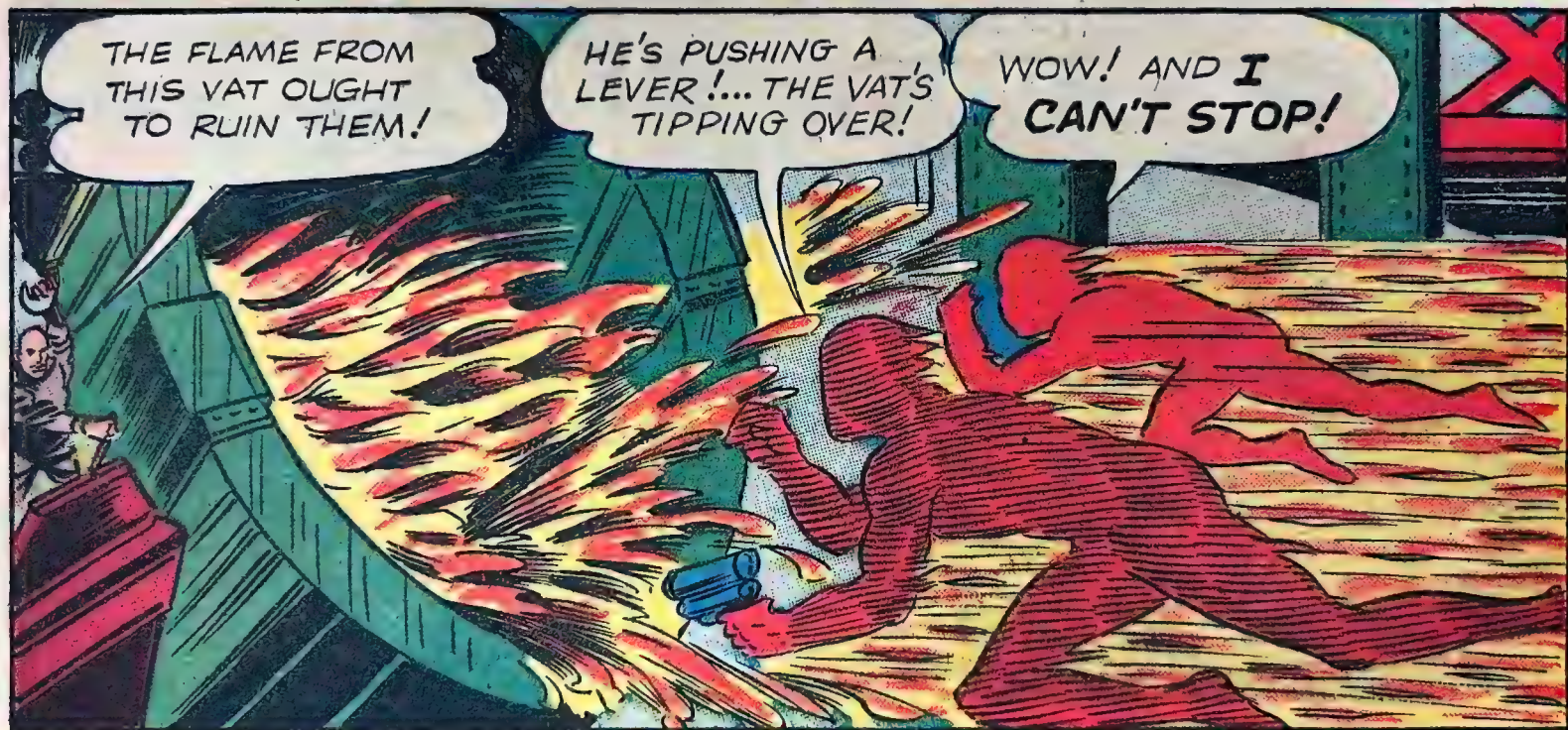


**T**ORCH AND **T**ORO  
MELT THRU THE DOOR!



**T**HE MAD CHASE LEADS  
TO THE FOUNDRY!

THIS CONVEYOR WILL  
PROVIDE A BETTER METHOD  
OF LOCOMOTION!--AND  
I CAN DO MORE  
TRICKS WITH IT!



THE FLAME FROM  
THIS VAT OUGHT  
TO RUIN THEM!

HE'S PUSHING A  
LEVER!... THE VAT'S  
TIPPING OVER!

WOW! AND **I**  
**CAN'T STOP!**



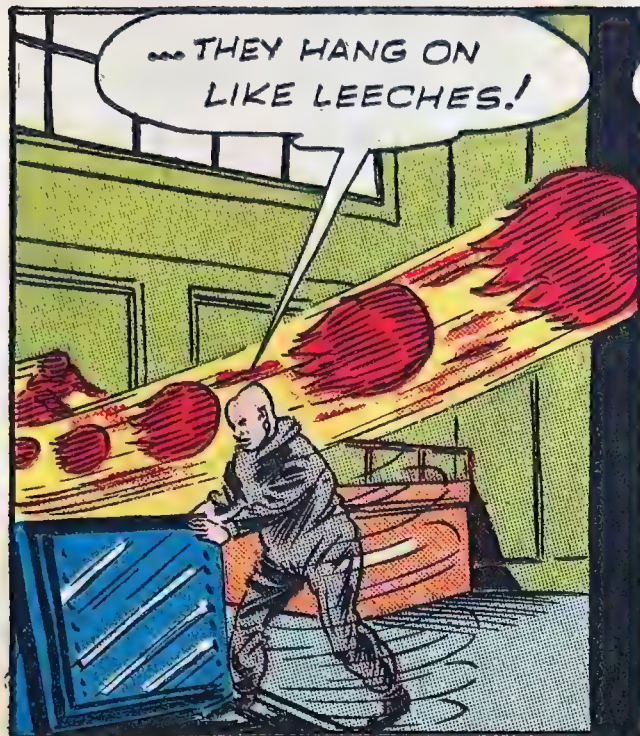
**T**ORCH CUTS LOOSE WITH THE  
ACID GUN AND THE FLAME IN  
THE VAT DIES!



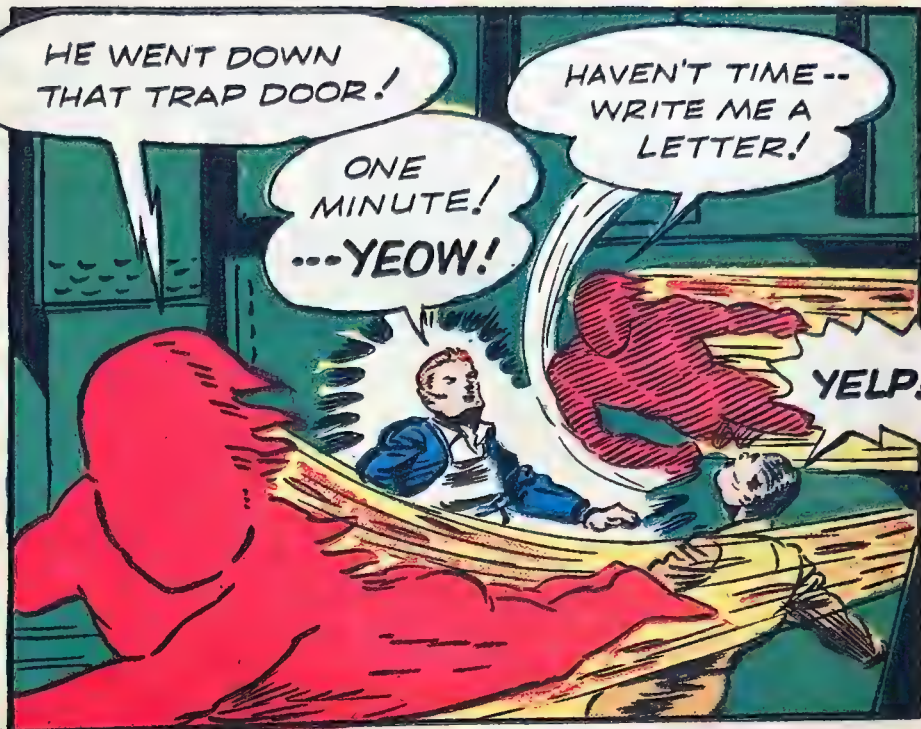
**T**HE **T**ORCH AND **T**ORO WING OVER  
FALTON'S CONVEYOR, THEN DOWN!  
BUT FALTON ALSO LEAPS!

I WANTED TO CATCH  
HIM ALIVE! NOW,  
I'LL HAVE TO  
CHANGE MY  
TACTICS!





...THEY HANG ON  
LIKE LEECHES!



HE WENT DOWN  
THAT TRAP DOOR!

ONE  
MINUTE!  
...YEOW!

HAVEN'T TIME--  
WRITE ME A  
LETTER!

YELP!



SO FAR, SO  
GOOD!



**F**ALTON SUDDENLY BECOMES AWARE OF  
HIS SANCTUARY!

WHAT TH--! I'M IN THE  
HIGH-EXPLOSIVE WARE-  
HOUSE! I WAS SO  
EXCITED, I DIDN'T  
KNOW WHERE  
I WAS GOING!

BLAZES!  
THOSE FIRE-  
BUGS ARE  
LIABLE TO  
BORE THEIR  
WAY IN HERE!



...HE SHRIEKS A DESPERATE  
WARNING!

STOP! DON'T COME IN  
HERE! I'LL SURRENDER

TOO  
LATE!



HEY!--LOOK  
DYNAMITE!

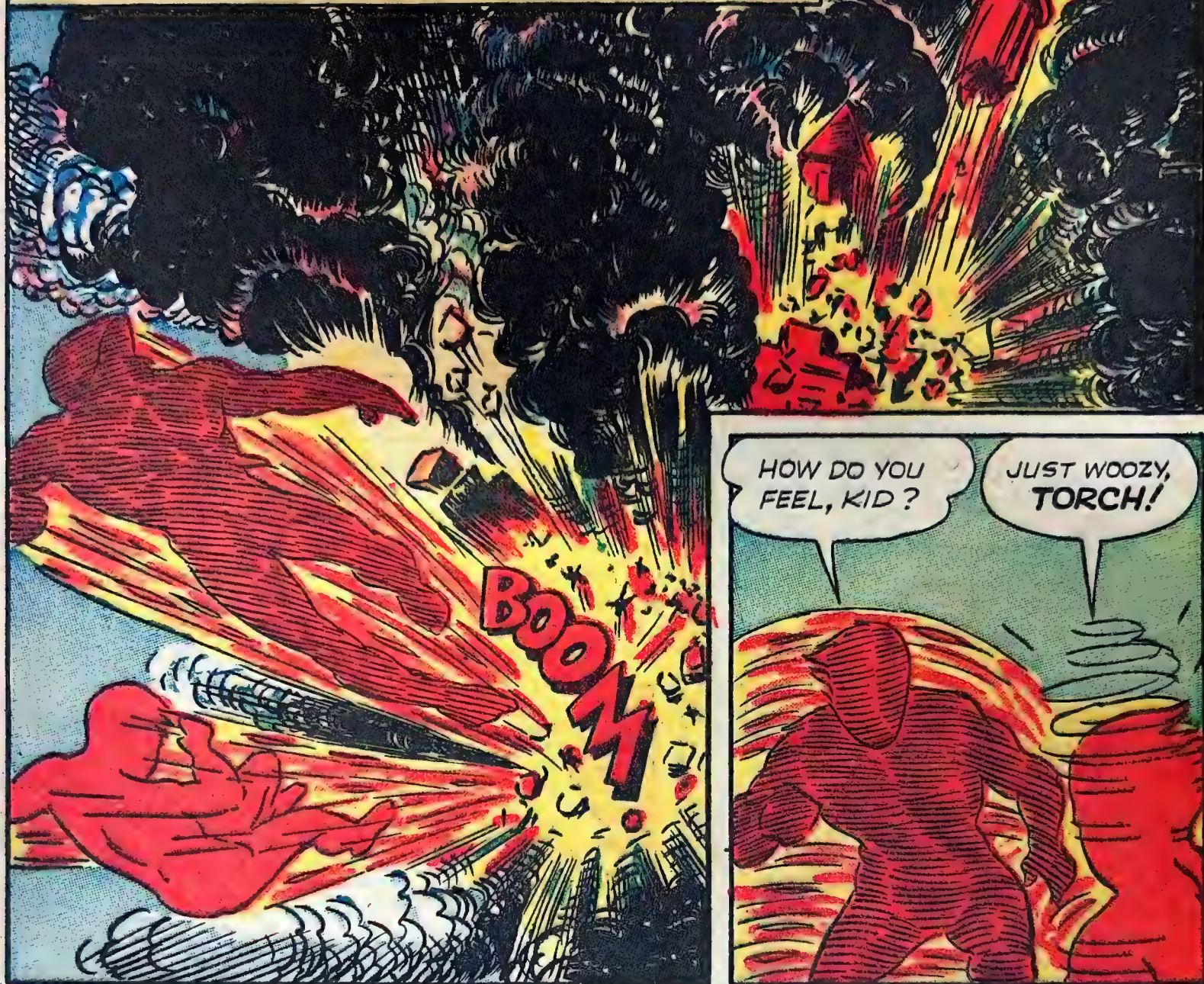


...THEIR BLAZING BODIES  
SET OFF THE T.N.T.!

BARO-OM!



**A** GIGANTIC EXPLOSION, APPROACHING THE PROPORTIONS OF AN EARTHQUAKE, HURLS THE ARSENAL SKYWARD... AND WITH IT GO ALL THOSE WHO INHABITED IT! THE ISLAND, ITSELF, IS TORN ASUNDER!



HOW DO YOU  
FEEL, KID?

JUST WOOLZY,  
TORCH!

LOOKS LIKE THE  
ISLAND HAS BEEN  
WIPE OFF THE  
MAP!.

THAT'S  
OKAY  
WITH  
ME!

**H**OMEWARD BOUND!

LOOKS LIKE THE  
UNDERWORLD WILL  
HAVE TO FOLD, DUE  
TO A LACK OF  
WEAPONS!

I  
WOULDN'T  
COUNT  
ON THAT,  
**TORO!**

FOLLOW  
YOUR FAVORITE  
MEN OF  
ACTION  
EVERY  
MONTH  
IN

**MARVEL  
COMICS**

THE  
END

BURGOS (20)



# DON'T DELAY

## Another Second!



BECOME A MEMBER OF  
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S  
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY  
**NOW!**

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG  
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF  
HEADQUARTERS.  
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,  
ROOM 1010.  
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL  
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

### DO IT NOW!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

# AMERICA ALWAYS!



# HUMAN TORCH



"COME TO ME, ALL YE DESPERATE!"  
CALLED THE MAN WITH THE MASK, AND  
THEY CAME! OUT OF THE GREY-HALF WORLD OF  
TERROR AND HUNGER AND POVERTY THEY CAME  
TO SELL THEMSELVES, BODY AND SOUL TO THE  
FIEND WHO OFFERED THEM A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE  
BEFORE THE SHADOW OF DEATH FELL UPON  
THEM! ONE GLIMPSE OF PARADISE STAKED  
ON THE TOSS OF TWO BITS OF IVORY...VERY  
CURIOUS BITS OF IVORY AS **THE HUMAN  
TORCH AND TORO** DISCOVERED WHEN  
THEY SOUGHT TO TEAR ASIDE THE VEIL  
OF MYSTERY THAT SURROUNDED  
THE LEGION OF DESPAIR!



STRANGE AD APPEARS ONE DAY IN THE STAR'S CLASSIFIED SECTION...

Are you fed up?  
Desperate? Don't  
Commit Suicide!  
See me!  
Call 3PM. at  
25 Hayworth St.

THAT AD FITS  
ME TO A "T"!  
THINK I'LL  
LOOK INTO  
IT!

NO JOB-NO FRIENDS...  
MAYBE THIS'LL BE  
A BREAK! IT CAN'T  
BE WORSE THAN  
JUMPING INTO  
THE RIVER!

MAYBE THERE'S A  
FREE MEAL  
IN IT!

WITH ALL MY MONEY,  
I'M UNHAPPY...PERHAPS  
THIS WILL GIVE ME  
A FORMULA  
FOR LIVING!

25 HAYWORTH AVE.

DERE'S A  
CATCH TO THIS!  
I KIN  
SMELL  
IT!

MAYBE  
THE GUY'S A  
PHILANTHROPIST  
AND WANTS TO  
GIVE HIS  
MONEY  
AWAY!

YEAH... AND  
MAYBE I'M  
ADOLPH  
HITLER!

IF I  
CAN  
ONLY  
GET  
A  
JOB!

C'MON!  
KEEP  
TO  
THE  
RIGHT!

ONE AT A TIME...  
ONE AT A  
TIME!

HURRY UP!  
WE CAN'T STAY  
HERE ALL  
DAY

I'M GLAD  
I GOT IN!

IN A ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL.

THEY'RE  
GETTING QUITE  
IMPATIENT,  
MR. HASKELL!

LET US  
IN! IT'S  
GETTIN'  
LATE!

TELL 'EM  
TO GO HOME,  
ROBERTS,  
I'VE GOT  
ENOUGH  
NOW!

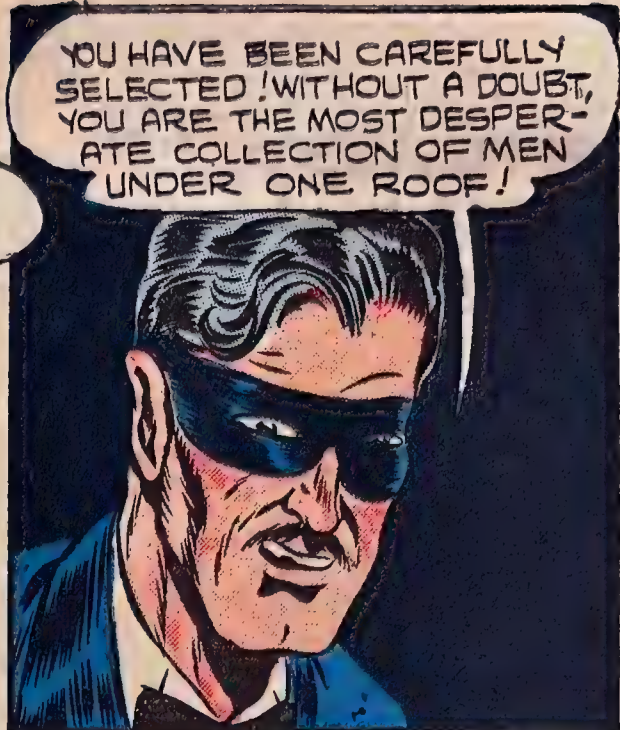




NOW, GENTLEMEN, I SHALL EXPLAIN THE MEANING OF THAT AD...

WHAT ABOUT DE EATS?

PIPE DOWN! WHERE'S YER MANNERS?



YOU HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED! WITHOUT A DOUBT, YOU ARE THE MOST DESPERATE COLLECTION OF MEN UNDER ONE ROOF!



I PROPOSE TO FEED YOU, KEEP YOU WELL CLOTHED. YOU DO AS I TELL YOU AND WE'LL ALL BECOME RICH AND POWERFUL! YOU MUST OBEY ME IMPLICITLY... STEAL... KILL... AT MY COMMAND!



I AIN'T AFRAID TO KILL!

I AIN'T AFRAID TO STEAL!

WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... WE'RE DESPERATE!

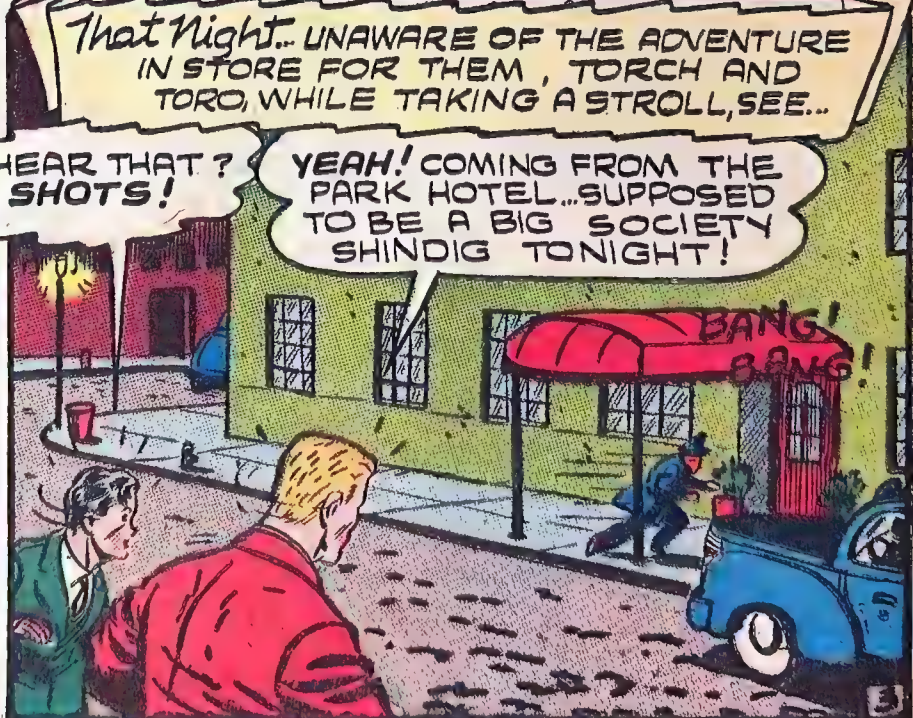


GOOD! WE'LL NOW DRAW LOTS TO CHOOSE WHO'LL COMMIT THE FIRST CRIME! HERE... THE DICE OF DEATH!



A STRANGE GAME, WITH STRANGE STAKES ENSUES...

COME SEVEN!



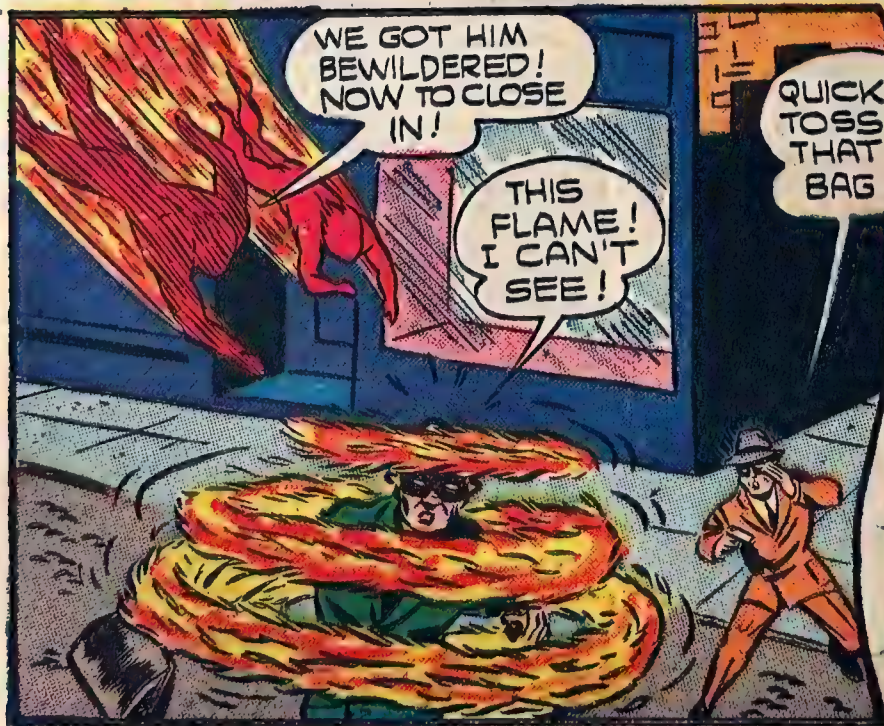
That Night... UNAWARE OF THE ADVENTURE IN STORE FOR THEM, TORCH AND TORO, WHILE TAKING A STROLL, SEE...

HEAR THAT? SHOTS!

YEAH! COMING FROM THE PARK HOTEL... SUPPOSED TO BE A BIG SOCIETY SHINDIG TONIGHT!

BANG! BANG!

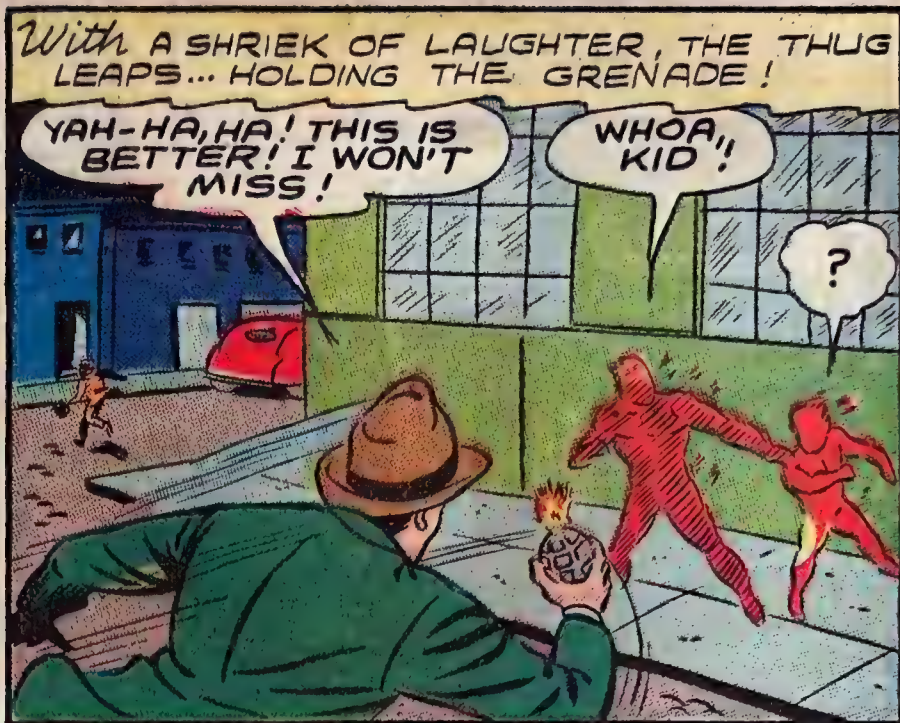








NOW TO COVER MY PAL'S  
RETREAT...WITH THIS  
HAND GRENADE!

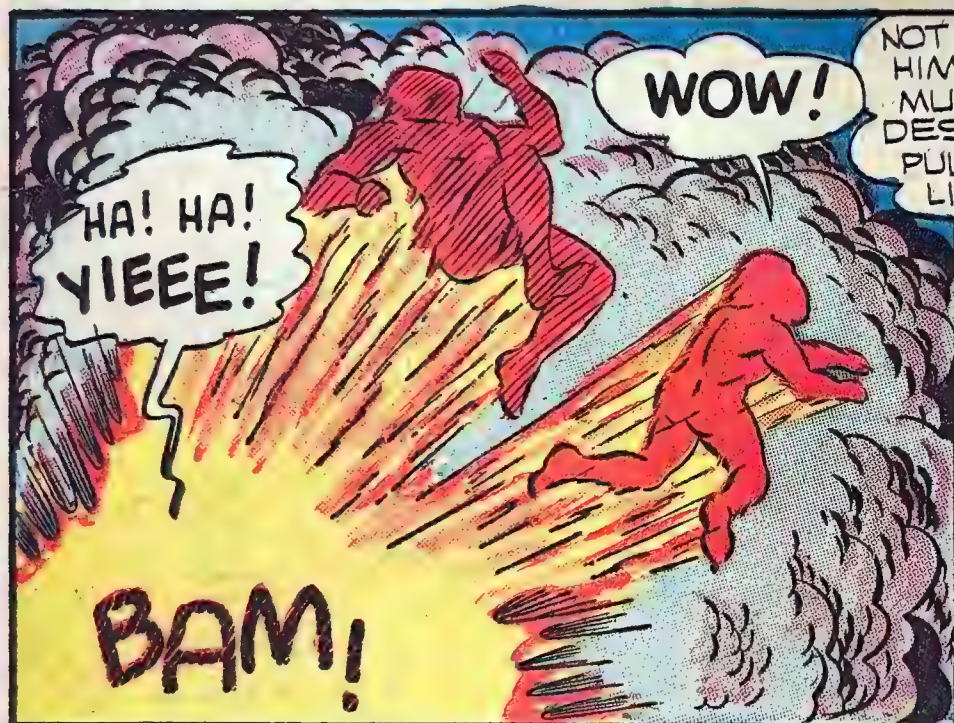


With A SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER, THE THUG  
LEAPS... HOLDING THE GRENADE!

YAH-HA, HA! THIS IS  
BETTER! I WON'T  
MISS!

WHOA,  
KID!

?

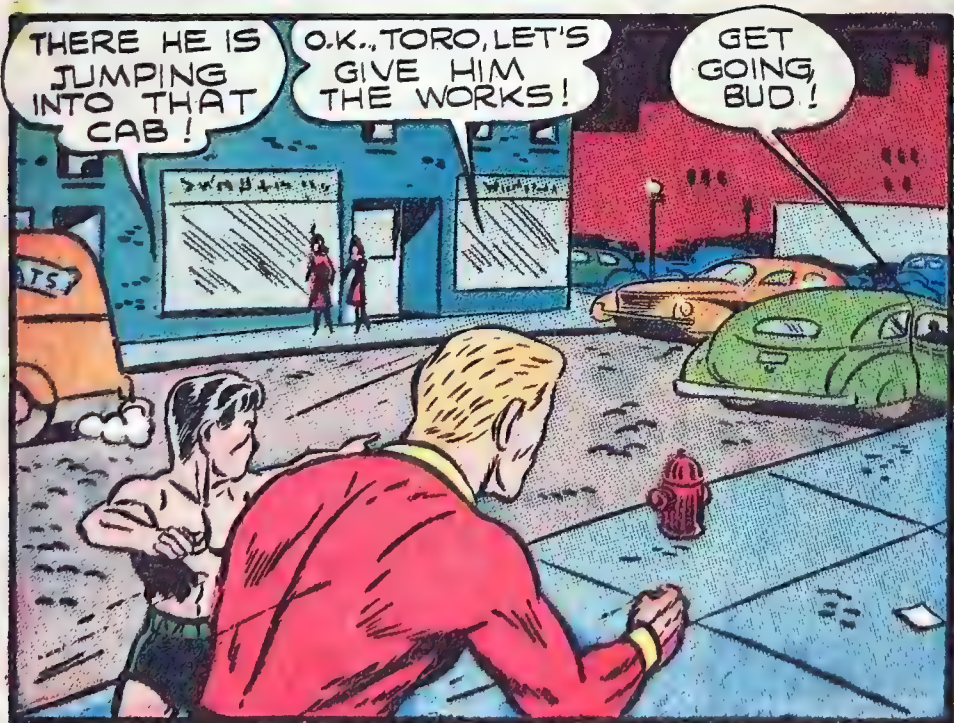
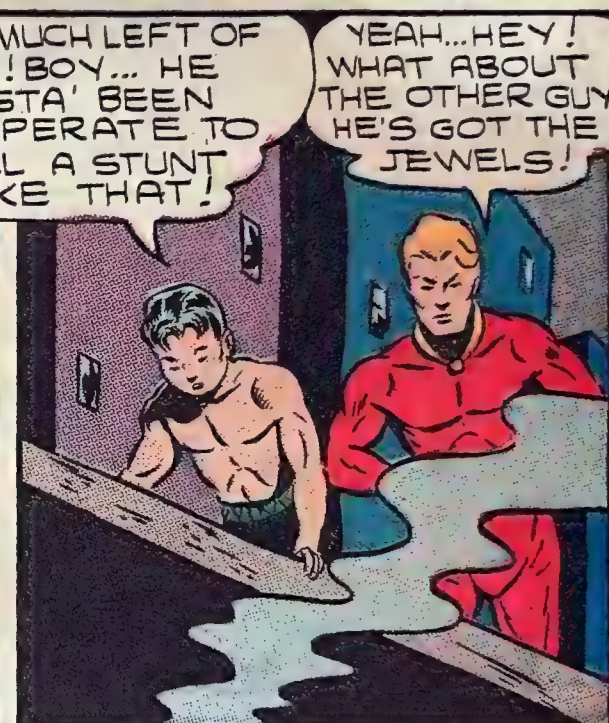


HA! HA!  
YIEEE!

WOW!

NOT MUCH LEFT OF  
HIM! BOY... HE  
MUSTA' BEEN  
DESPERATE TO  
PULL A STUNT  
LIKE THAT!

YEAH...HEY!  
WHAT ABOUT  
THE OTHER GUY...  
HE'S GOT THE  
JEWELS!



THERE HE IS  
JUMPING  
INTO THAT  
CAB!

O.K.,TORO,LET'S  
GIVE HIM  
THE WORKS!

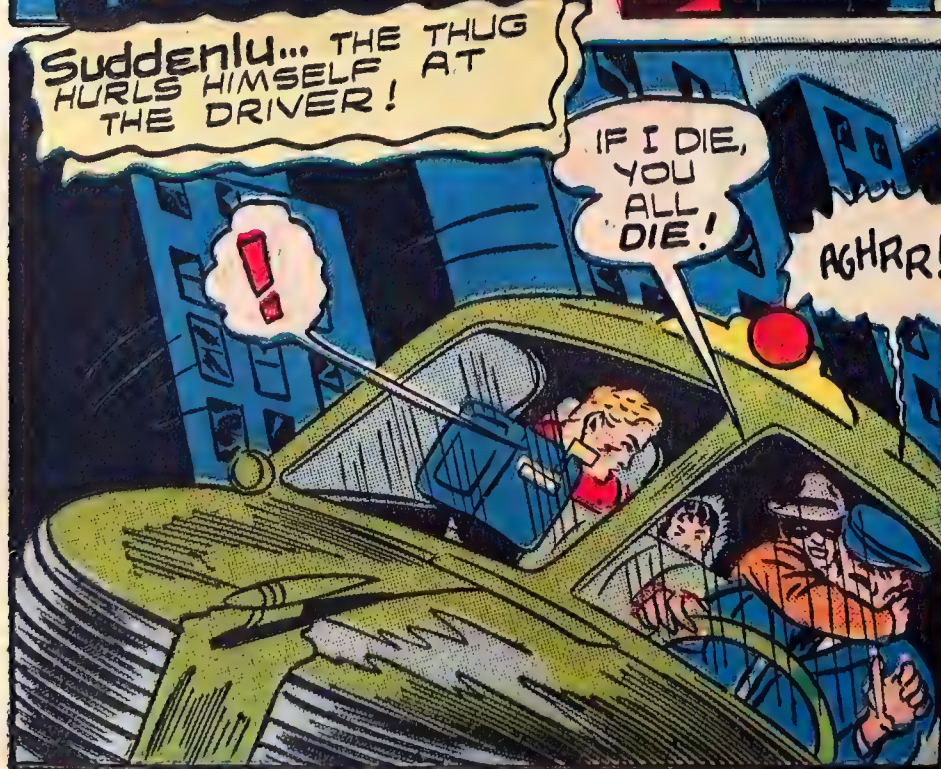
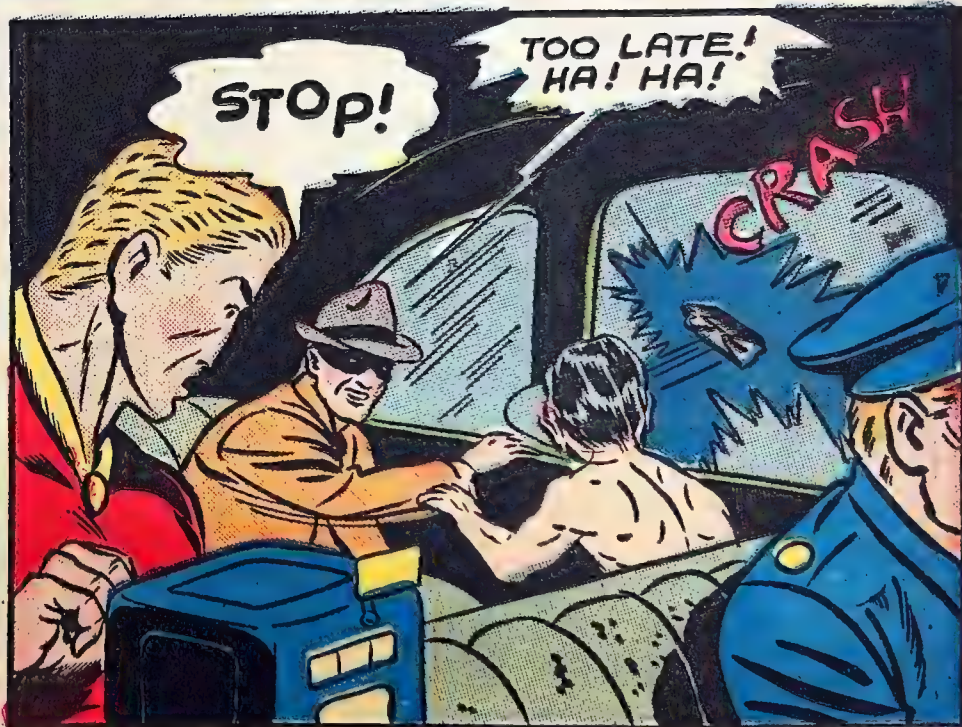
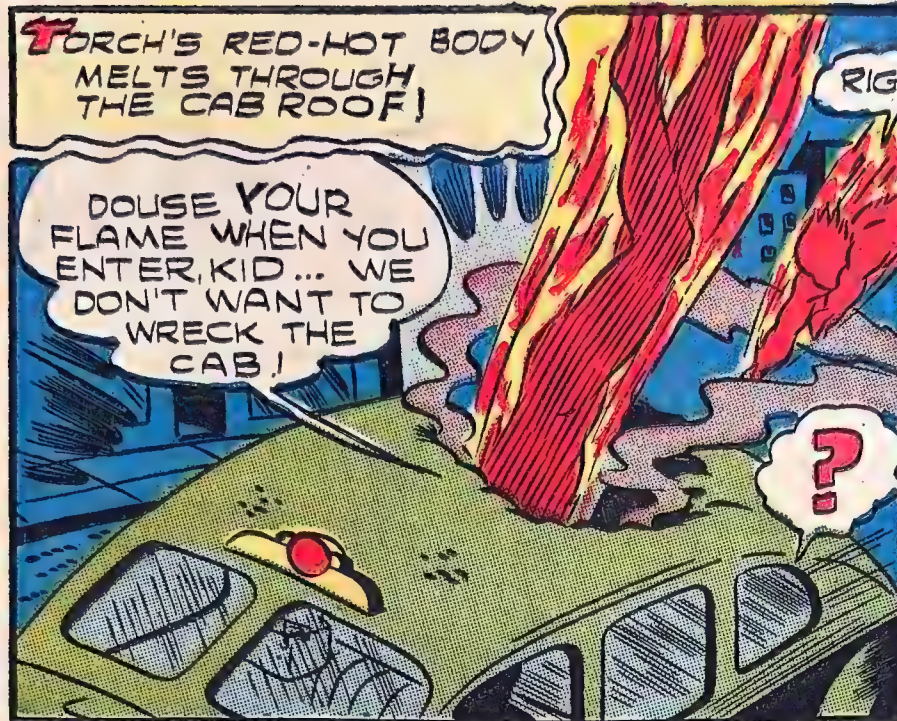
GET  
GOING,  
BUD!



WE'LL DIVE  
BOMB  
THE  
CAB!

LET 'ER  
RIP!







WE GOT  
OUT JUST  
IN TIME!

YEAH! BR-R-R!  
HEAR THAT GUY  
LAUGH! IT'S ENOUGH  
TO GIVE YOU THE  
CHILLS...EVEN WHEN  
YOU'RE HOT!

YAH-HA! HA!  
EEOWEE!

THEY'RE BEYOND  
OUR HELP, SO  
LET'S GET  
THOSE  
JEWELS!

TWO MORE  
DEAD...  
NOW  
WHAT?

AGHR!

AS TORCH AND TORO RUN  
UP THE STREET...A WHITE-  
GLOVED HAND DARTS OUT  
OF THE SHADOWS!

HE THREW THE  
BAG OUT NEAR  
THE CORNER!

GOT  
IT

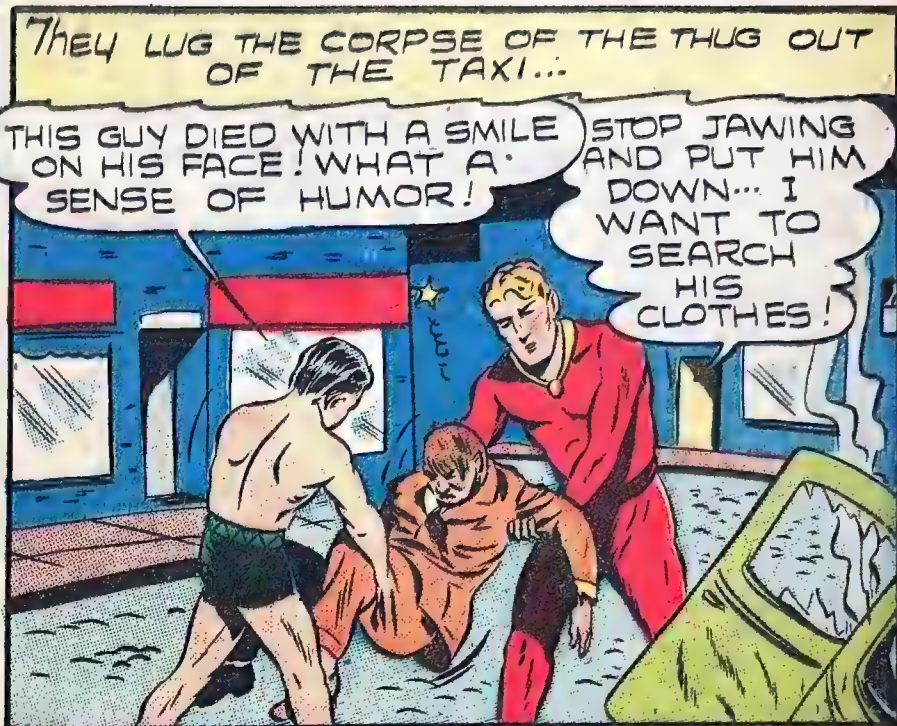
GONE! THAT BAG MUST'VE  
SPROUTED LEGS TO  
GET AROUND SO  
FAST!





ONE OF THE MOB PROBABLY GRABBED IT! LET'S DOUBLE BACK TO THE CAB FOR A CLUE!

RIGHTO!



THIS GUY DIED WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE! WHAT A SENSE OF HUMOR!

STOP JAWING AND PUT HIM DOWN... I WANT TO SEARCH HIS CLOTHES!



HMM... WHAT'S THIS?



DICE... WITH BLACK SKULLS ON THEM!



I'LL BET THERE AREN'T MANY MANUFACTURERS THAT MAKE THEM! IT MAY NARROW DOWN THE SEARCH!

GALLOPING SKULLS!



LATER...

EVER SEE THESE DICE BEFORE?

WHY, YES! WE MAKE THEM.. ANYTHING WRONG?



PLENTY! THE MAN WHO CARRIED THEM LAST WAS INVOLVED IN THE PARK HOTEL JEWELRY HOLD UP. WE WANT A LIST OF EVERY RETAIL STORE SELLING THESE DICE!

I'VE GOT THE LIST IN MY DESK.. JUST A SECOND!



WE'VE  
VISITED EVERY  
NOVELTY STORE  
IN TOWN...BUT  
NOT A  
CLUE!

RIGHT!  
BUT THERE'S  
STILL A  
CHANCE!  
LET'S GO  
TO THE  
STAR'S  
OFFICE!

BOY!  
STEP ON  
IT!

AW! WHERE'S  
THE FIRE!

POSITIVELY  
NO  
SMOKING!

z-z-z-z!

## THE FRUITS OF TORCH'S INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR...

HI, GROGAN!  
CAN YOU PLANT  
A PHONEY  
STORY  
FOR ME?

SURE! IT  
WON'T BE THE  
FIRST TIME!

STAR

DEATH'S HEAD DICE  
MAY LEAD TO  
JEWEL MOB!

EVENING STAR

HUMAN TORCH HOT  
ON TRAIL!

CUPID  
TAKES  
A  
HOLIDAY!

IT APPEARS THAT  
THE HUMAN FIRE-BUG  
WILL HAVE TO BE  
STEPPED ON!

IT SOUNDS  
LIKE A  
GAG TO  
ME!

I'LL DECIDE THAT!  
SHUT UP!

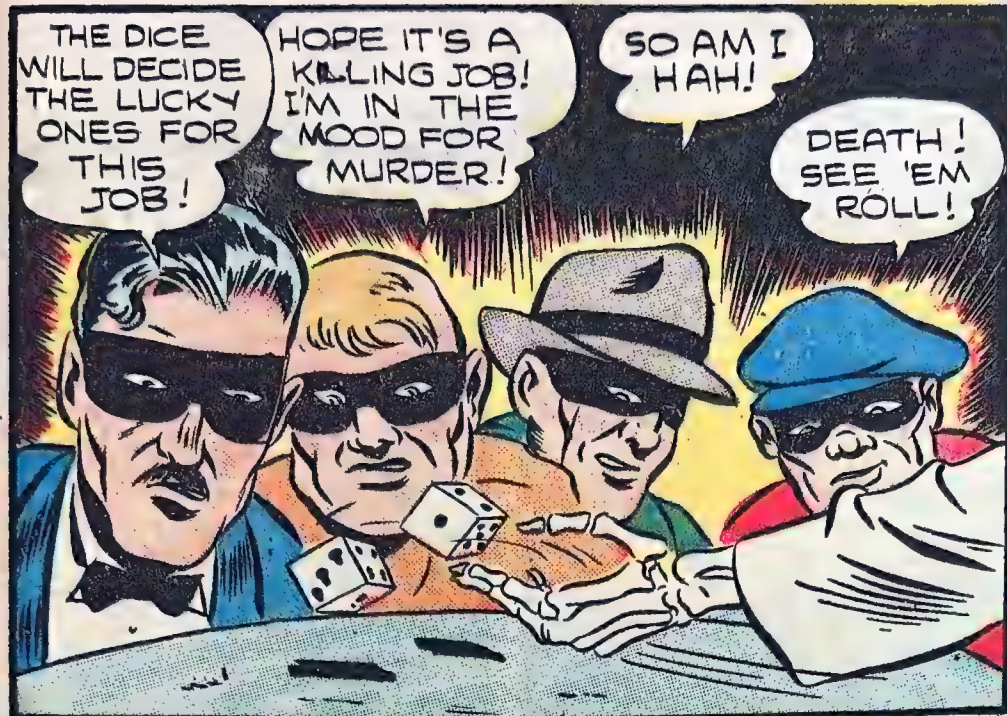
GET UP...I'VE GOT  
WORK FOR YOU!

SURE  
BOSS! I'M  
SORRY!

SO THIS IS  
PARADISE!

Wow!





THE DICE  
WILL DECIDE  
THE LUCKY  
ONES FOR  
THIS  
JOB!

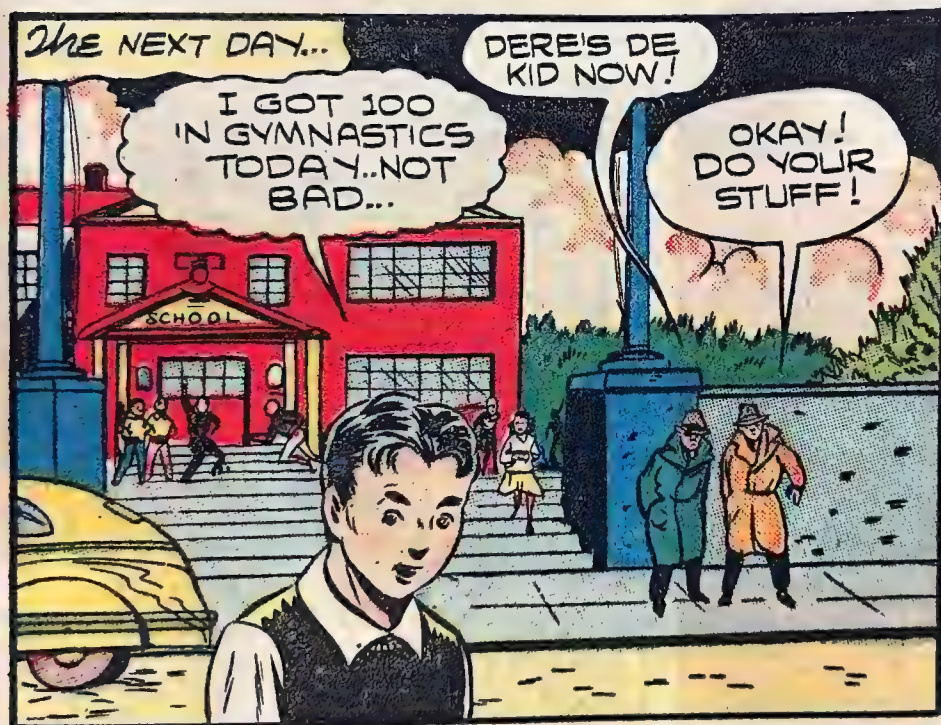
HOPE IT'S A  
KILLING JOB!  
I'M IN THE  
MOOD FOR  
MURDER!

SO AM I  
HAH!

DEATH!  
SEE 'EM  
ROLL!



THE GAME'S OVER!  
NOW, GENTLEMEN, HERE'S  
THE PLAN! LISTEN  
CAREFULLY...



THE NEXT DAY...

I GOT 100  
IN GYMNASICS  
TODAY..NOT  
BAD...

DERE'S DE  
KID NOW!

OKAY!  
DO YOUR  
STUFF!



HELLO, SON...  
YOU'RE  
TORO, AIN'T  
YOU?

YEAH!  
SO WHAT?



I GOT BAD NEWS  
FOR YA! TORCH  
IS IN A JAM!



WHAT HAPPENED?  
IS HE HURT?

N-NOT EXACTLY...!  
BUT COME ALONG TO  
THE CAR... WE'LL  
TAKE YOU  
TO HIM!



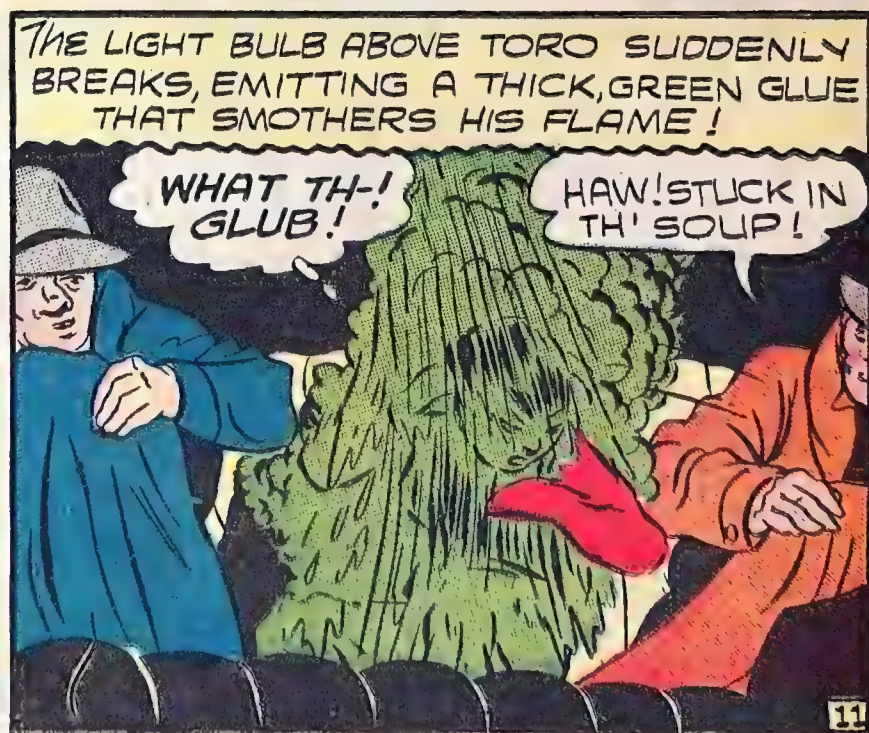
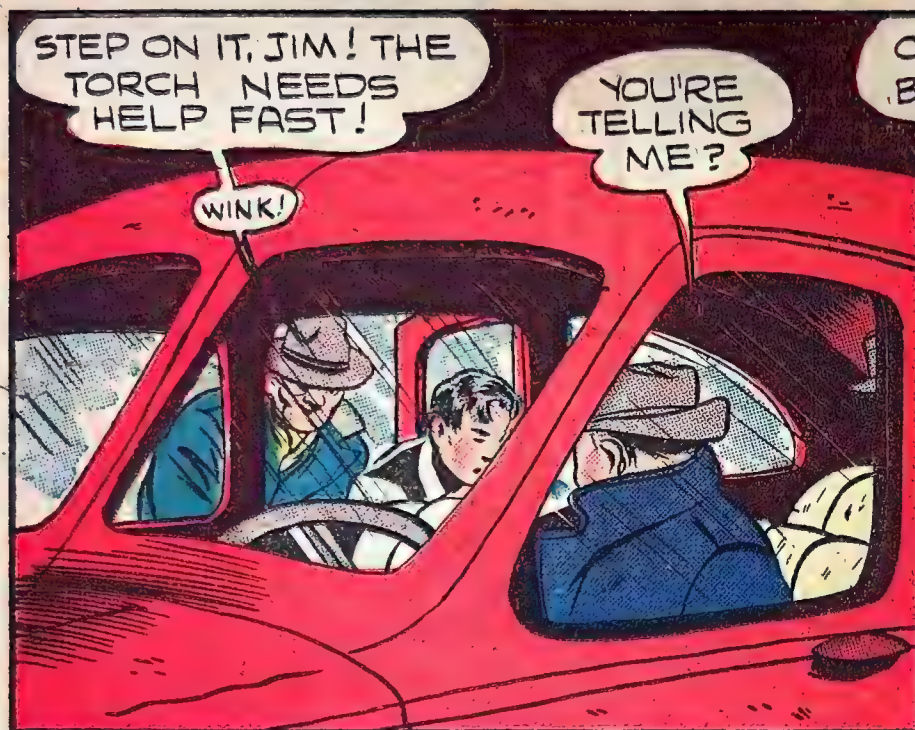
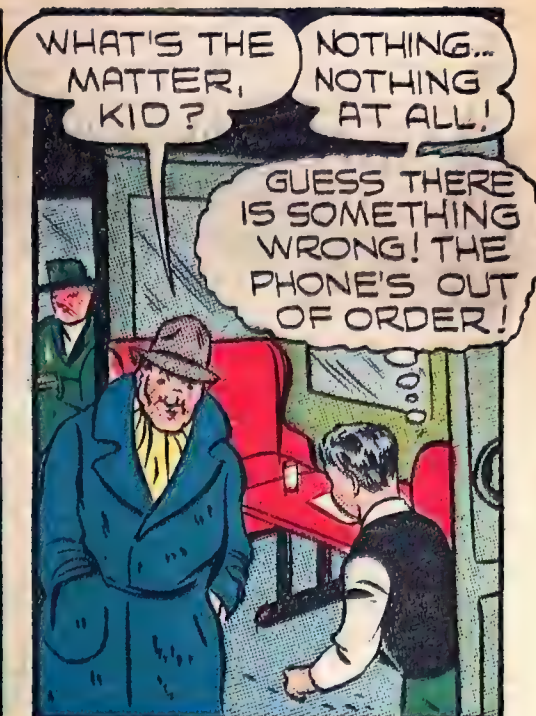
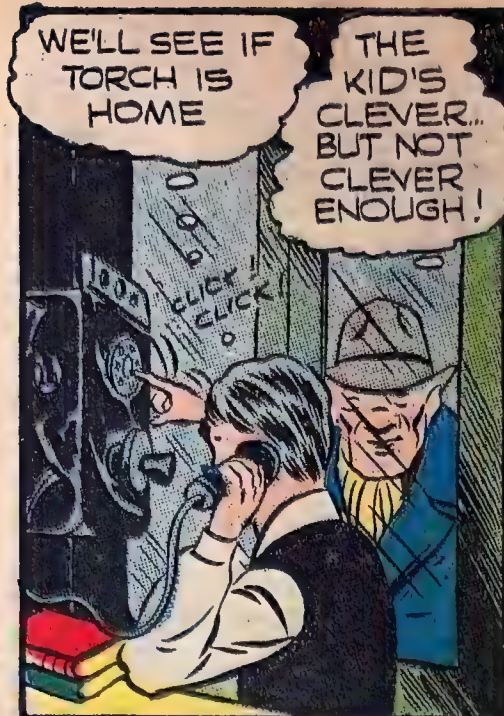
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
THIS GUY'S A  
PHONEY!

BEFORE WE GO, I  
WANT TO MAKE  
A PHONE  
CALL!

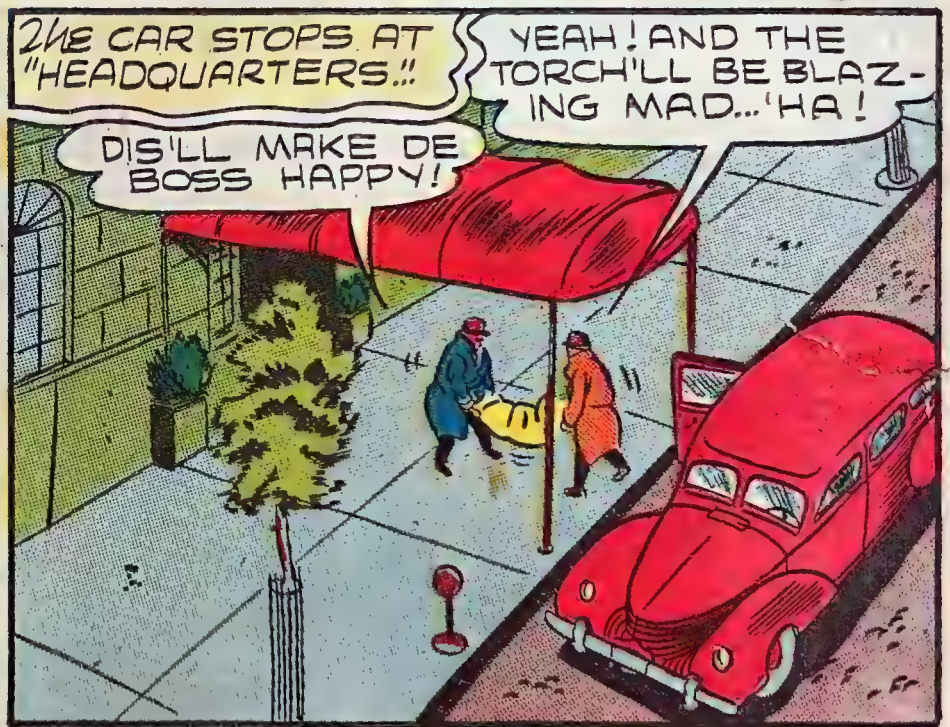
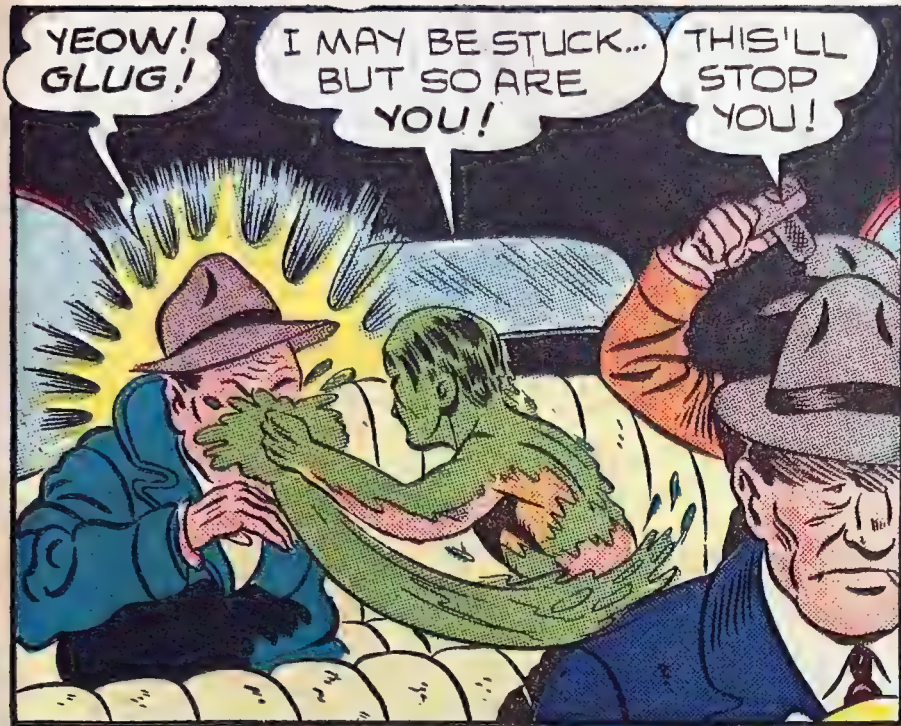
SURE!

CAREFUL, TORO, CAREFUL!











Meanwhile

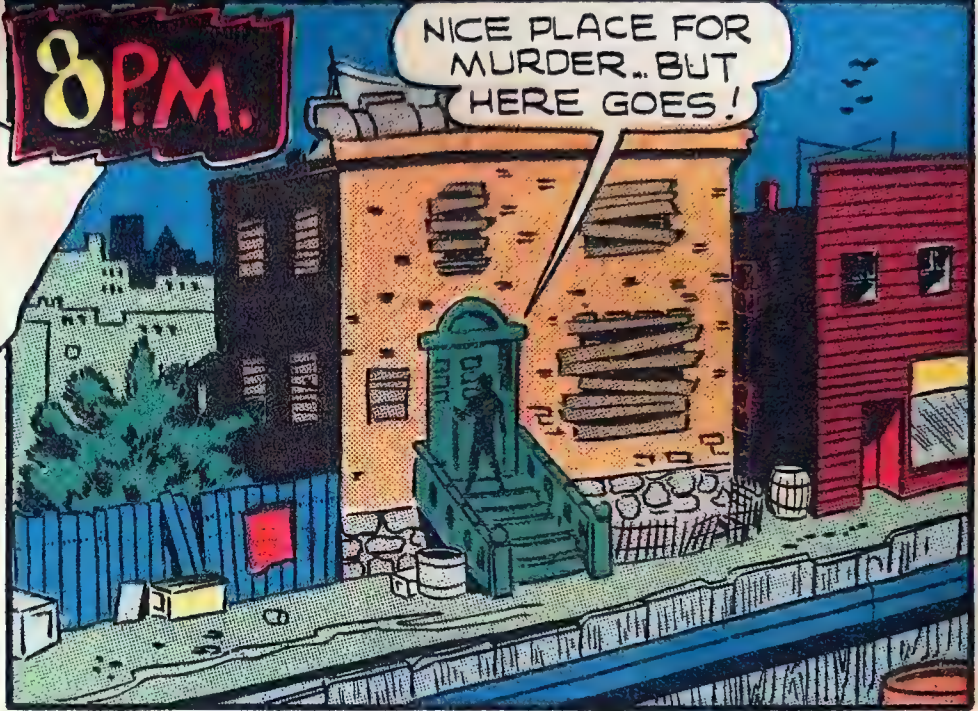
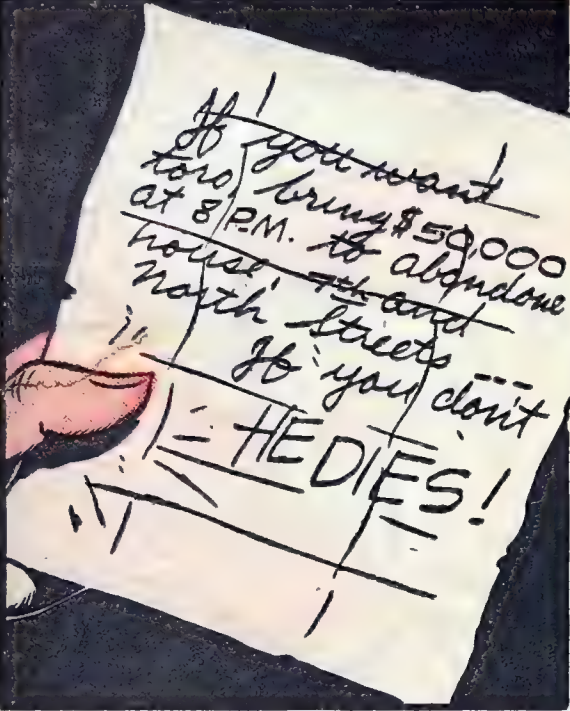
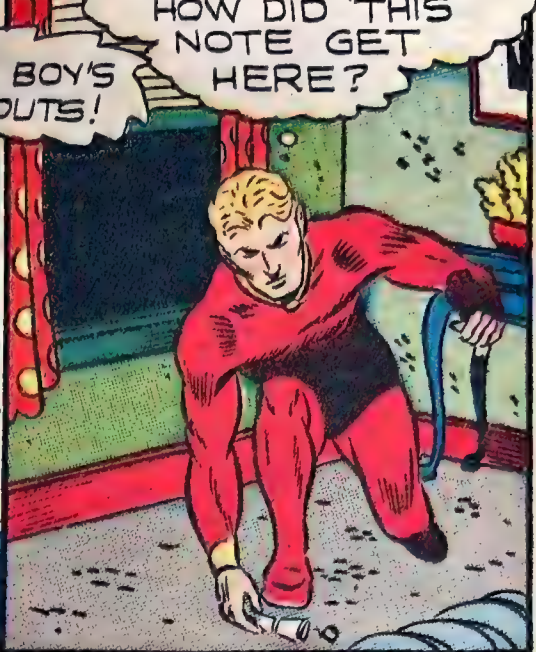
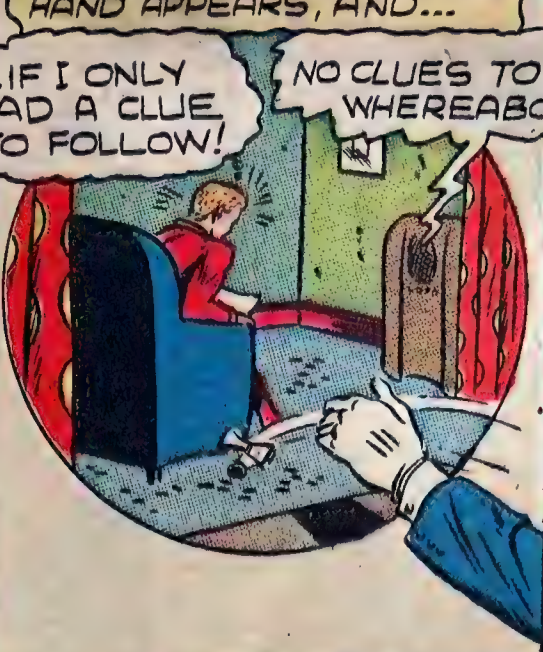
IT MUST BE  
THAT  
JEWEL  
MOB!

Suddenly... A WHITE GLOVED  
HAND APPEARS, AND...

...IF I ONLY  
HAD A CLUE  
TO FOLLOW!

NO CLUES TO BOY'S  
WHEREABOUTS!

WHAT'S THIS... WHY...  
HOW DID THIS  
NOTE GET  
HERE?



COMPANY, EH? I  
DIDN'T BRING  
THE MONEY,  
BOYS...

BUT... I GOT SOMETHING  
ELSE FOR YOU! TWO FISTS  
AND A BARREL OF  
FIRE-BALLS!







WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TOO... HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

??  
GLUB!



GO TO SLEEP, FIRE-BABY!

AGHR!



TORCH COMES TO, IN HASKELL'S CELLAR!

W-WHERE AM I?

IN THE WORST SPOT YOU'VE EVER BEEN IN!

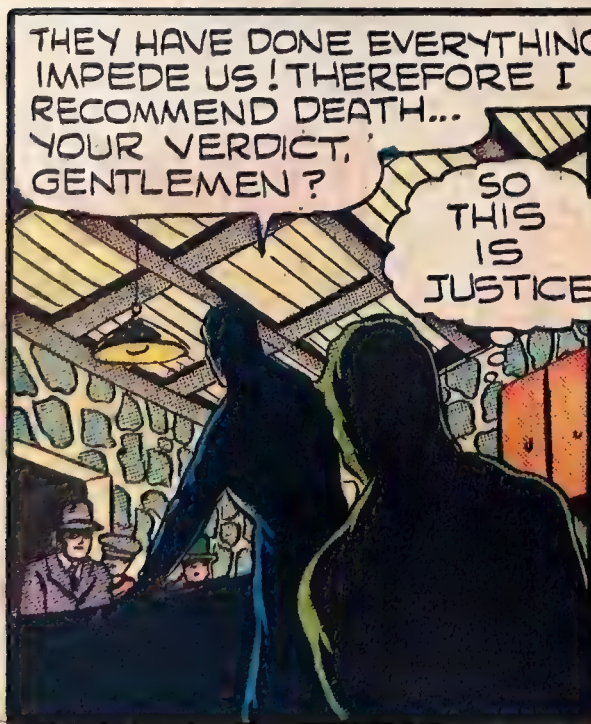


NOW I PROPOSE TO HOLD A "KANGAROO COURT". YOU WILL BE THE JURY... I THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY....MEN...

GOSH! ME ON DE JURY...  
HAW!



THE DEFENDANTS, TORCH AND TORO, I HEREBY CHARGE THAT THEY ARE A MENACE TO OUR SOCIETY...



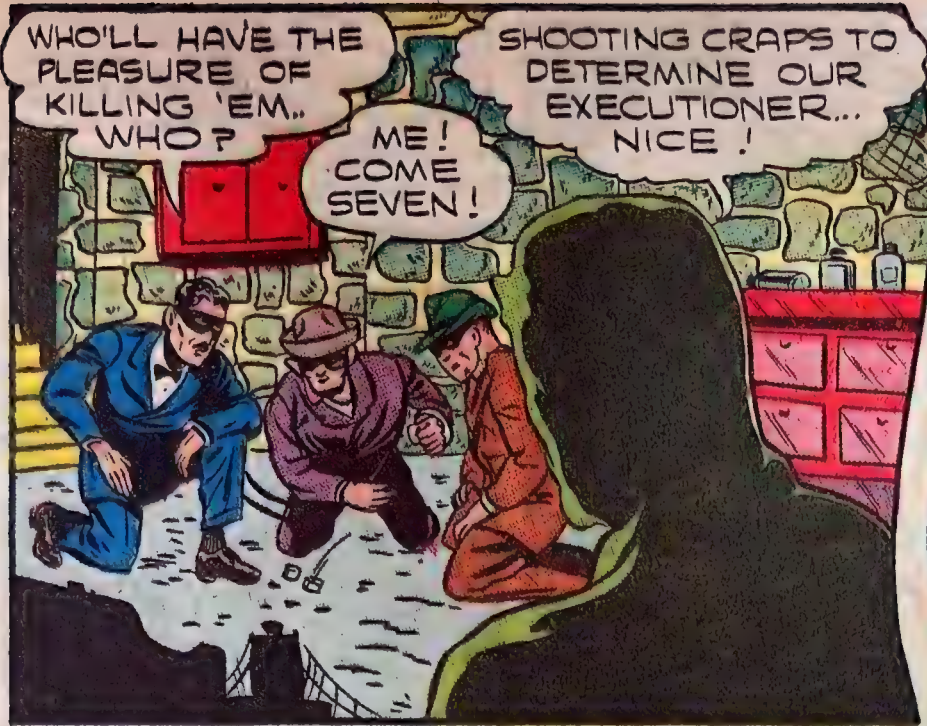
THEY HAVE DONE EVERYTHING TO IMPEDE US! THEREFORE I RECOMMEND DEATH... YOUR VERDICT, GENTLEMEN?

SO THIS IS JUSTICE?



DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!





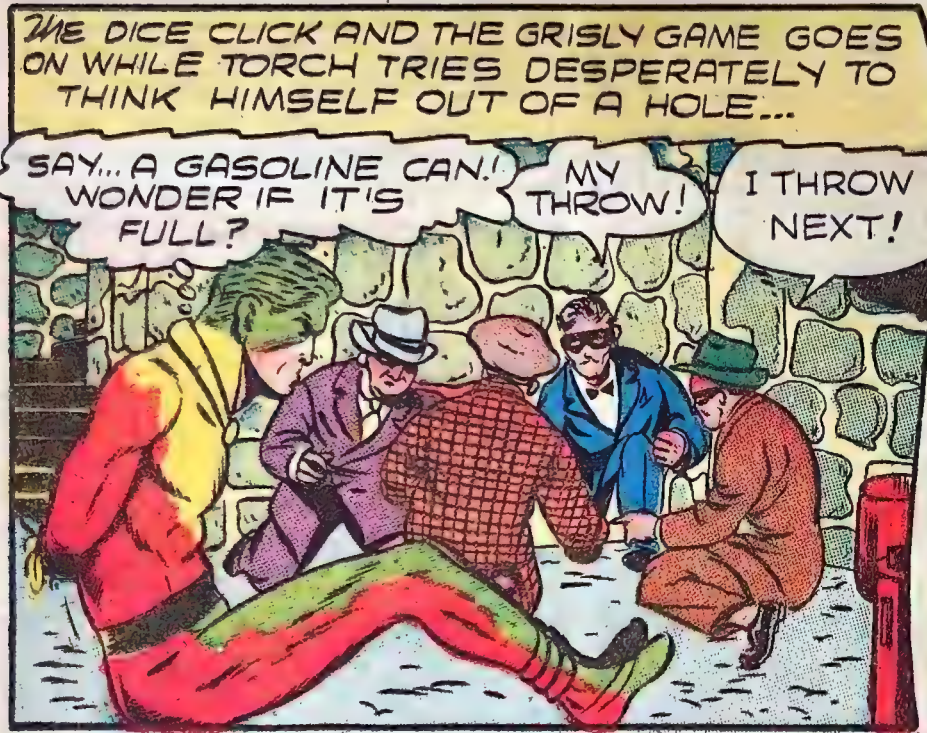
WHO'LL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING 'EM.. WHO?

ME! COME SEVEN!

SHOOTING CRAPS TO DETERMINE OUR EXECUTIONER... NICE!



BLAST IT! FOUR! AND HOW I WANTED TO BEND AN AXE ON THEM!



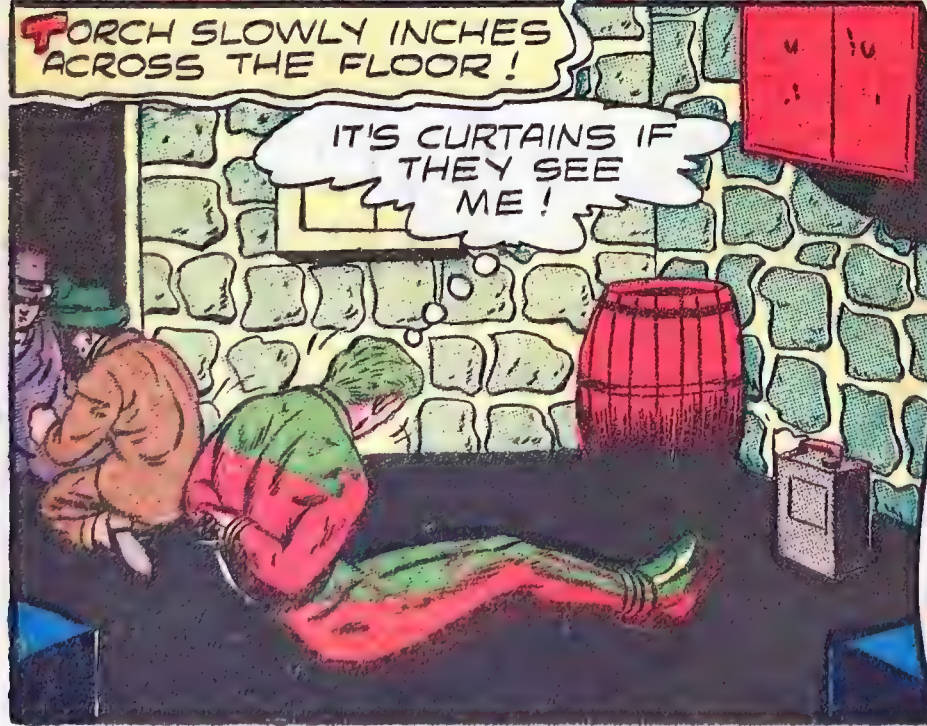
SAY... A GASOLINE CAN! WONDER IF IT'S FULL?

MY THROW!

I THROW NEXT!

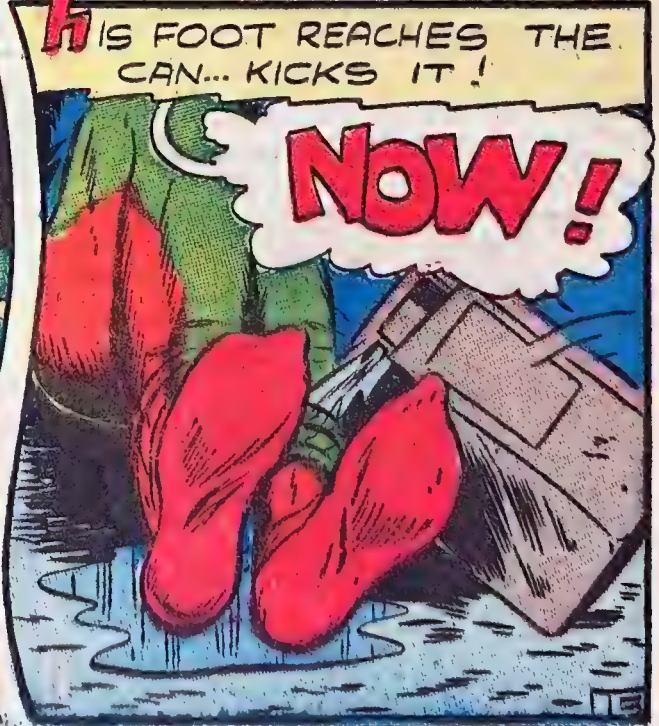


IF I CAN ONLY GET MY FOOT NEXT TO THAT CAN...



TORCH SLOWLY INCHES ACROSS THE FLOOR!

IT'S CURTAINS IF THEY SEE ME!



hIS FOOT REACHES THE CAN... KICKS IT!

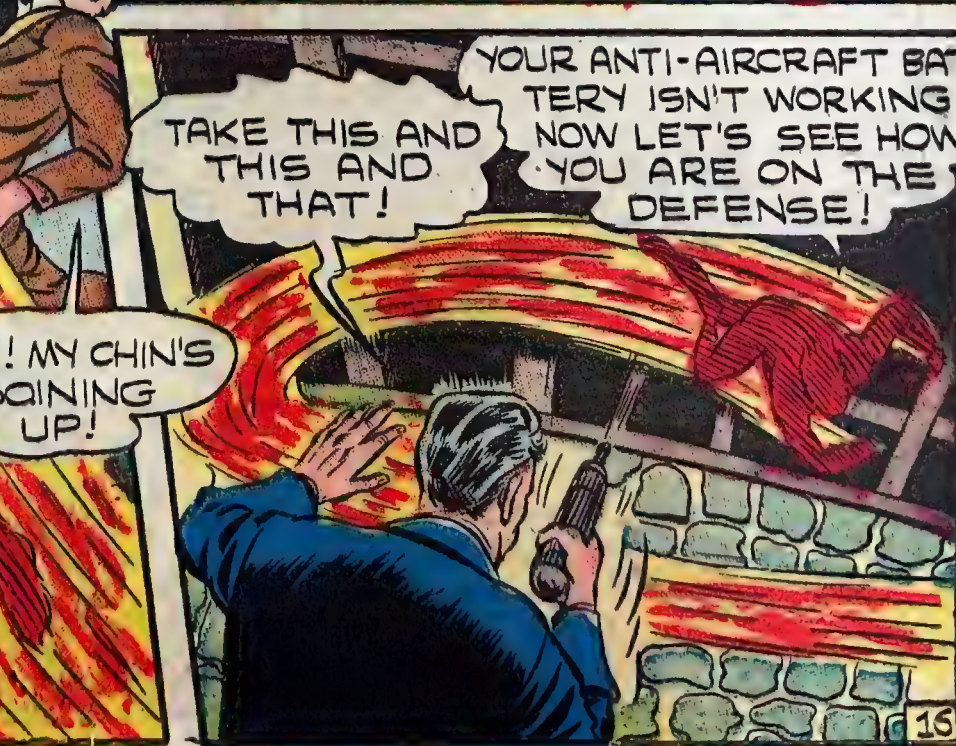
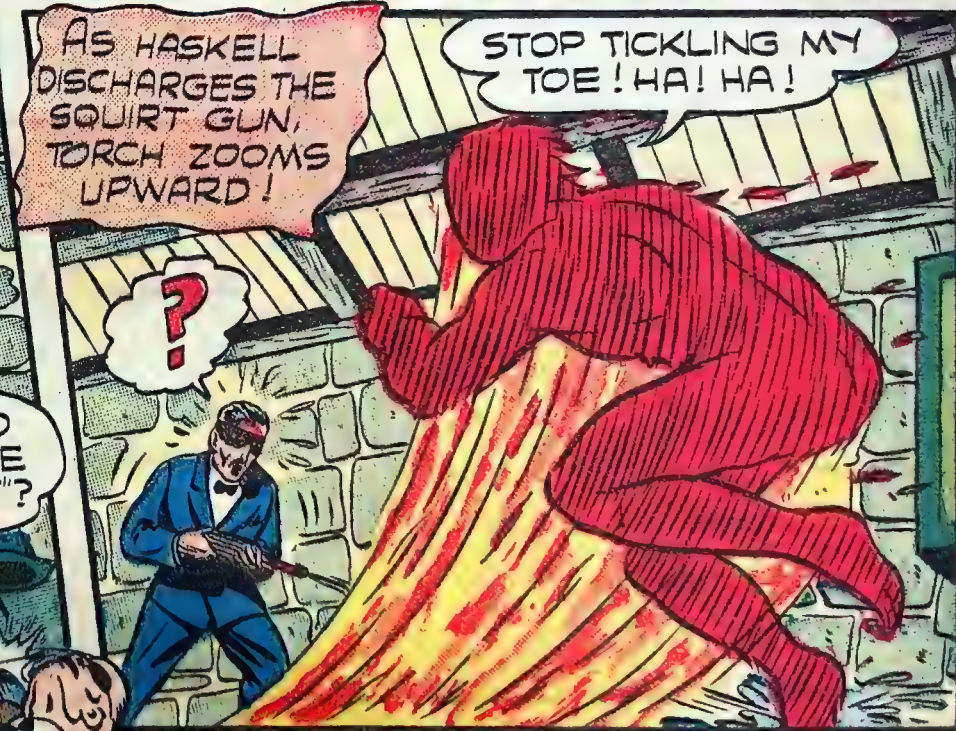
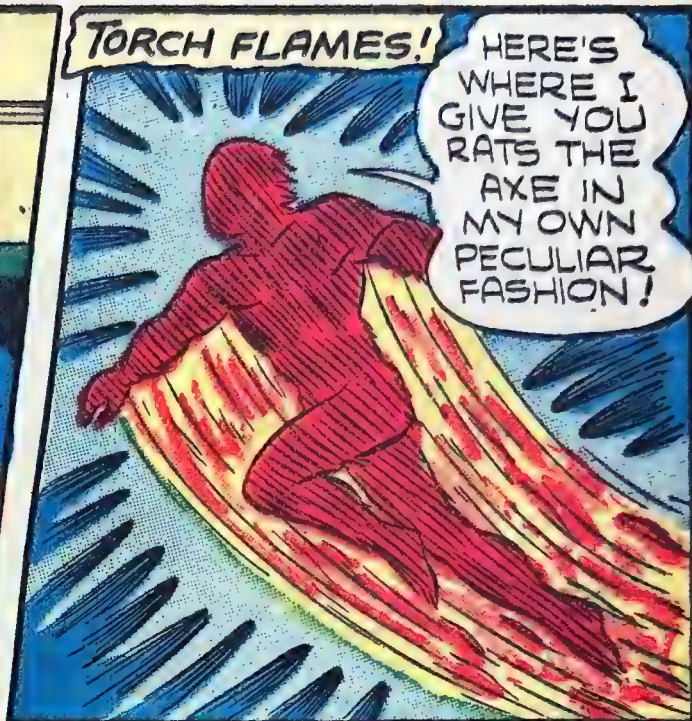
NOW!



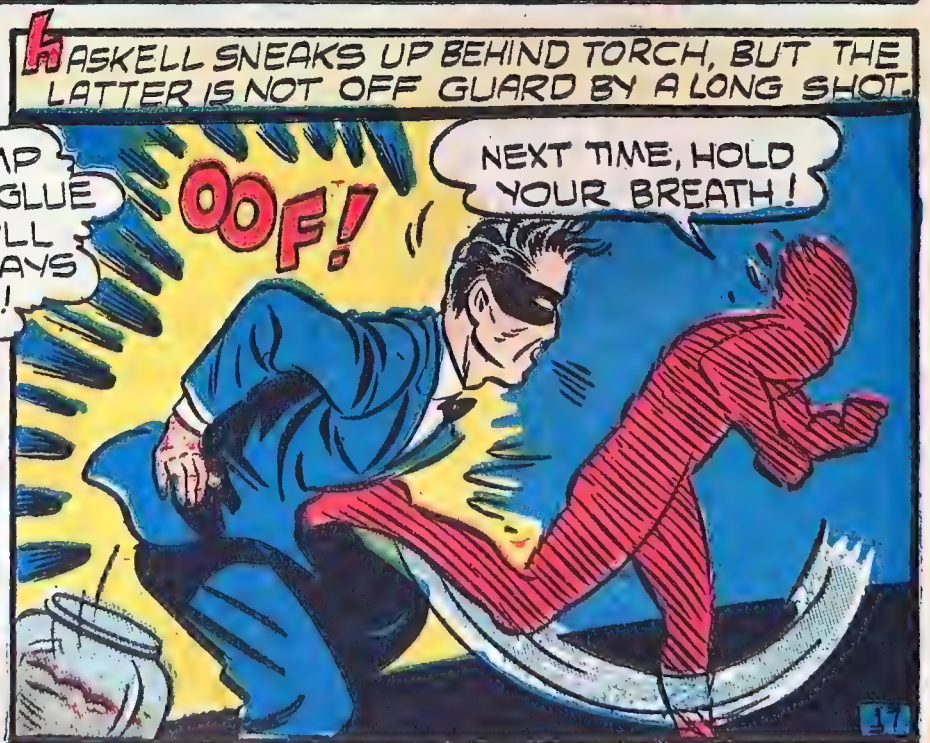
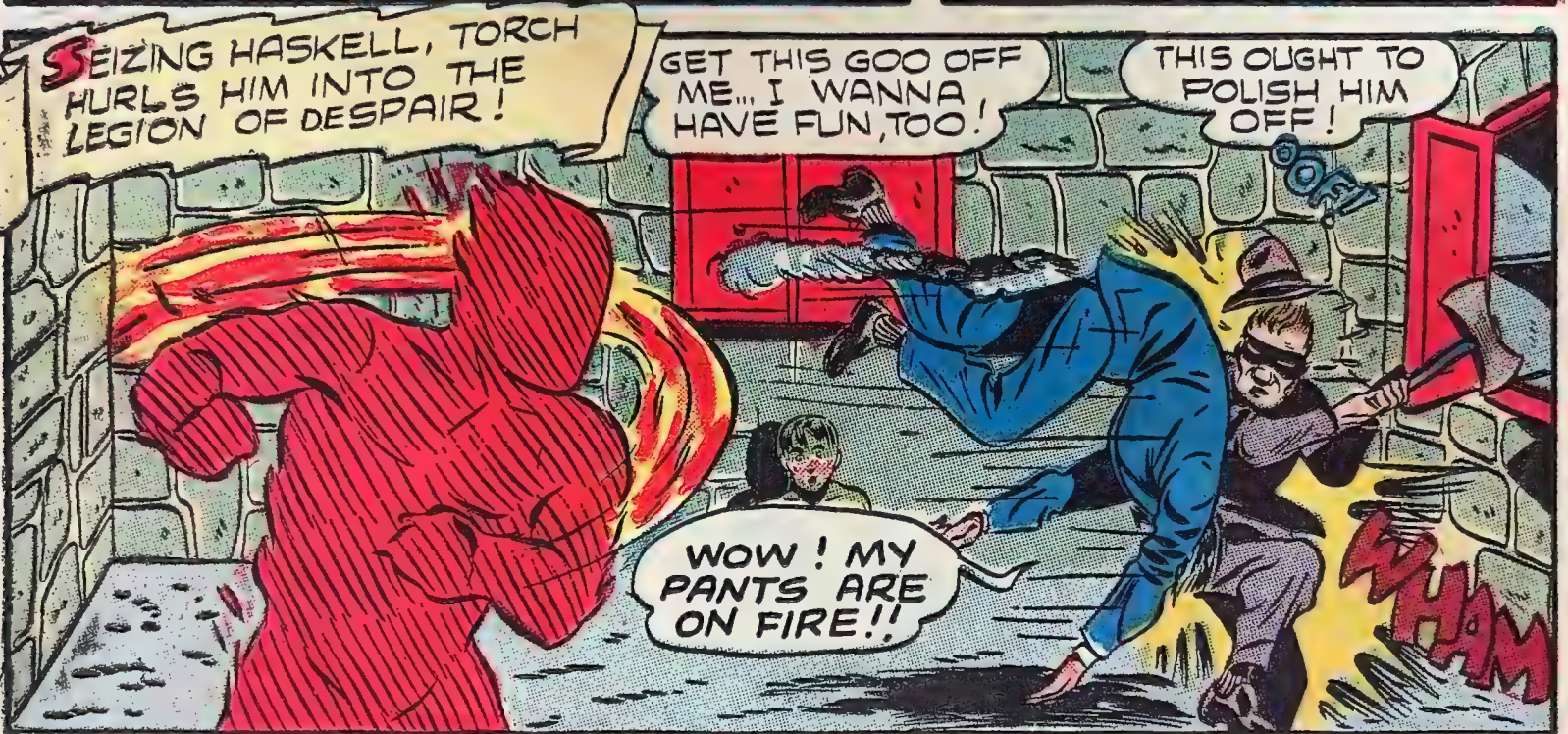
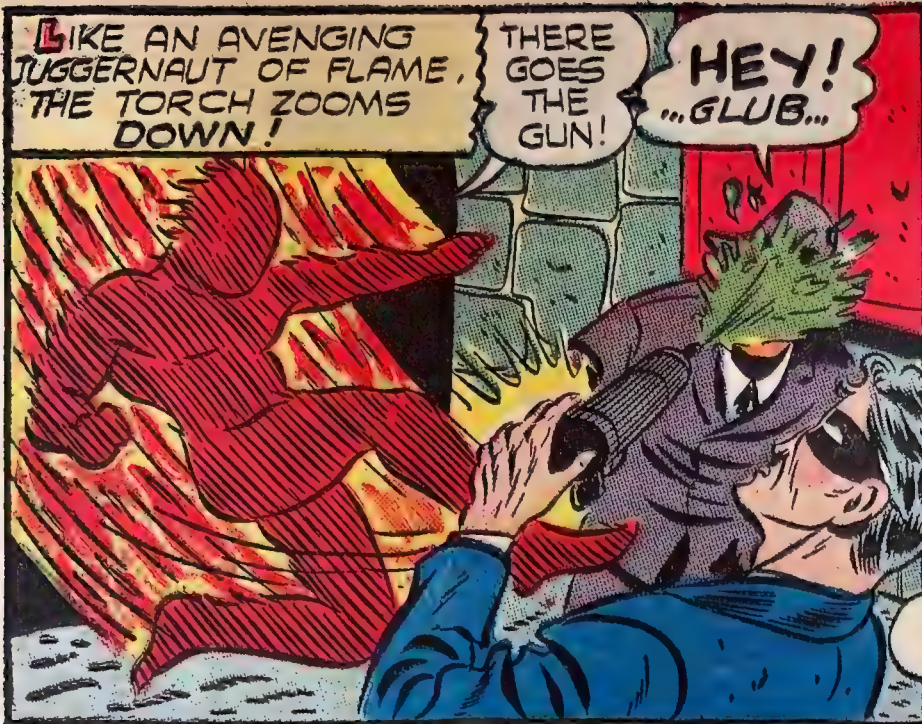
THE GASOLINE SPILLS OVER THE TORCH TO  
DISSOLVE THE GLUE, AND...



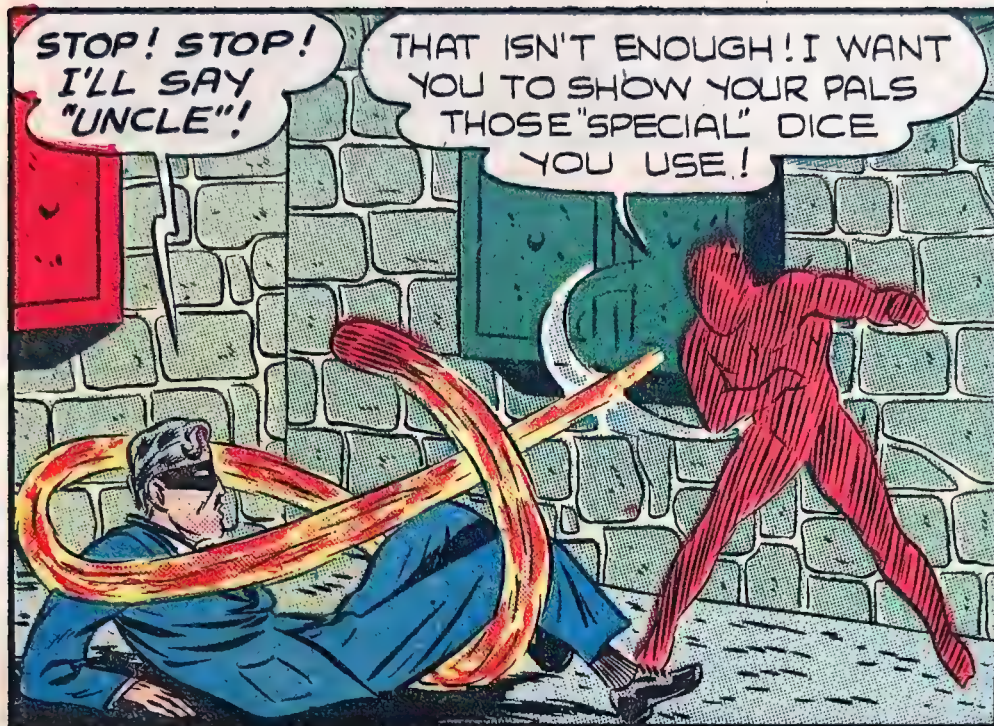
TORCH FLAMES!











STOP! STOP!  
I'LL SAY  
"UNCLE"!

THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! I WANT  
YOU TO SHOW YOUR PALS  
THOSE "SPECIAL" DICE  
YOU USE!



HUH? I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!



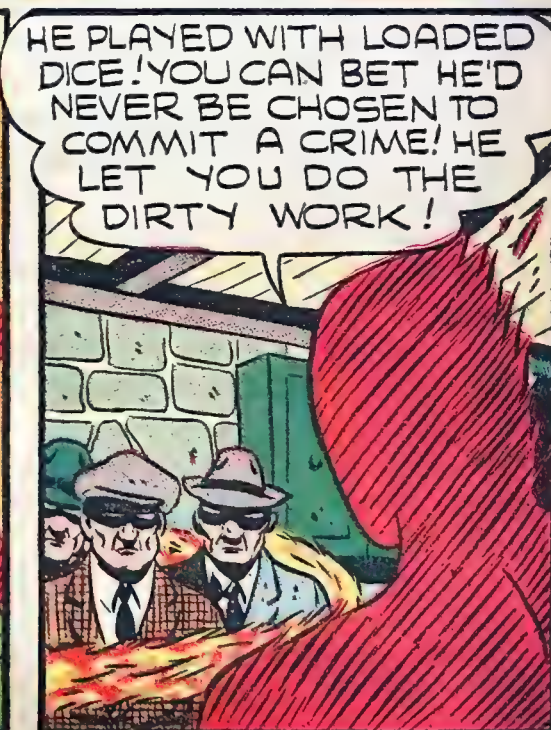
TAKE THEM OUT AND  
THROW THEM FAST  
OR I'LL FRY  
YOU IN  
YOUR OWN  
FAT!

ALL RIGHT...  
ALL RIGHT!



AFTER A FEW THROWS,

SIX  
AGAIN!



HE PLAYED WITH LOADED  
DICE! YOU CAN BET HE'D  
NEVER BE CHOSEN TO  
COMMIT A CRIME! HE  
LET YOU DO THE  
DIRTY WORK!



WHY THE  
DOUBLE  
CROSSIN'  
RAT!

HE'S THE  
GUY WE  
SHOULDA'  
MOIDERED!



WE'LL LET THE LAW  
TAKE CARE OF HIM-  
AND YOU... OKAY,  
MARCH, BOYS!



LATER,

SWELL JOB  
YOU BOYS  
DID!

NOT  
BAD-

HEY!  
DON'T  
FORGET  
ME!

STOP  
YAPPING AND  
GET THIS GLUE  
OUTA' MY HAIR! I  
DON'T WANNA  
STICK TO MY  
PILLOW TONIGHT!



# HOT-SHOT HARMONY

By Andrew McWhiney

**N**OW ain't that lovely!" sneered Division Superintendent Brooks. "Radio communication between engine and caboose!" He glared at Engineer Jack Hanlon. "Heave that junk out, mister! This coal hot-shot is due at tidewater in the morning—that means fast running and mind on your work alone! You'll have time for nothing but the engine, get me?"

Jack was seething as he climbed aboard huge 8900. To blazes with all supers! He'd leave the radio hooked up—a man needed *something* to keep him awake on a long night run, he complained to his fireman as he began to work the big hog slowly out of the yards.

Tom Stearns watched curiously as they settled into their mainline stride, and Hanlon called the caboose to talk with, Conductor Grimes. Jack was pretty proud of this hobby pet. "I'll bet Brooks wires Jersey City to check the train when we pull in, and see if it's still here," Tom ventured.

Hanlon gasped. "Wow! I didn't think of that! He's sure to—he's plenty sore at me. Well, if I'm to lose two weeks pay, I might as well enjoy this last run before he suspends me." He told Grimes about it, grinning ruefully, as the long train roared through the night.

"The rat!" came Grimes' sympathetic voice. "Curled up with a big cigar somewhere, enjoying himself, while we bounce along in this rough-riding hot-shot all night." He paused. "Seriously, though, Jack, he's probably jumpy about Red Mountain Tunnel."

"What about it" demanded Jack.

"Well, you know it's a bottleneck between the coal country and the seaboard. If sabotage should block that one track, there'd be a serious coal shortage. Tie the defense factories up in knots. The road's got an armed guard there, you know. By the way, slow down when you approach it—he'll have a daily report for us to pick up and take in."

"Sure." Hanlon shut off the radio and concentrated on wheeling the 8900 awhile. She was plenty hot tonight. He glanced approvingly at Tom. A good fireman, a smart fellow. He watched the moon-flooded country move swiftly behind them. The lights of towns flashed up, then dropped away. She was rolling. Might as well

make time now, before the traffic started to thicken with night freight.

**L**ATER, he called Grimes again. "Hey, Skipper," he said into the little mike. "What should I do if I see a saboteur? Throw coal at him?"

"No, toss the radio," interrupted Tom. "That'll make Brooks happy."

"It's no joke, Jack," Grimes answered the set. "If that tunnel were closed, it'd shut down defense factories cold."

"Okay. But keep calm now—I'm slowing on order from West River tower. Agent must have a message for us." Indeed, the night man handed one up on the loop as 8900 thundered by. Hanlon reported it to Skipper Grimes, far behind. "A wait at East Portal for Number Eleven. She's due at 1:05." He glanced at his watch.

"H'mm. Nineteen minutes, twenty-four miles. So long, Grimes! I'll be busy. I don't want to meet her in that tunnel!"

Switching the radio off, he shouted across the cab. "Stoke her, Tom! We're meeting the Limited beyond the tunnel—I want some time to spare to make up for that guard slowing us!"

8900's stack blasted louder as she picked up speed. Jack Hanlon forgot the radio as he coaxed the big hog faster. She was wheeling. Her whistle tore the night apart when crossings loomed. Their time margin widened, and at the river bridge he'd gained nine minutes. That should do it. They leaned to the long curve and roared away from the river. Now the tunnel warning signals flashed overhead, and shutting her down half way, he shoved his head out into the wind's rush. In the moonlight the tunnel's mouth gaped blackly. Where was the swinging flash of the guard's lantern?

Moonlight reigned serene and undisturbed. Jack was puzzled...

**S**UDDENLY his eye caught a moving blur. Then the brilliant headlight beam picked up a figure—a man, running alongside the track. He was making for the tunnel entrance, nearing it rapidly. Although the brakes were biting, the train was still gaining, and the headlight blaze flooded him, picking out the object in his hand. Hack had once worked on a track gang,



and recognized a stick of dynamite when he saw it . . .

The throttle opened wide. As the stack belled for speed, he switched on the radio. "Grimes! Get this, and don't ask why! We're stopping inside. Stay by the caboose and clonk the guy who runs out! Tell you later."

He whirled on the gaping fireman. "When we stop, make tracks for the far end with some flares. Flag down Eleven—if you don't, there'll be a bloody mess in this tunnel!"

8900 hit the entrance wide open. The noise was stupefying, like a volcano exploding. Exhaust fumes poured into the cab in a suffocating fog. Eating smoke, Jack poked his head briefly out the window. The headlight blaze burst blindingly against the dense vapor, but he glimpsed a human figure flattened against the tunnel wall. The air crashed on hard; fire spun and slew about the wheels of the heavy train.

**B**EFORE they fully stopped, the enginemen hit the ground running. Stearns vanished ahead. Good boy. Gasping for air, Jack moved back. He heard Tom's feet echoing behind. And suddenly, the long, high-yelling fury of a whistle, far out beyond the east entrance. Eleven, charging toward the tunnel.

Something moved in the choking murk. Jack sprang. The man vanished in the gloom, feet pounding back along the train. The engineer followed. Had Grimes understood, blocked the exit? Gradually the air became clearer as they approached the hind end. Then there was a shock ahead, followed by a heavy thump. In the dim glow of the caboose's lanterns, Jack made out men rolling on the ground. Suddenly one sprang up and ran. Brass winked on the prone figure in the lantern light. Grimes.

No joke, maybe, but handy. Jack snatched a lump of coal and hurled it at the almost-invisible target. The man tottered, then crashed under Jack's flying tackle.

Grimes climbed to his feet, examining the object in his hand. "Dynamite!" he gasped. "He was going to blow the tunnel; when we were early and surprised him, he thought he'd have time anyway. He'd have gotten Eleven, too. Hey! Incidentally—"

"O.K. Tom stopped her in time." Jack pointed through the tunnel where red flares still glowed behind a halted headlight at the far mouth. "Glad you heard me, so you could delay him long enough to give me a shot." They picked the unconscious dynamiter up and put him in a caboose, then located the bound and gagged guard.

**N**OW men swarmed up from the limited. Grimes nudged Jack, and he recognized the road's Operating Vice President. The official machine-gunned questions.

"Good work," he commented finally. "But what made Grimes, at the other end, block up the exit?"

"Hot-shot harmony," said Jack, explaining the radio. "One end of the train always knows what the other end's doing."

The V.P. looked thoughtful. "You have something there, Hanlon. Maybe every train should be equipped. Lay over in Jersey City—I'll be back tomorrow and we'll talk this over."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,  
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,  
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF  
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933  
of The Human Torch Comics published quarterly  
at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the The Human Torch Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St. N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941.

(SEAL)

BERNARD ARBITAL.  
(My Commission expires March 30, 1943.)



# SWOOPY

He FEARLESS!

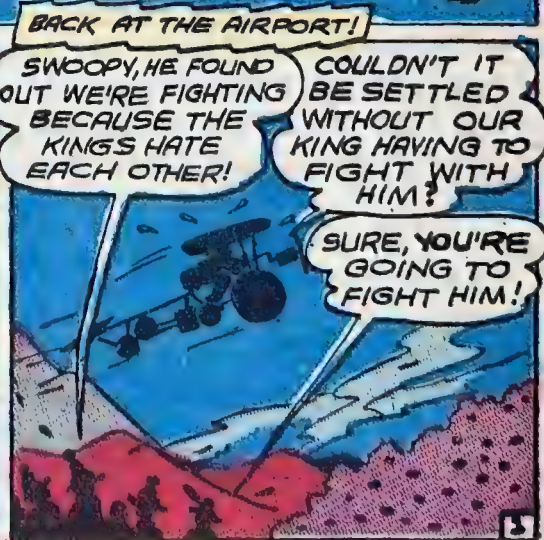
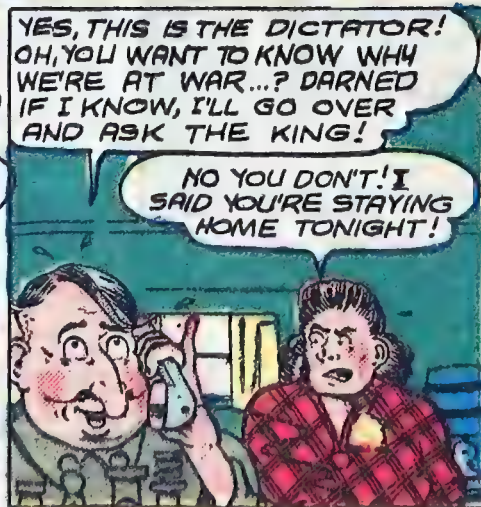
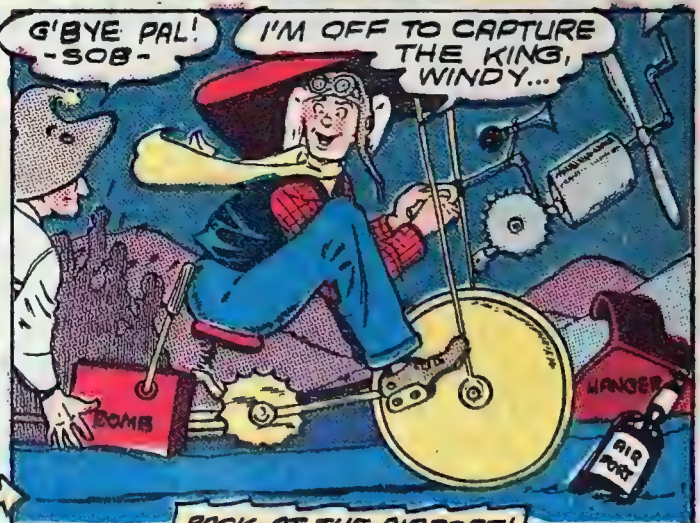
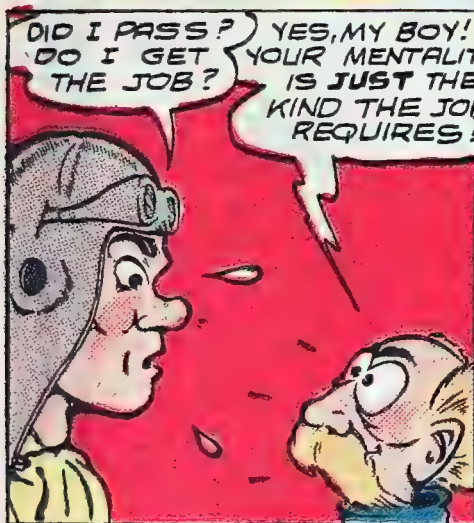
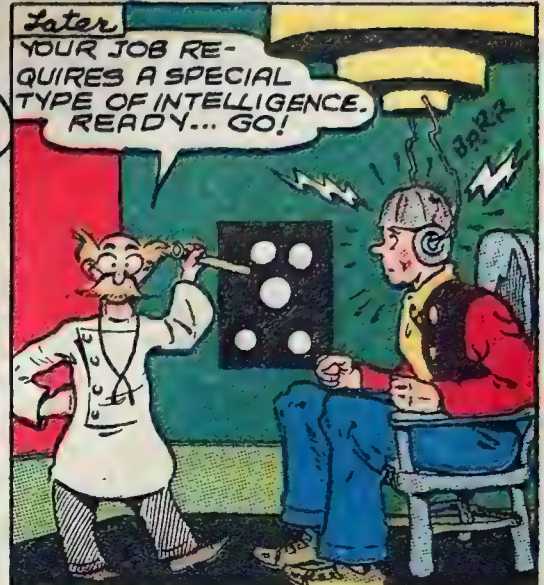
by ART GATES

**KINGDOM OF MORONIA PROCLAMATION!**  
**20** THE YOUNG MORON WHO CAPTURES MY LIFE LONG ENEMY, KING OF FLATONIA, I WILL GIVE HALF OF MY FORTUNE AND THE HAND OF MY DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE!  
 Moron XI

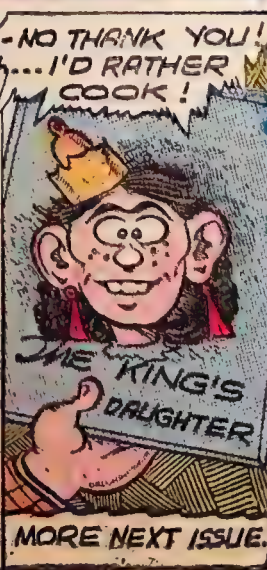
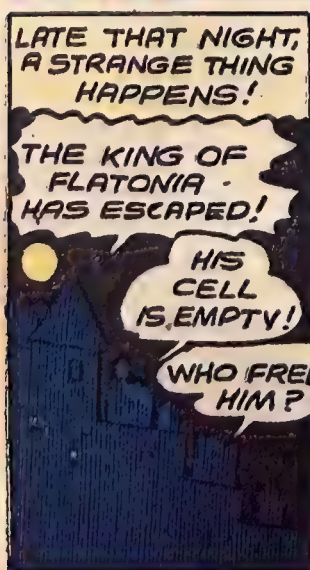
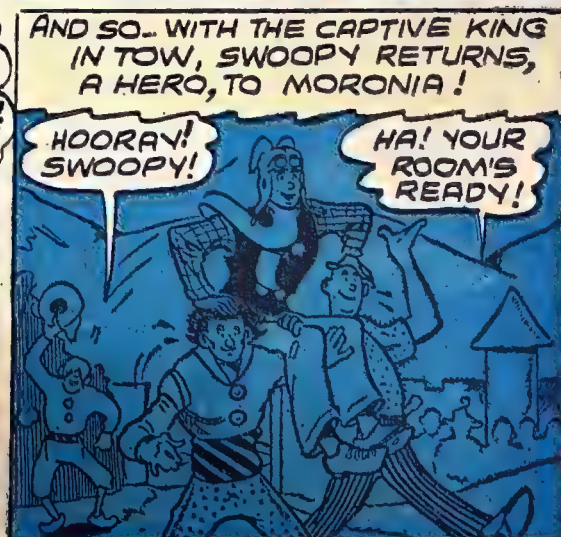
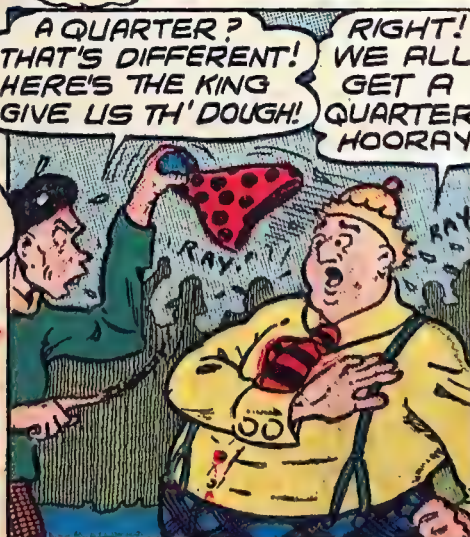
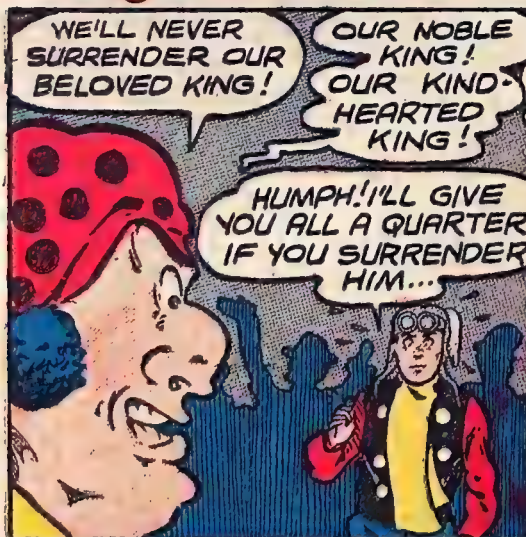
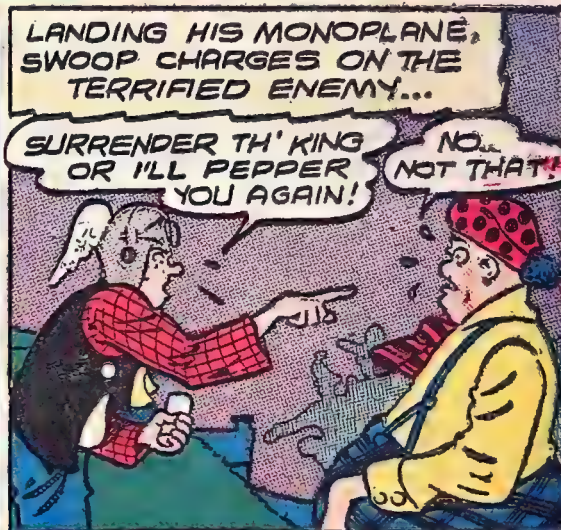
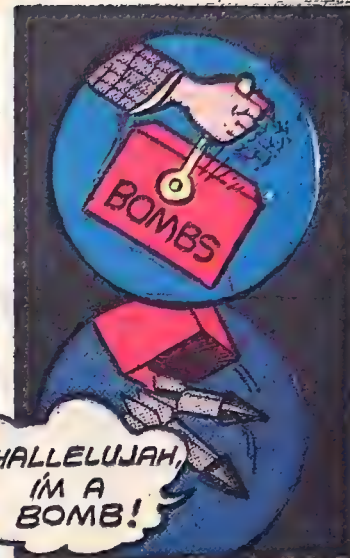
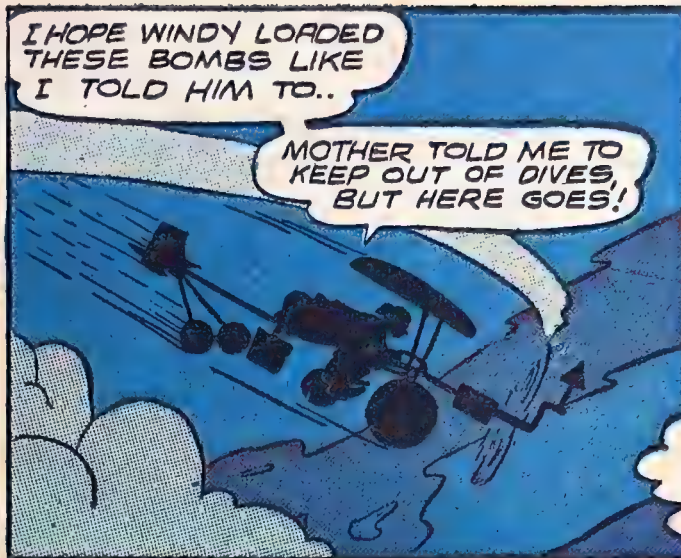
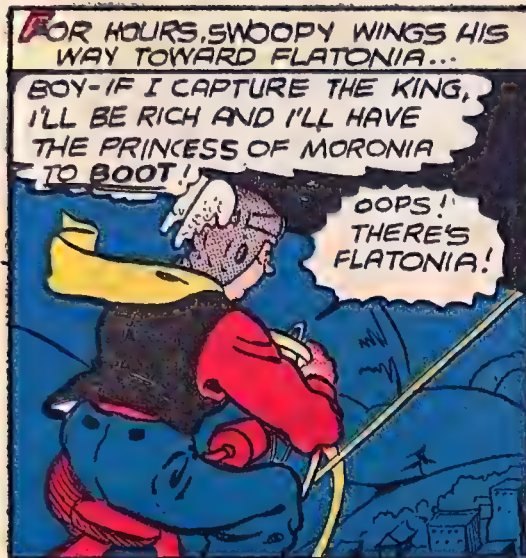
ATTRACTED BY THE KING'S OFFER, SWOOPY AND HIS FRIEND WINDY, HASTEN TO THE PALACE

YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU FAIL?

I-I'll HAVE TO COOK FOR THE WHOLE KINGDOM!









**MURDER AFLOAT!**  
OFF AN ISLE OF PARADISE!

# THE SUB-MARINER

S.O.S. S.O.S.

BAM!

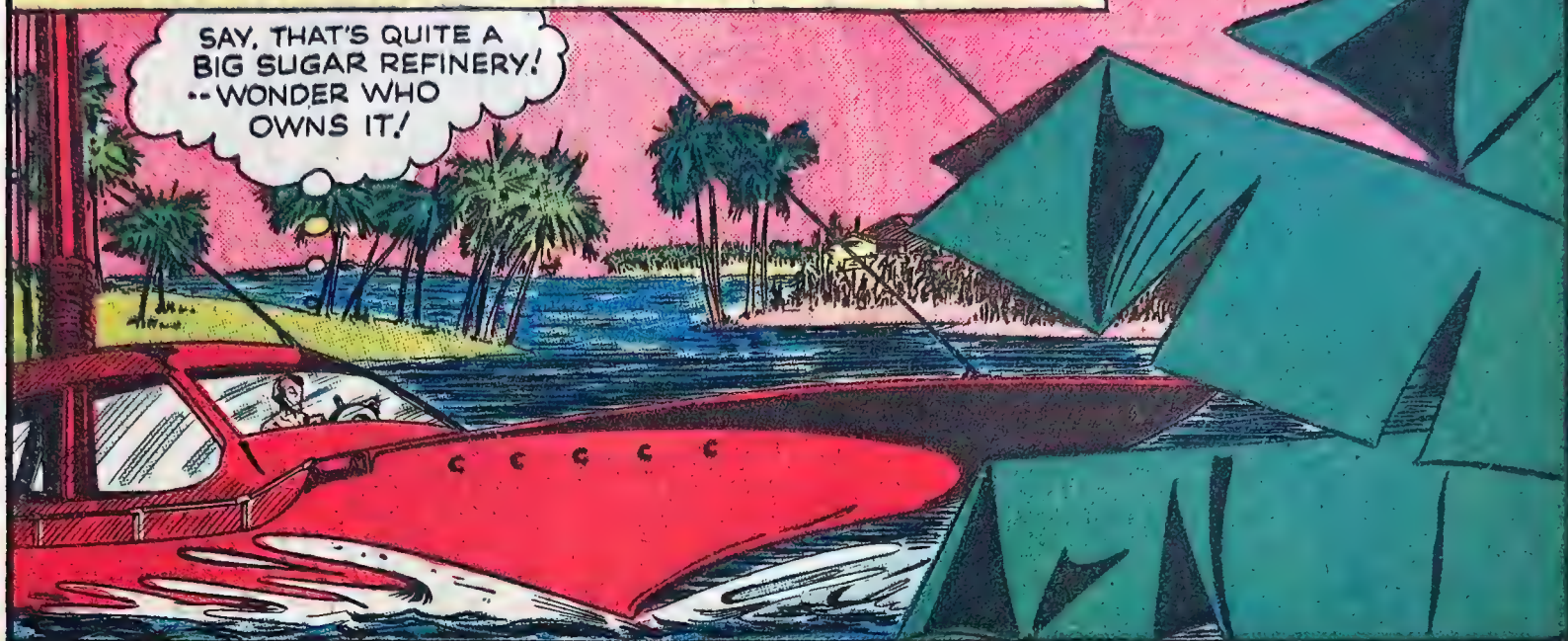
**A**T A DISTANCE, THE ISLAND LOOKED BEAUTIFUL TO THE **SUB-MARINER**, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING SINISTER IN ITS BEAUTY, SOMETHING EVIL... JUST WHAT WAS LURKING THERE HE COULDN'T GUESS, BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO LEARN THAT LIFE IN HAWAII WASN'T ALL GLAMOR AND PINEAPPLES, AND THAT WHEN SOME PEOPLE SAID "ALOHA" TO YOU, IT MEANT MORE THAN "GOODBYE" --IT MEANT **DEATH!**... SUDDEN AND SWIFT!





EASILY TURNING THE WHEEL OF HIS YACHT, **SUB-MARINER** STEERS INTO THE LAGOON OF A SUNNY ISLAND OF THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

SAY, THAT'S QUITE A BIG SUGAR REFINERY! --WONDER WHO OWNS IT!



THE NAME'S PROBABLY ON THAT SIGNBOARD -- WE'LL SEE!



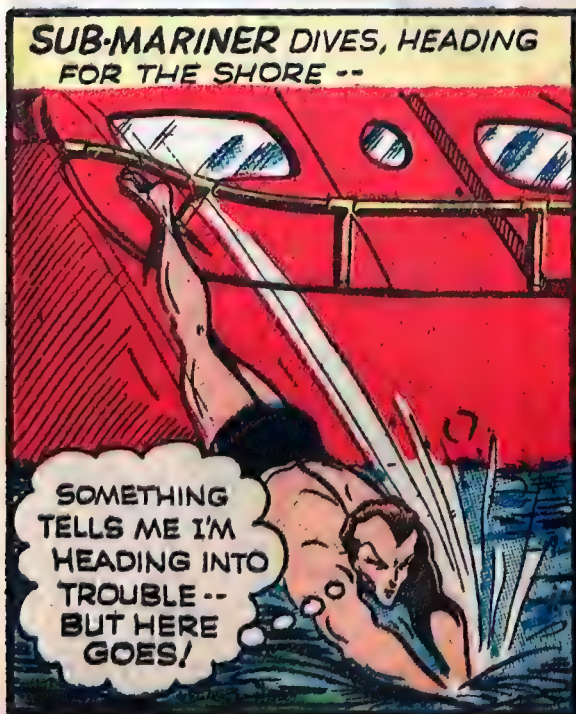
**NO  
-TRESPASSING**



THAT'S QUEER! MOST HAWAIIAN INDUSTRIES HAVE A BIG "WELCOME" SIGN OUT FOR VISITORS! --THINK I'LL ANCHOR AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE DUMP!



**SUB-MARINER DIVES, HEADING FOR THE SHORE --**



SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M HEADING INTO TROUBLE -- BUT HERE GOES!

WHAT'S THIS? AN ARMED GUARD! THE MYSTERY THICKENS!



HEY!

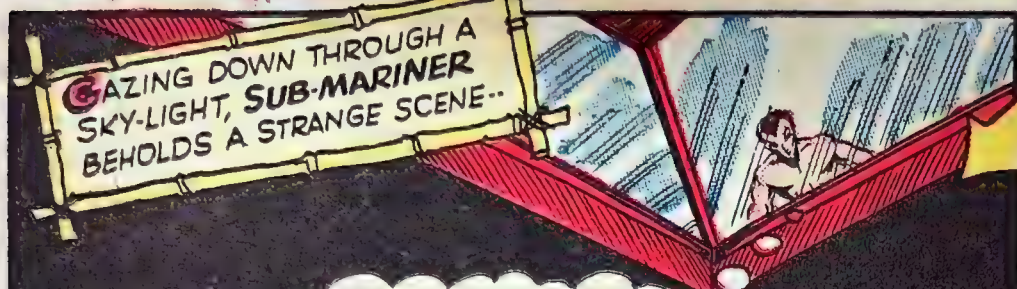
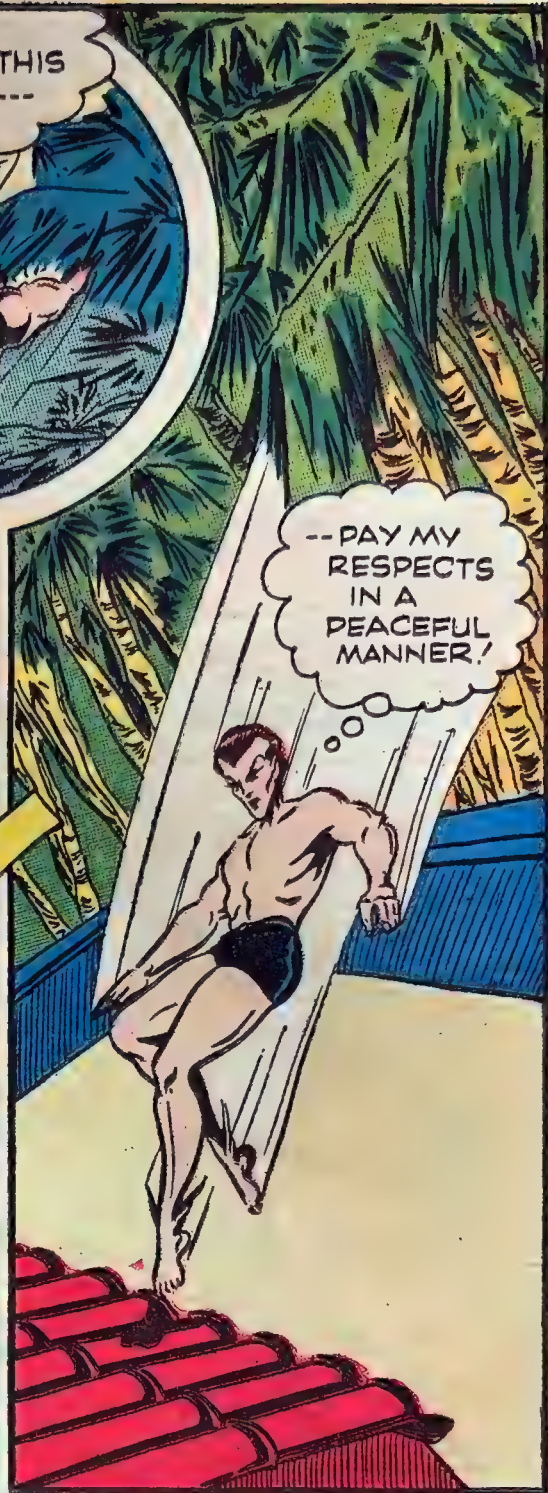
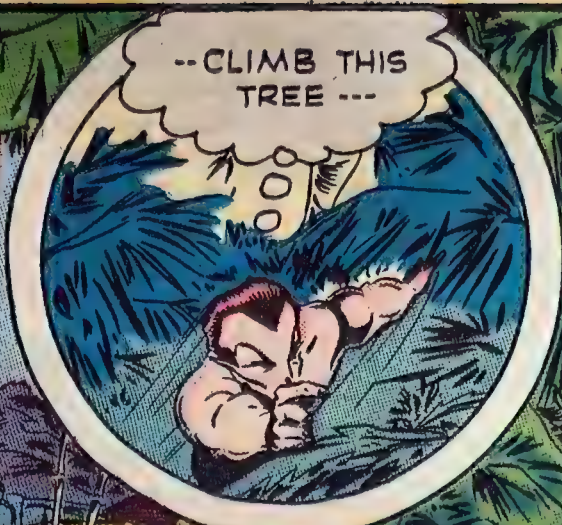
DON'T MIND ME, BUD! I'M JUST CURIOUS!



SOCK!

YEOW!

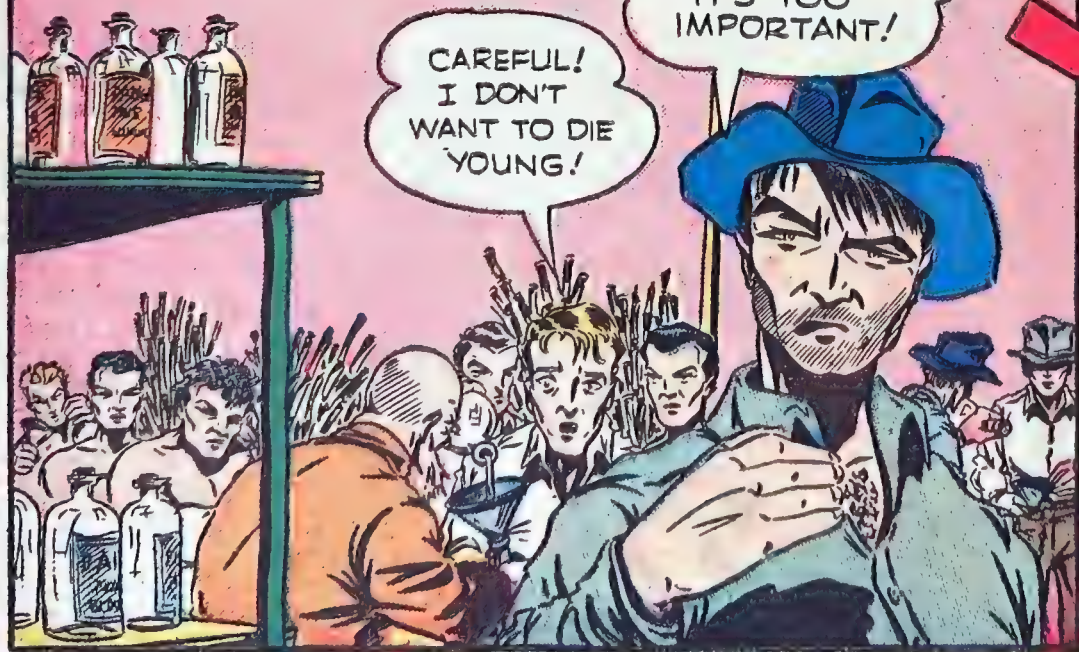




THEY ARE REAMING SUGAR-CANE STALKS -- FILLING 'EM WITH A FLUID LABELED "DANGER"-- AND THEN PACKING THEM INTO METAL CASES! WEIRD DOINGS FOR A SUGAR REFINERY! UNCLE SAM OUGHT TO INVESTIGATE THIS PLACE!

FASTER, MEN! WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE WITH THE STUFF -- IT'S TOO IMPORTANT!

CAREFUL! I DON'T WANT TO DIE YOUNG!





**S**WIMMING BACK TO HIS YACHT, **SUB-MARINER** HURRIEDLY HOISTS A SET OF SIGNAL FLAGS!



THE FLEET'S IN SIGHT! I HOPE THEY SEE IT!

**A** LOOKOUT IN THE CROWS-NEST OF THE AMERICAN FLAGSHIP SPOTS THE **SUB-MARINER'S** MESSAGE!



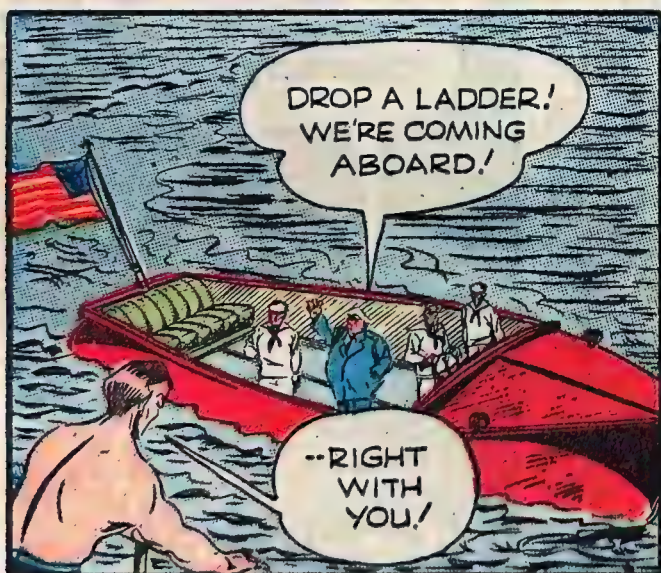
UNIDENTIFIED YACHT SIGNALLING! SIGNAL SAYS: "**DANGEROUS WATERS** -- **PROCEED WITH CAUTION!**"

OH, YEAH? HOPE IT ISN'T SOME CRANK! -- BRYSON, TELL THE MEN TO LOWER A BOAT! WE'LL BOARD THAT YACHT AND FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



AYE, AYE, SIR!

NOW, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF FLASHING THAT WHACKY SIGNAL?



DROP A LADDER! WE'RE COMING ABOARD!

--RIGHT WITH YOU!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A FLOCK OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS SCHEMING UP SOMETHING NASTY IN THAT REFINERY! -- SOMETHING THAT MAY THREATEN THE FLEET!



RIDICULOUS! PREPOSTEROUS! WHY, THE MAN WHO OWNS THAT REFINERY IS NONE OTHER THAN **ANTHONY COSWELL!**

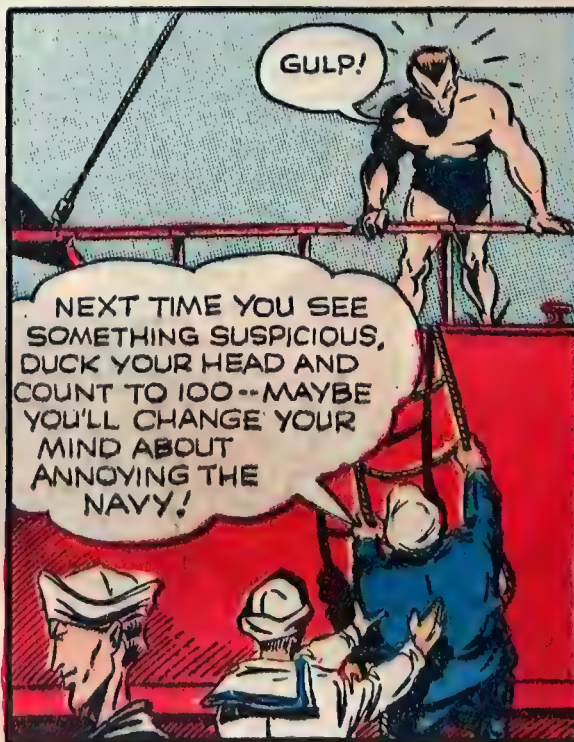


A SUGAR MAGNATE, PHILANTHROPIST, AND AN ADMIRAL IN THE NAVAL RESERVE! A TRUE AMERICAN IF THERE EVER WAS ONE!



GULP!

NEXT TIME YOU SEE SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS, DUCK YOUR HEAD AND COUNT TO 100 -- MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT ANNOYING THE NAVY!

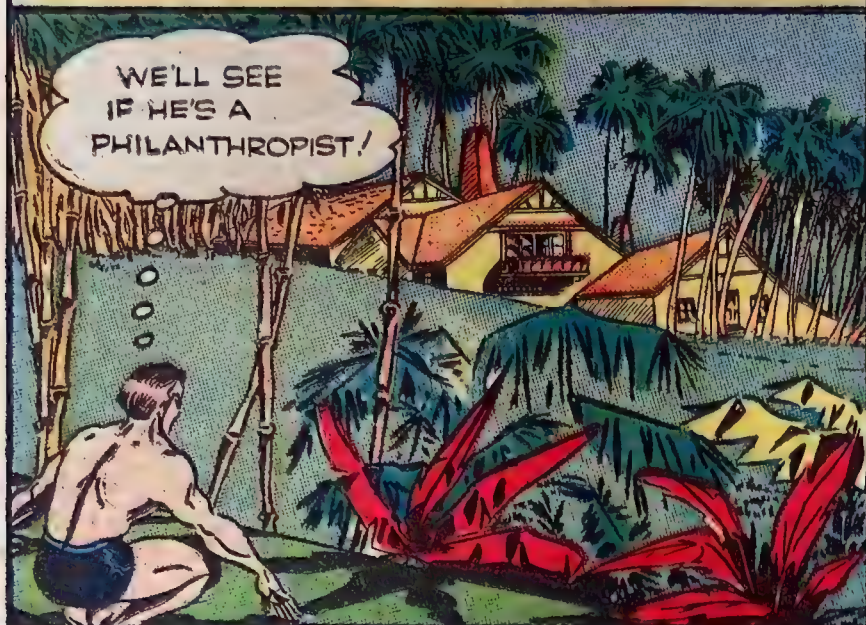


GUESS I CAN CONSIDER MYSELF SQUELCHED! -- THINK I'LL GO TO WAIKIKI AND VISIT COSWELL'S ESTATE. WHEN I GET THROUGH, MAYBE I'LL CHANGE THAT OFFICER'S MIND!

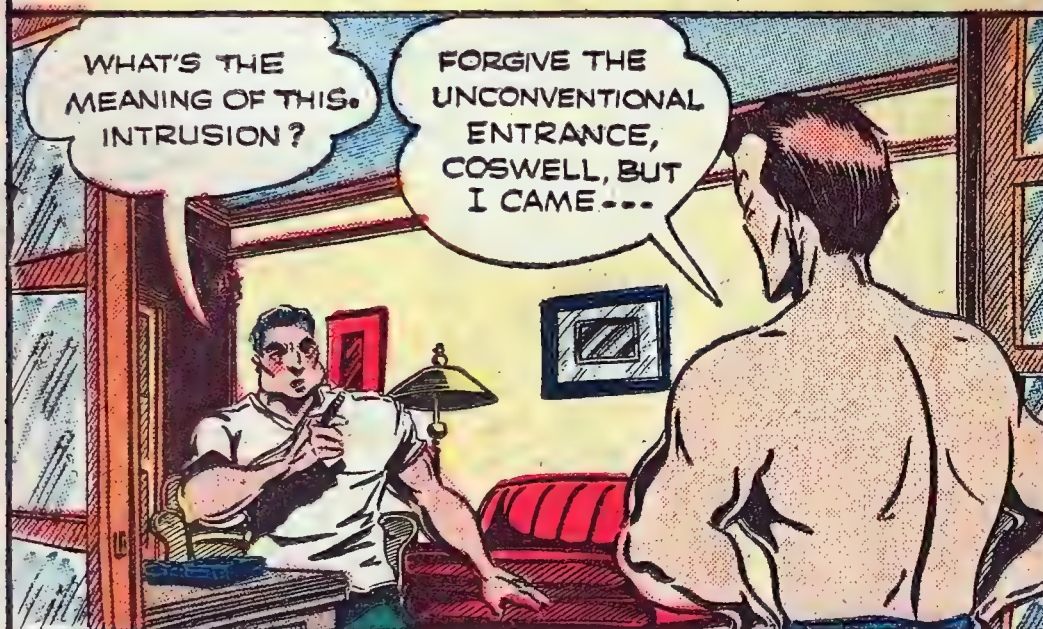




**AT WAIKIKI, SUB-MARINER CLIMBS THE WALL SURROUNDING THE COSWELL ESTATE ---**



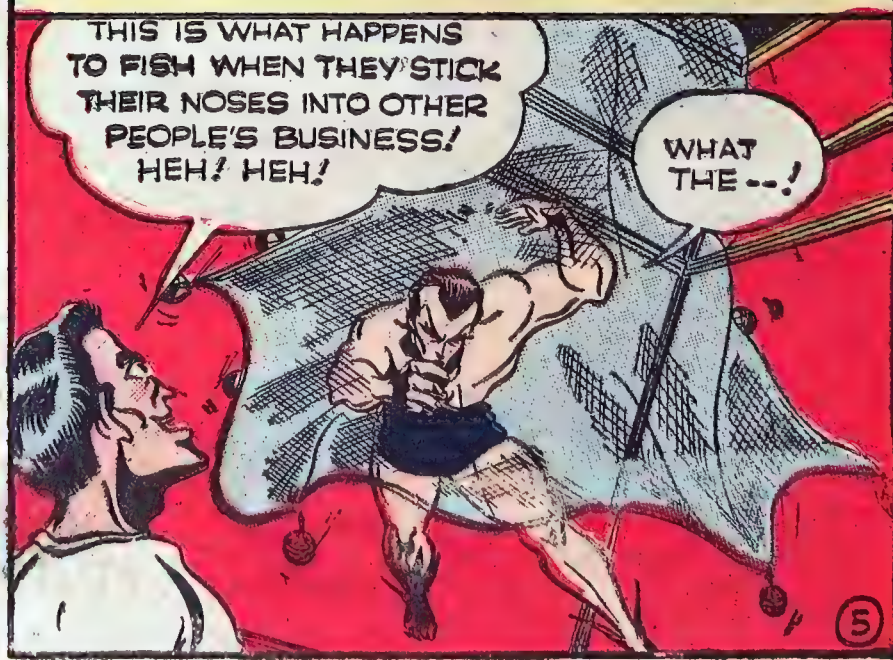
**AS SUB-MARINER OPENS THE BALCONY DOORS, A MAN WITH HEAVY JOWLS AND APE-LIKE ARMS WHIRLS ---**



**SMILING, COSWELL PASSES A BUTTON ON HIS DESK ----- ?????**

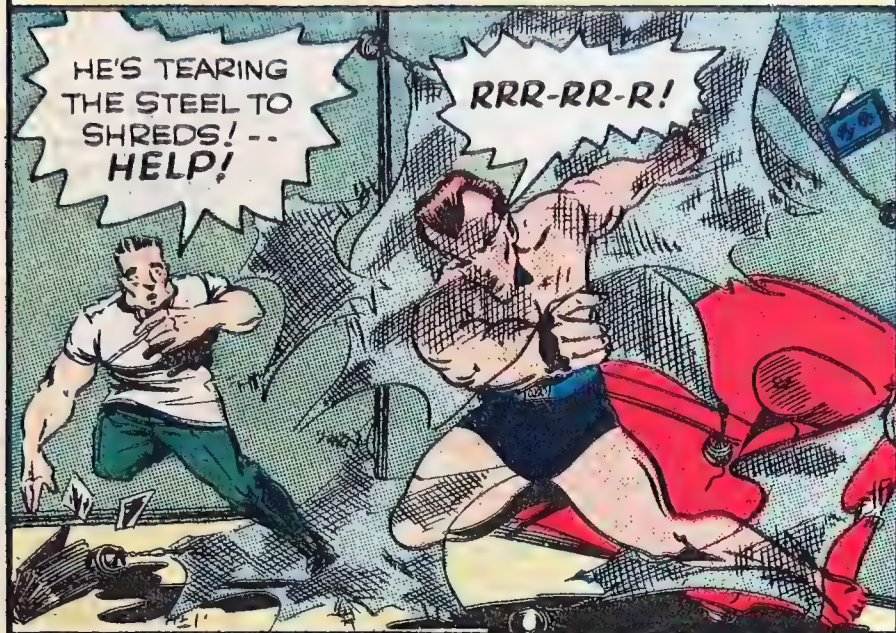


**SUDDENLY A STEEL NET DROPS FROM THE CEILING, ENGULFING SUB-MARINER!**





LIKE A TRAPPED SHARK, SUB-MARINER FIGHTS FURIOUSLY TO FREE HIMSELF! ---



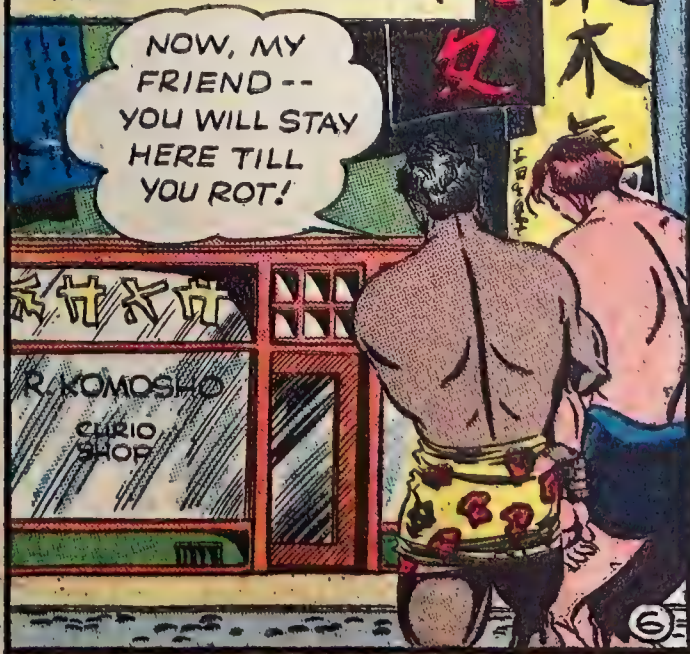
REINFORCEMENTS!



THE LIMOUSINE PROCEEDS INTO THE TOWN'S JAPANESE QUARTER ---

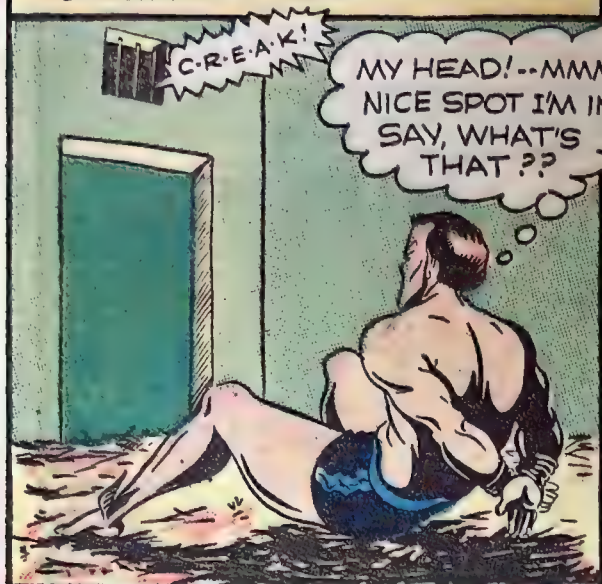


JOURNEY'S END -- A LITTLE CURIO SHOP.





**S**ECURELY BOUND WITH HEAVY STEEL BANDS, **SUB-MARINER** REGAINS HIS SENSES IN A GLOOMY DUNGEON ---

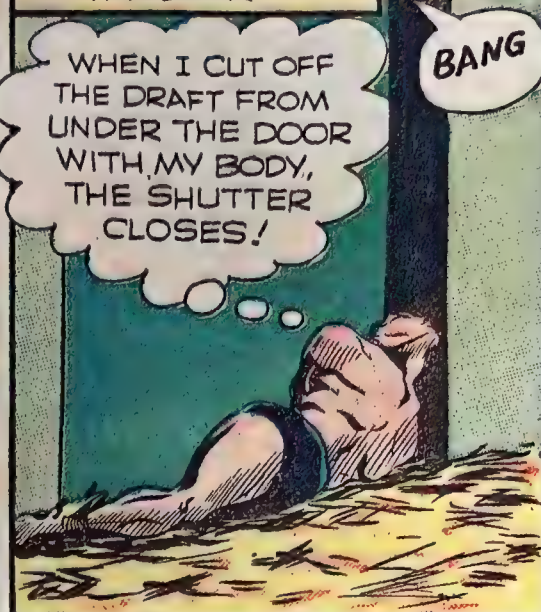


MY HEAD! --MMM--  
NICE SPOT I'M IN--  
SAY, WHAT'S THAT??

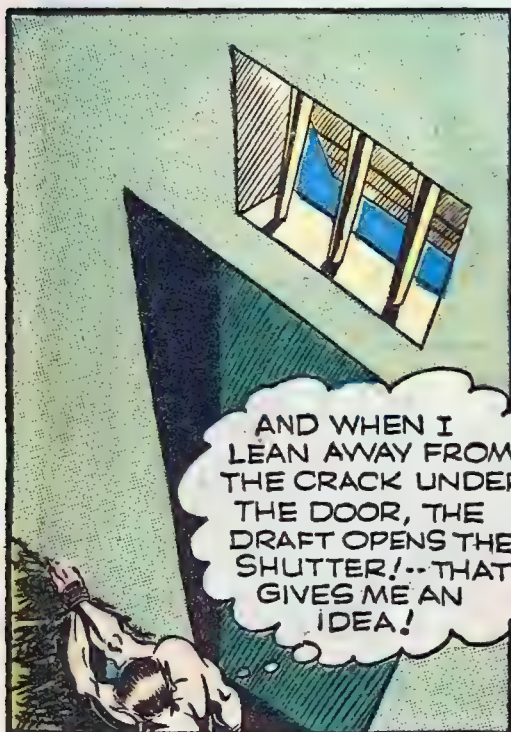
WONDER  
WHAT'S  
MAKING  
THAT  
SHUTTER  
SWING!



**P**AINFULLY, HE DRAGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE FLOOR TO THE DOOR ---



WHEN I CUT OFF  
THE DRAFT FROM  
UNDER THE DOOR  
WITH MY BODY,,  
THE SHUTTER  
CLOSES!



AND WHEN I  
LEAN AWAY FROM  
THE CRACK UNDER  
THE DOOR, THE  
DRAFT OPENS THE  
SHUTTER!-- THAT  
GIVES ME AN  
IDEA!

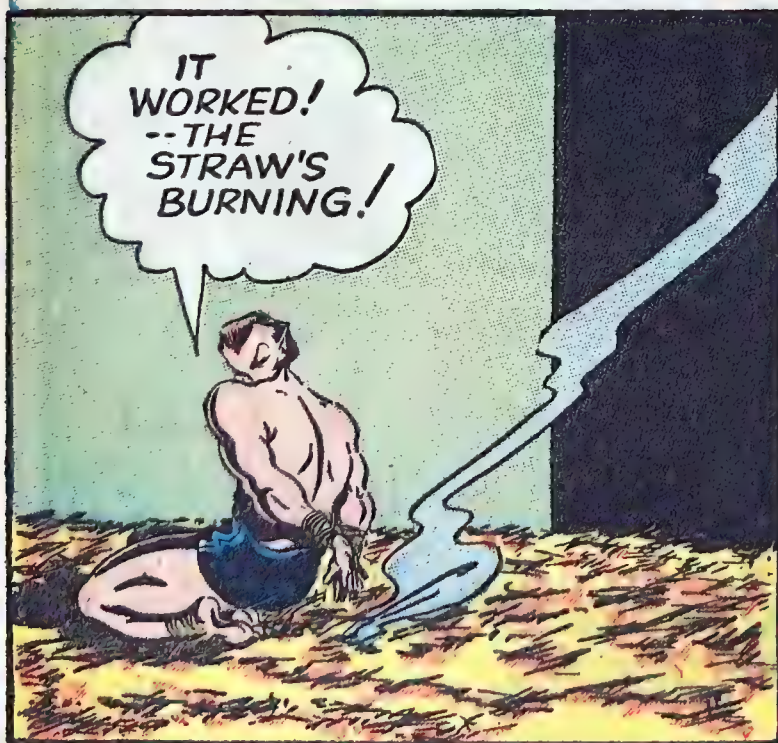
NIGHT'S FALLING!--NOW,  
IF I ONLY HAD A MATCH!  
--WAIT, THERE'S A  
SUBSTITUTE--A PIECE  
OF STONE!



**H**E INCHES OVER TO THE STONE,  
GETS IT, SCRAPES IT  
AGAINST THE FLOOR ---



HERE'S HOPING  
I CAN WORK UP  
ENOUGH SPARKS  
TO IGNITE THE  
STRAW!



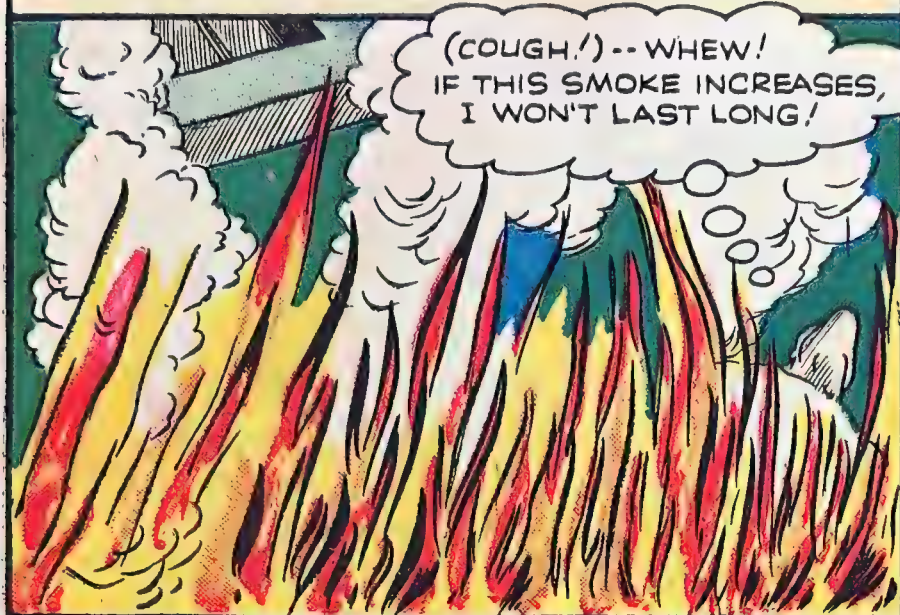
IT  
WORKED!  
--THE  
STRAW'S  
BURNING!



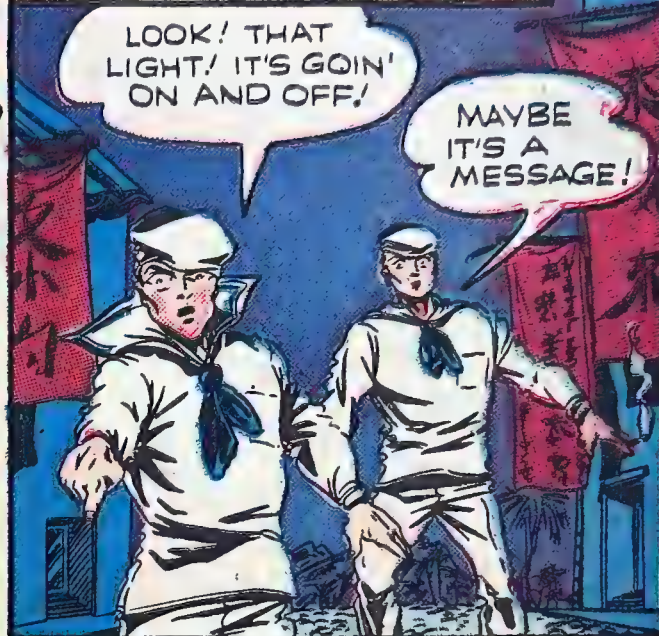
NOW, TO RETURN  
TO THE DOOR AND  
GET THAT SHUTTER  
WORKING!  
SIGNALS---ON!



**U**SING THE DRAFT AND FLAME TO PRODUCE A SERIES OF SIGNALS, THE **SUB-MARINER** WORKS FRANTICALLY AS THE DUNGEON FILLS WITH SMOKE ---



**O**UTSIDE THE CURIO SHOP -- TWO SAILORS SEE ---



**T**HE GOBS RACE TO THE SHORE PATROL STATION!



**H**ERE COMES THE NAVY!



**B**UT OTHER EYES HAVE CAUGHT THE MESSAGE!

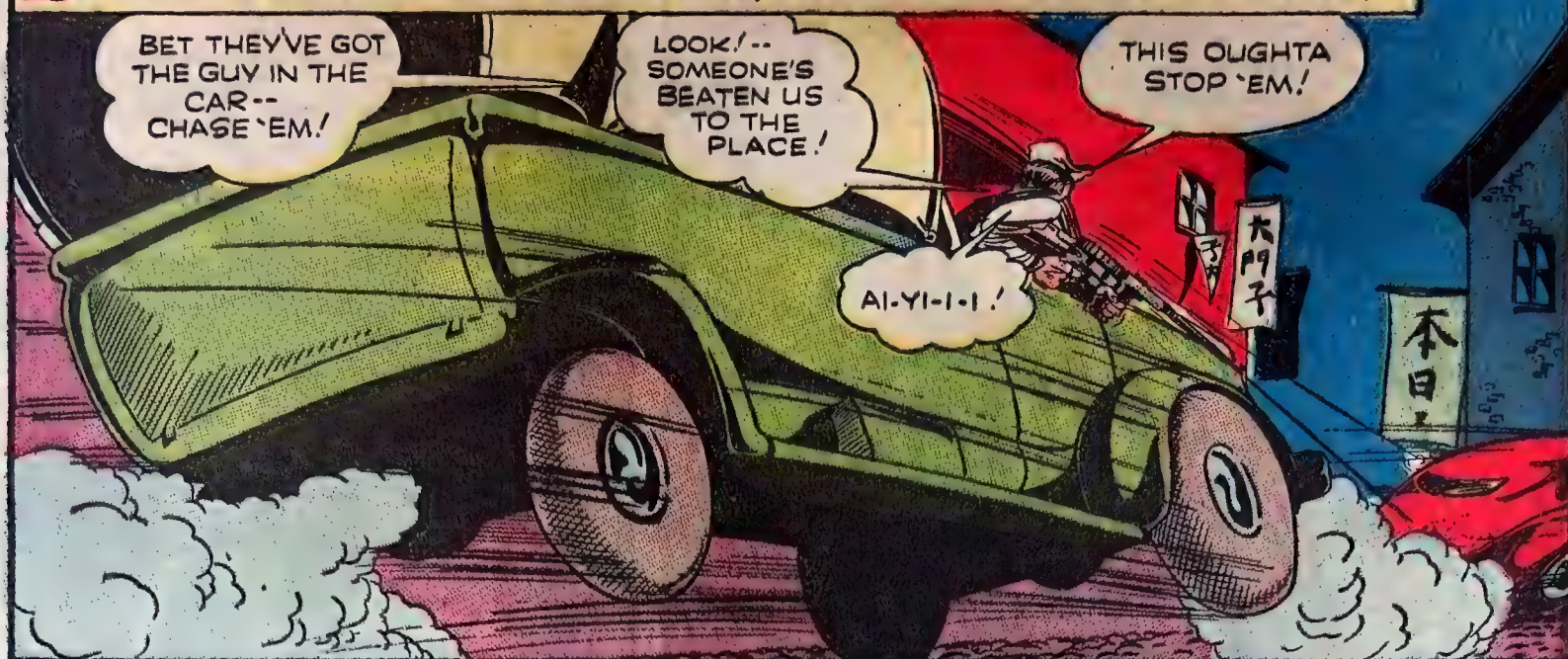


**T**HE BIG HAWAIIAN DASHES INTO THE SHOP, EMERGES A MOMENT LATER ---





**A**S COSWELL'S CAR SWINGS AWAY FROM THE CURB, THE NAVY TRUCK ROUNDS THE CORNER!



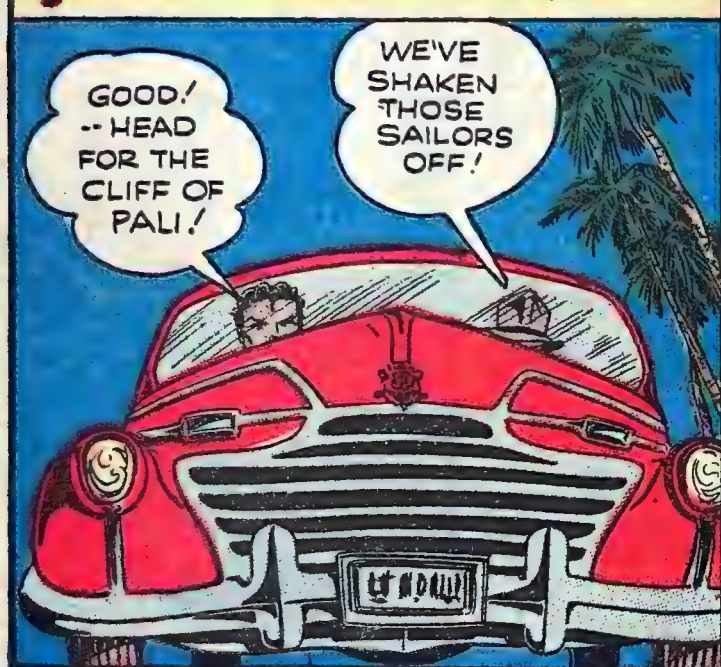
BET THEY'VE GOT  
THE GUY IN THE  
CAR--  
CHASE 'EM!

LOOK!--  
SOMEONE'S  
BEATEN US  
TO THE  
PLACE!

THIS OUGHTA  
STOP 'EM!

AI-YI-I-I!

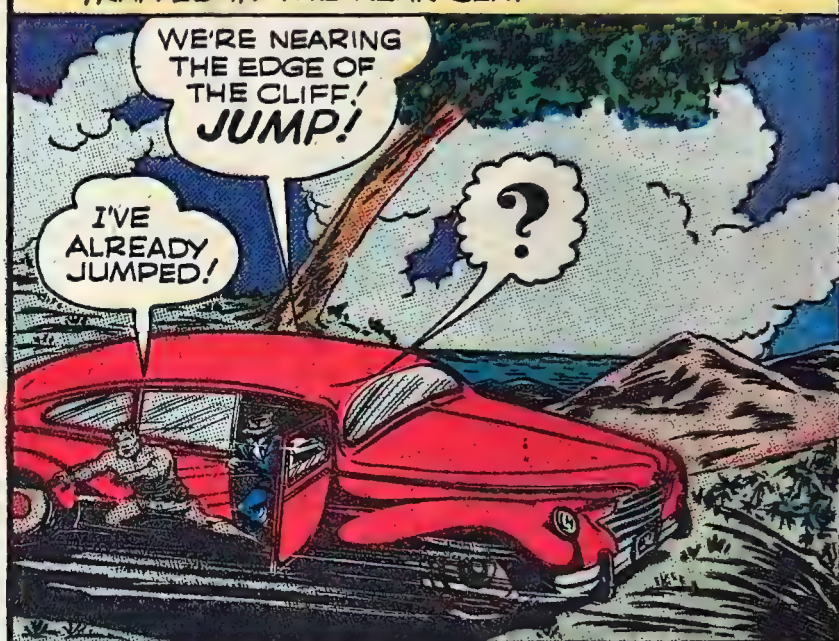
**T**HE PURSUIT LEADS OUT OF TOWN! ...



GOOD!--  
HEAD  
FOR THE  
CLIFF OF  
PALI!

WE'VE  
SHAKEN  
THOSE  
SAILORS  
OFF!

**O**N ROARS COSWELL'S CAR, WITH **SUB-MARINER**  
TRAPPED IN THE REAR SEAT ---

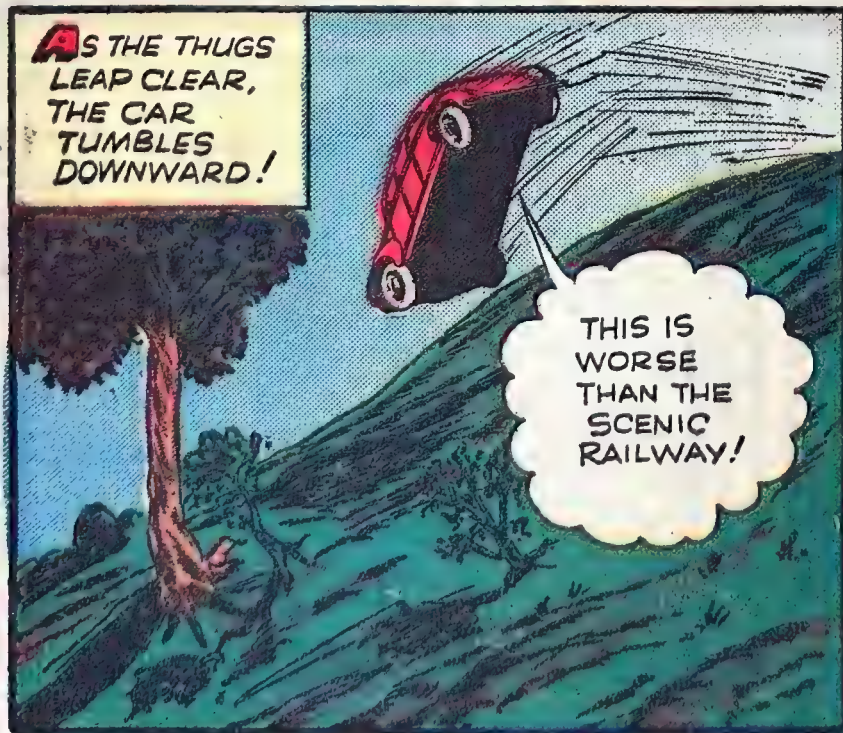


WE'RE NEARING  
THE EDGE OF  
THE CLIFF!  
**JUMP!**

I'VE  
ALREADY  
JUMPED!

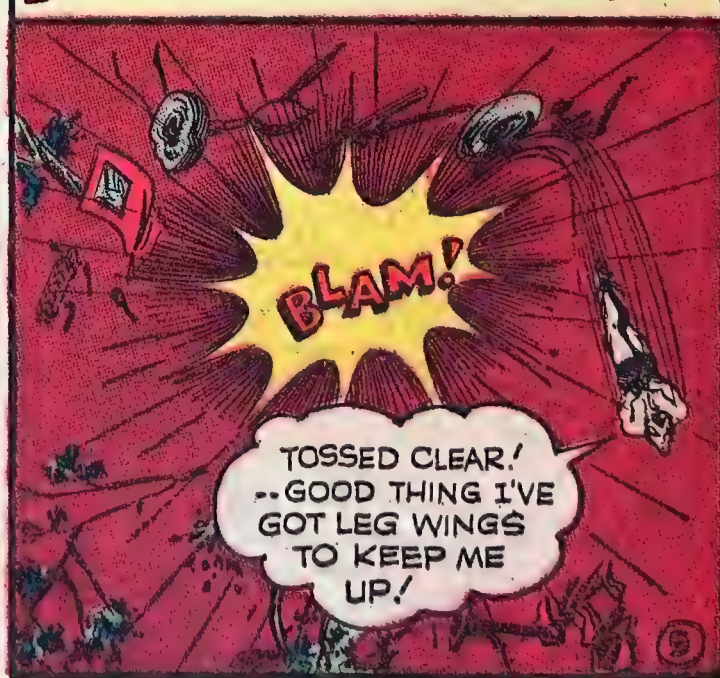
?

**A**S THE THUGS  
LEAP CLEAR,  
THE CAR  
TUMBLES  
DOWNWARD!



THIS IS  
WORSE  
THAN THE  
SCENIC  
RAILWAY!

**B**UT THE CAR CRASHES INTO A TREE! ...



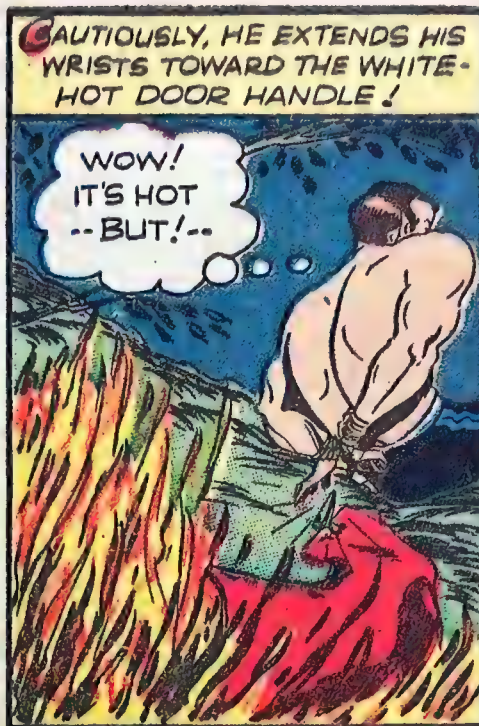
**BLAM!**

TOSSED CLEAR!  
--GOOD THING I'VE  
GOT LEG WINGS  
TO KEEP ME  
UP!





NOW, HOW AM I GOING TO BREAK MY BONDS? SAY, THAT BLAZING CAR GIVES ME AN IDEA!



CAUTIOUSLY, HE EXTENDS HIS WRISTS TOWARD THE WHITE-HOT DOOR HANDLE!

WOW! IT'S HOT -- BUT!--



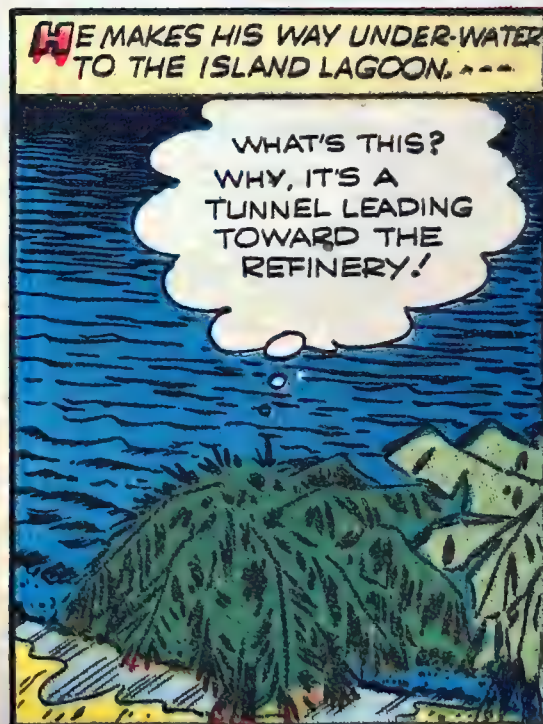
YEOW! IT WORKED! THE WHITE-HOT HANDLE CUT THE MANACLE LIKE A KNIFE!



ONCE MY HANDS ARE FREE, THE REST IS EASY!

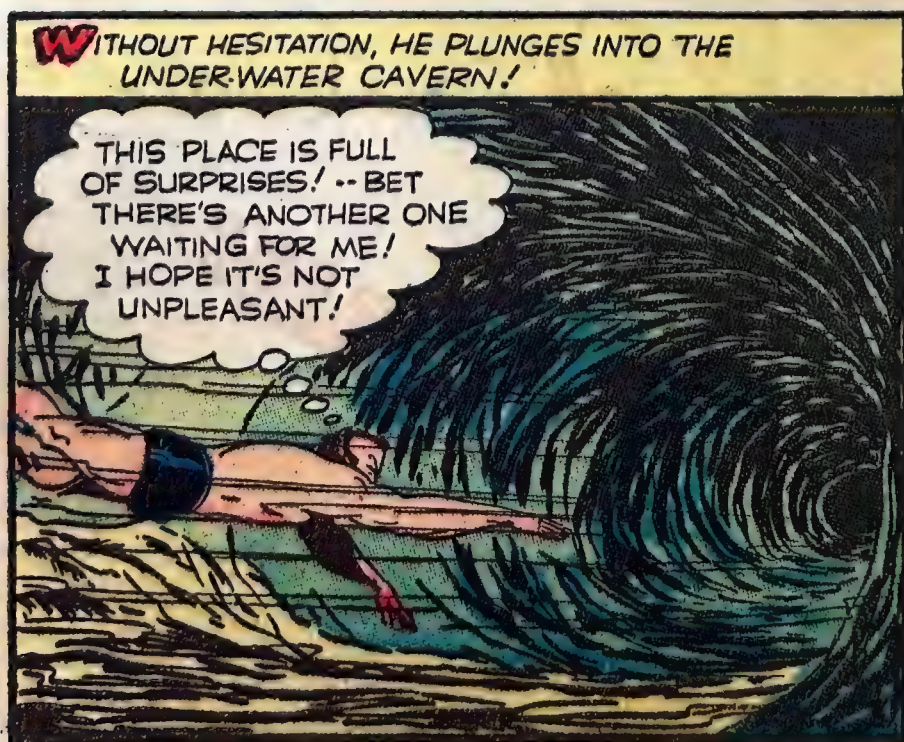


NOW, TO GET BACK TO THAT REFINERY!



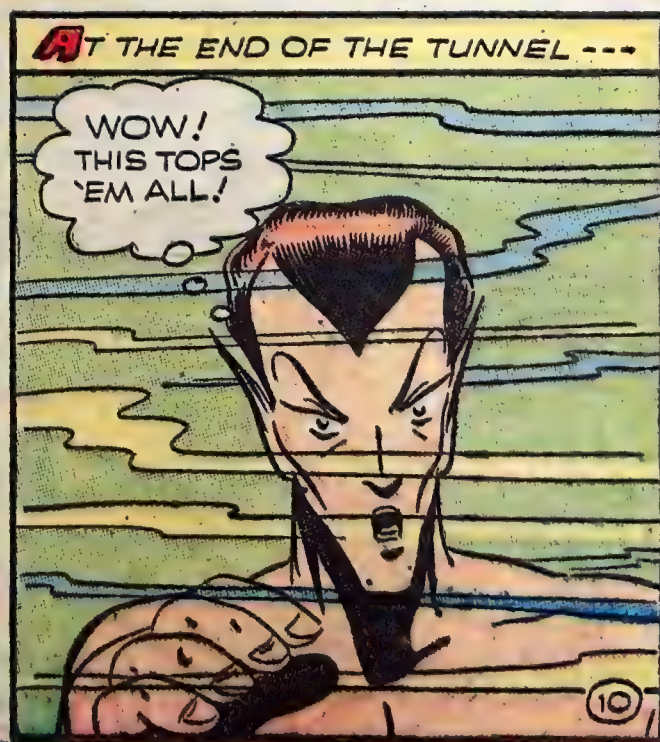
HE MAKES HIS WAY UNDER-WATER TO THE ISLAND LAGOON. ---

WHAT'S THIS? WHY, IT'S A TUNNEL LEADING TOWARD THE REFINERY!



WITHOUT HESITATION, HE PLUNGES INTO THE UNDER-WATER CAVERN!

THIS PLACE IS FULL OF SURPRISES! -- BET THERE'S ANOTHER ONE WAITING FOR ME! I HOPE IT'S NOT UNPLEASANT!

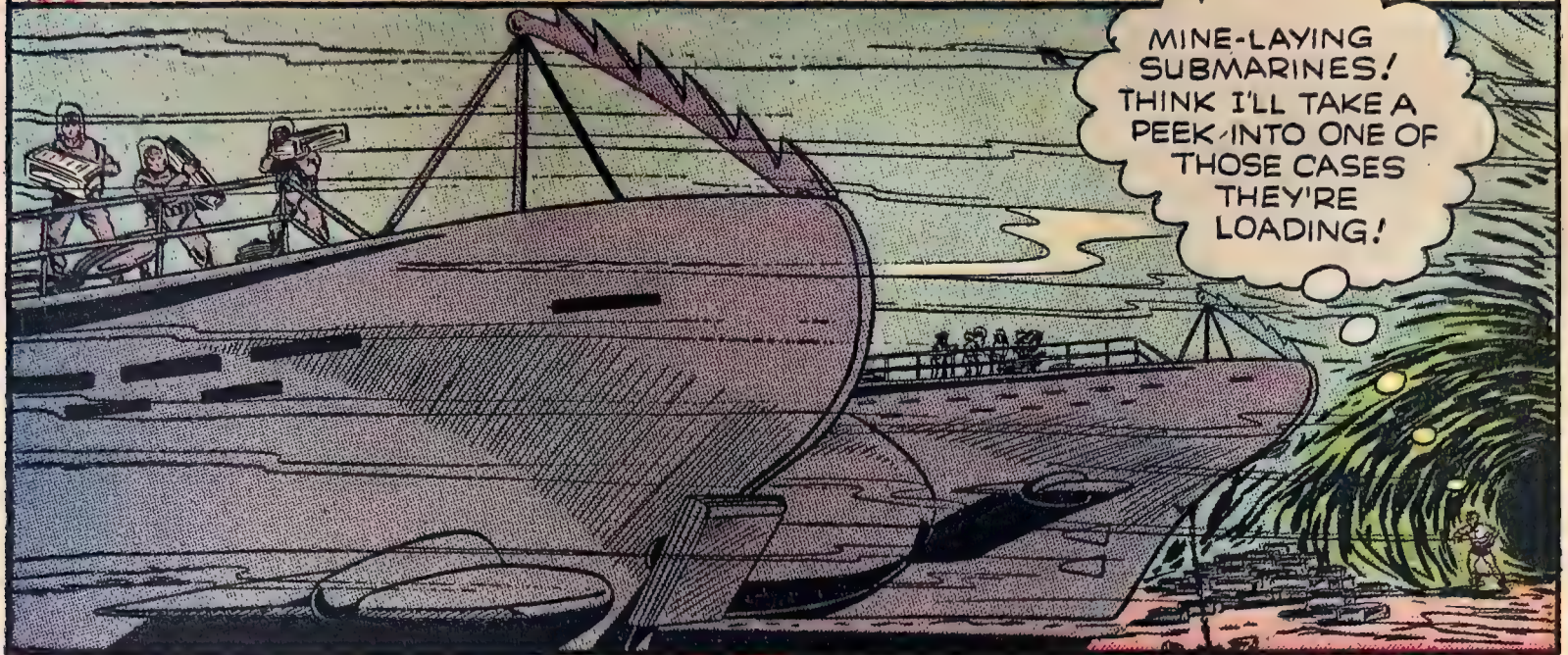


AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL ---

WOW! THIS TOPS 'EM ALL!



**A**T THE BOTTOM OF A POND ADJOINING THE REFINERY ---



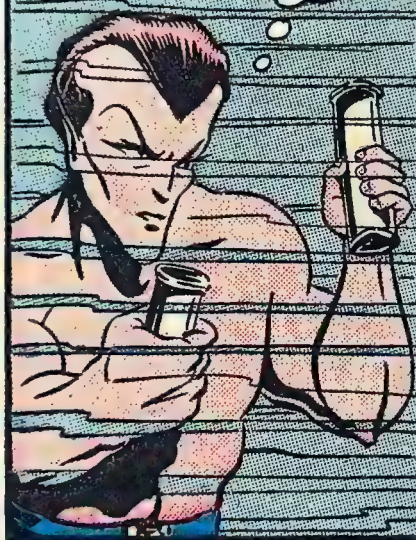
MINE-LAYING  
SUBMARINES!  
THINK I'LL TAKE A  
PEEK INTO ONE OF  
THOSE CASES  
THEY'RE  
LOADING!

**S**TEALTHILY, HE DRAGS  
ONE OF THE CASES  
INTO THE TUNNEL ---



SUGAR-CANE  
STALKS!..

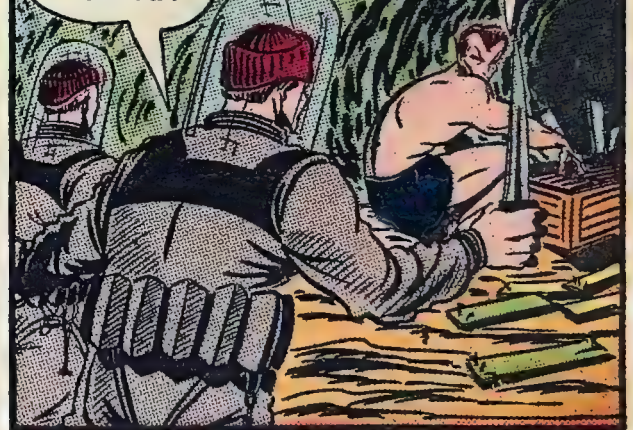
--LOADED WITH  
T.N.T. AND RIGGED  
UP WITH MINES!  
--VERY CUTE!



**B**UT SUB-MARINER  
IS DISCOVERED!

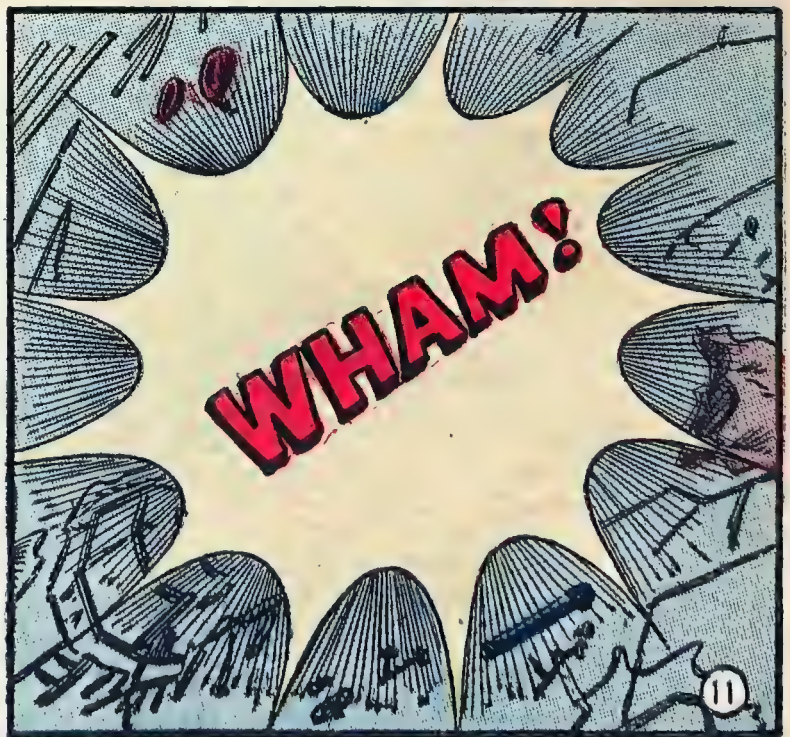
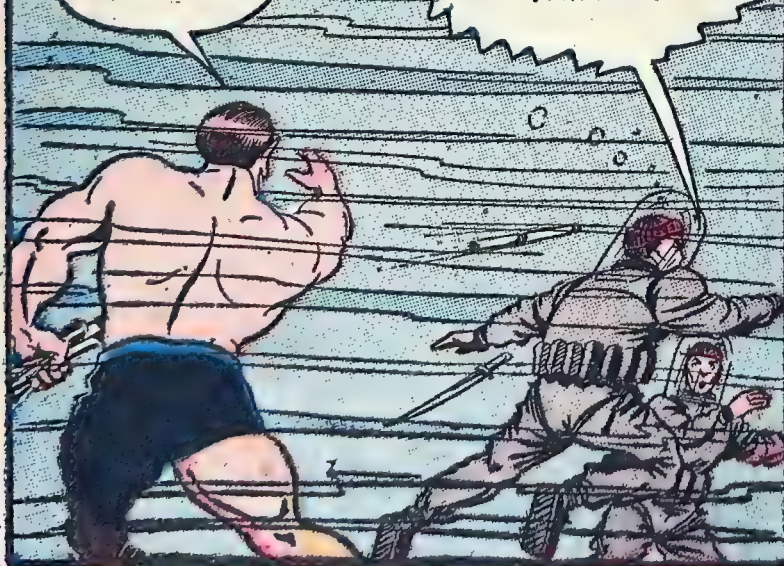
THAT'S THE HUMAN  
MACKEREL COSWELL  
NETTED! HERE'S  
WHERE WE HOOK  
HIM FOR  
GOOD!

WANT  
TO  
FIGHT,  
EH?



MAYBE THIS'LL  
TAKE SOME OF THE  
FIGHT OUT  
OF YOU!

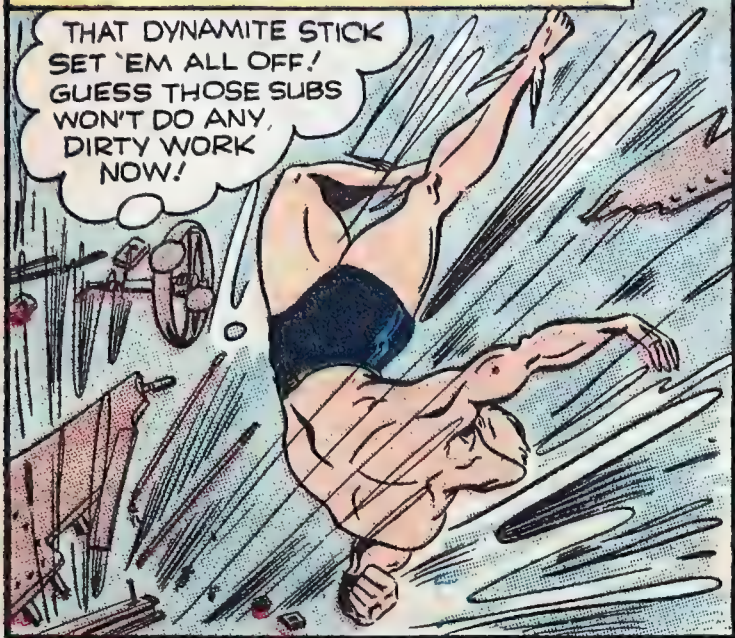
**HELP!**  
HE'S THROWING  
ONE OF THE  
MINES!





**THE BLAST HURLS SUB-MARINER INTO THE AIR!**

THAT DYNAMITE STICK  
SET 'EM ALL OFF!  
GUESS THOSE SUBS  
WON'T DO ANY  
DIRTY WORK  
NOW!

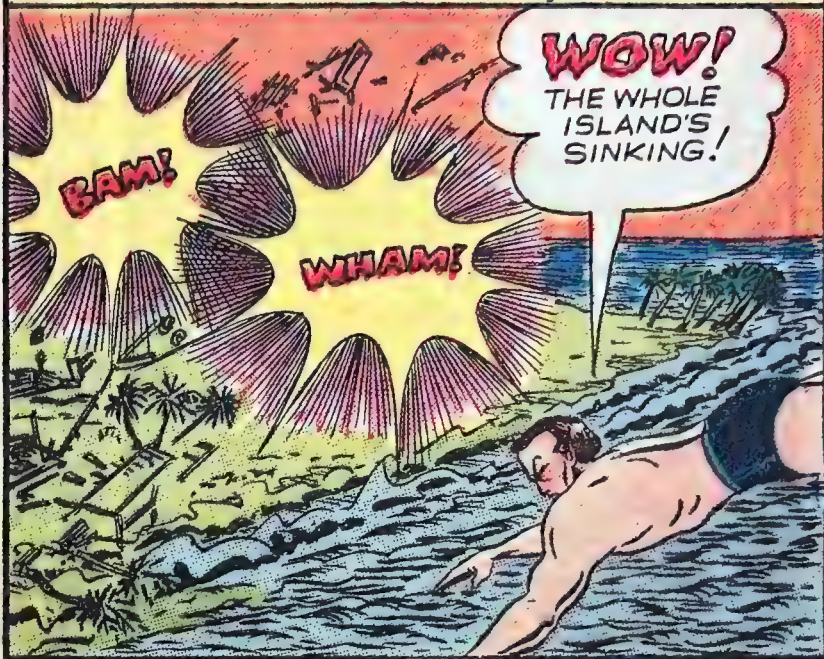


**A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS ROCKS THE ISLAND!**

**WOW!**  
THE WHOLE  
ISLAND'S  
SINKING!

**BAM!**

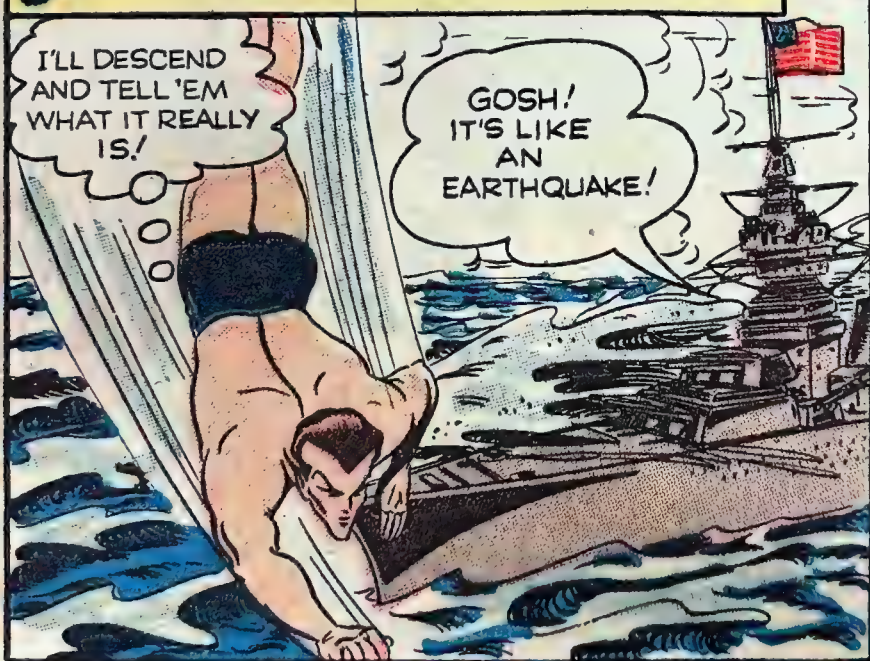
**WHAM!**



**GREAT WAVES SWEEP THE AMERICAN FLEET!**

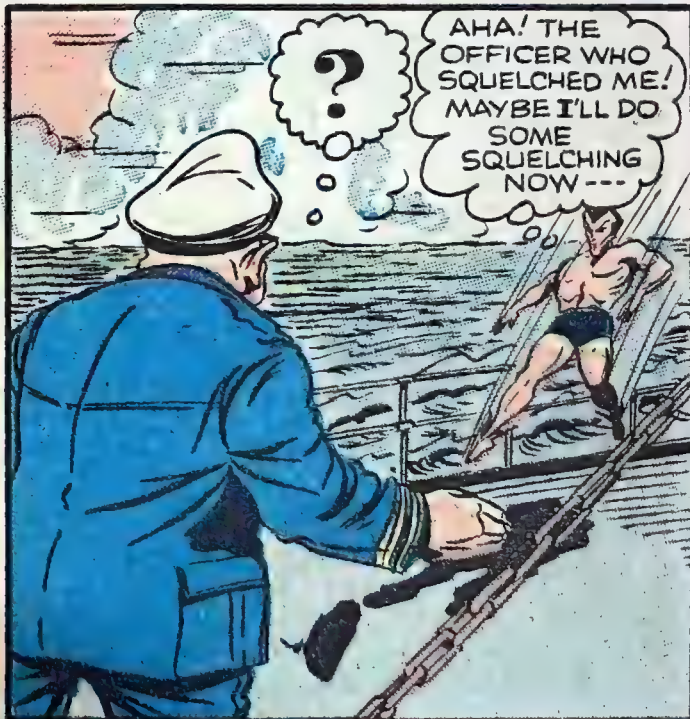
I'LL DESCEND  
AND TELL 'EM  
WHAT IT REALLY  
IS!

GOSH!  
IT'S LIKE  
AN  
EARTHQUAKE!



?

AHA! THE  
OFFICER WHO  
SQUELCHED ME!  
MAYBE I'LL DO  
SOME  
SQUELCHING  
NOW ---



**SUB-MARINER  
TELLS HIS STORY---**

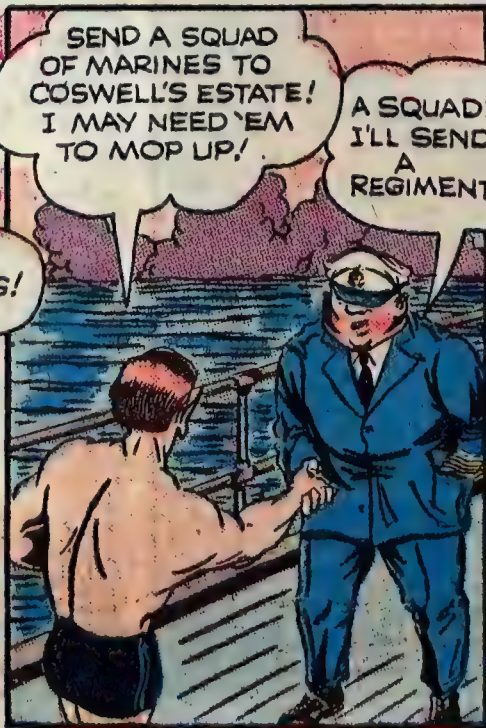
---NOW MAYBE  
YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!

MISTER, AFTER  
WHAT I JUST SAW,  
I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!  
WHAT CAN I DO  
FOR YOU?



SEND A SQUAD  
OF MARINES TO  
COSWELL'S ESTATE!  
I MAY NEED 'EM  
TO MOP UP!

A SQUAD?  
I'LL SEND  
A  
REGIMENT!



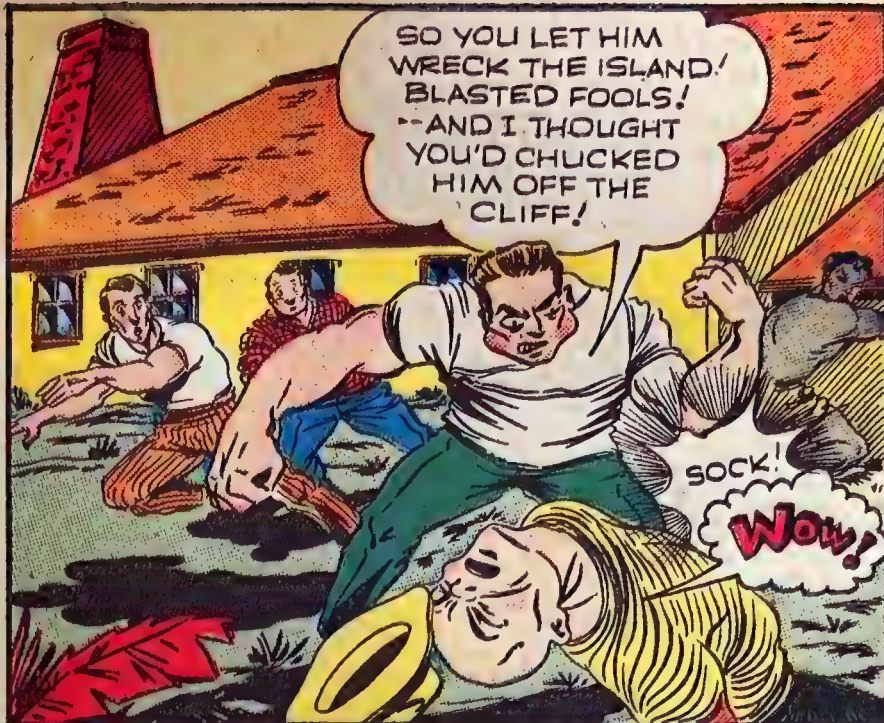
BOY! WITH A  
COUPLE OF GUYS  
LIKE HIM IN THE  
NAVY, WE'D  
SHOW THOSE  
TOTALITARIAN  
RATS JUST  
WHAT WE MEAN  
BY FREEDOM  
OF THE SEAS!

WAIKIKI,  
HERE I  
COME!

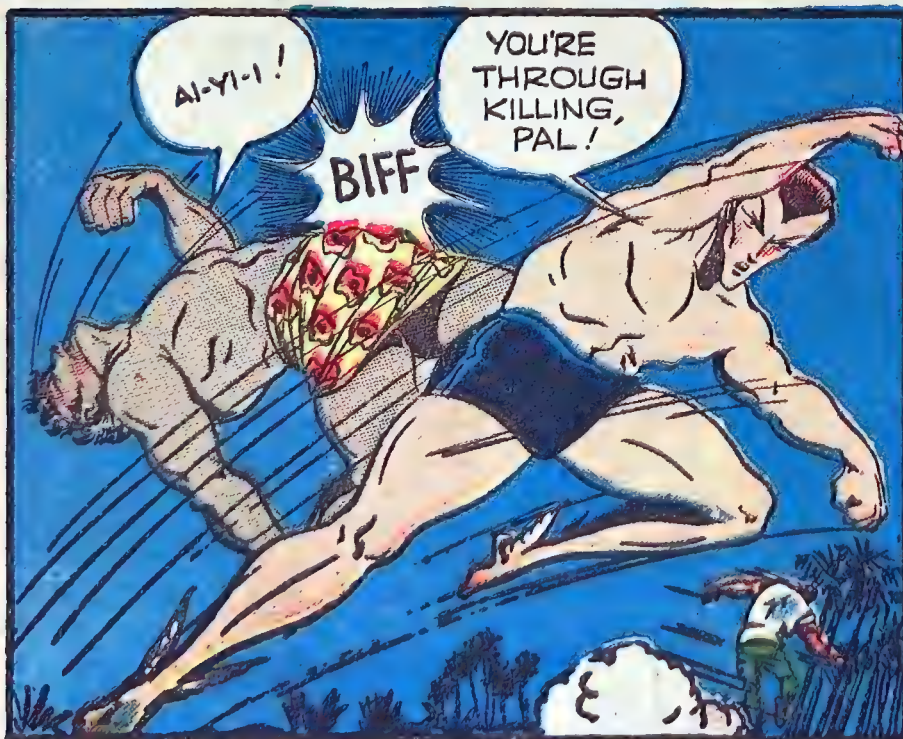
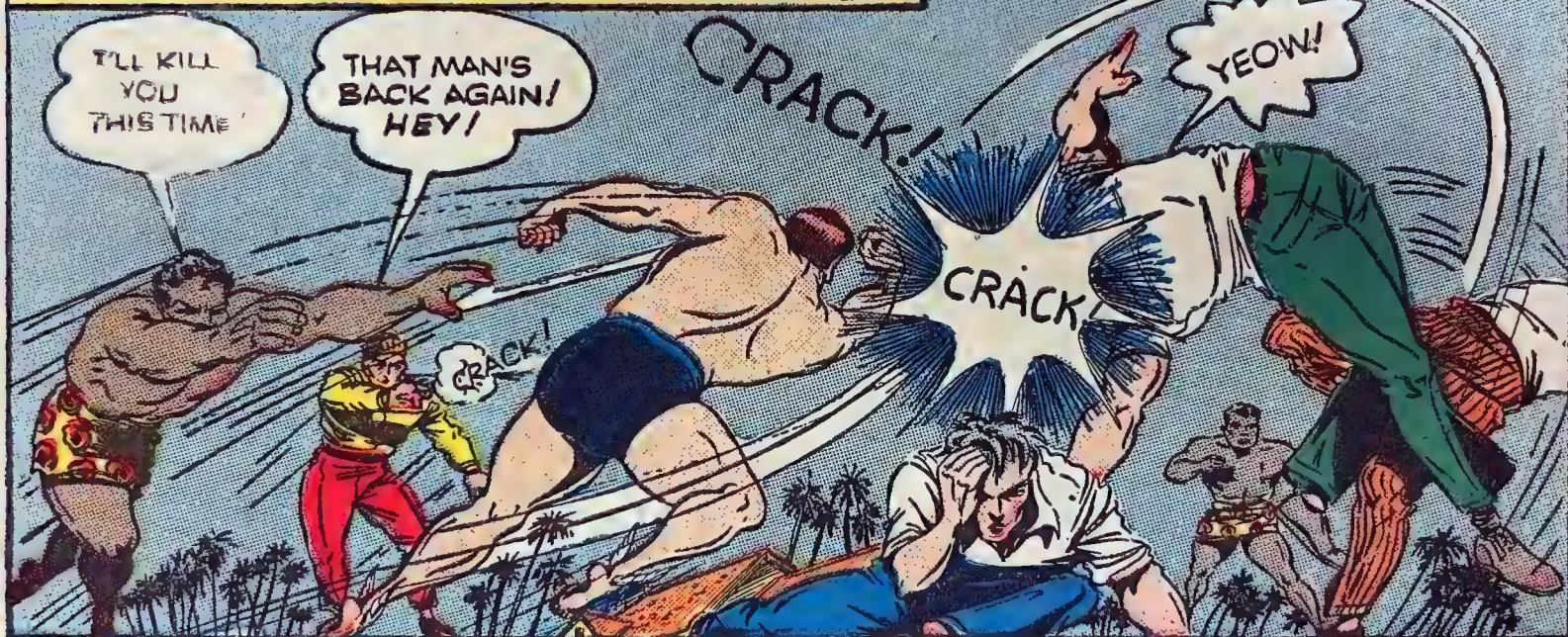




**SUB-MARINER SPEEDS  
TO COSWELL'S ESTATE ---**

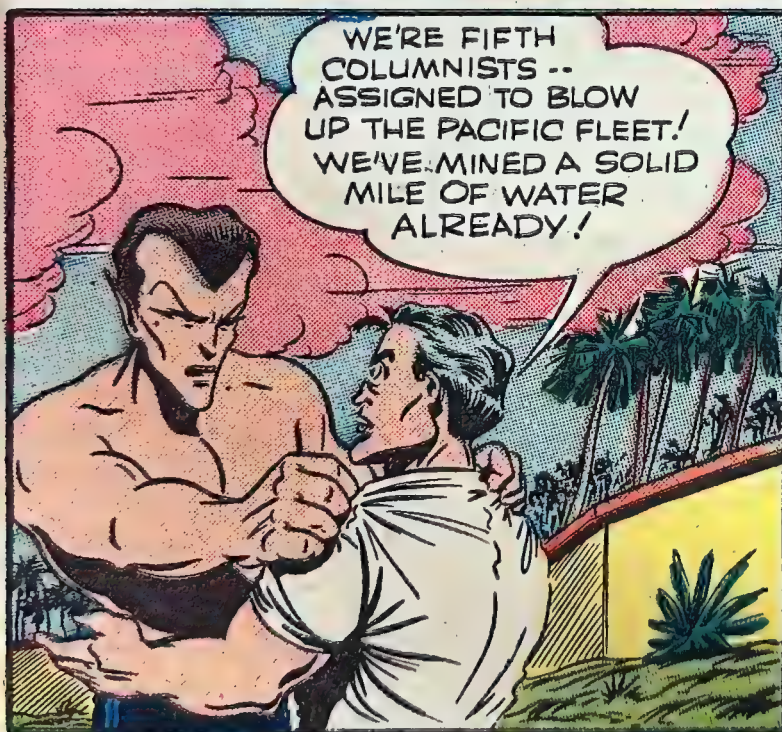


**SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE MIDST OF  
THE CONSPIRATORS, WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING!**

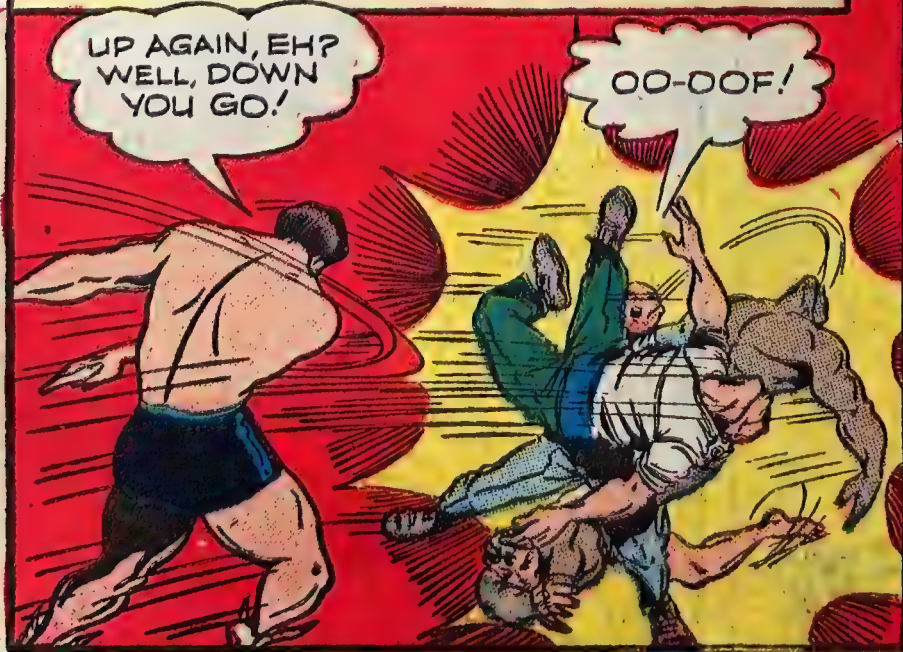




**A**N AVENGING FURY, SUB-MARINER  
POUNCES ON COSWELL!



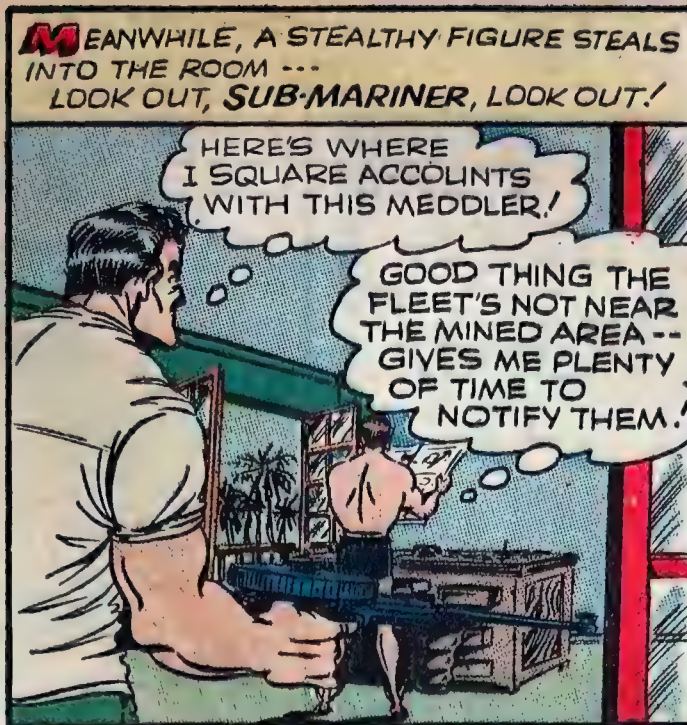
**SUB-MARINER** WHIRLS AS HE HEARS THE  
POUND OF FEET ON THE TURF!







THIS IS THE MAP!  
GUESS COSWELL TOLD  
THE TRUTH FOR  
ONCE!



**M**EANWHILE, A STEALTHY FIGURE STEALS  
INTO THE ROOM ---  
LOOK OUT, **SUB-MARINER**, LOOK OUT!

HERE'S WHERE  
I SQUARE ACCOUNTS  
WITH THIS MEDDLER!

GOOD THING THE  
FLEET'S NOT NEAR  
THE MINED AREA --  
GIVES ME PLENTY  
OF TIME TO  
NOTIFY THEM!



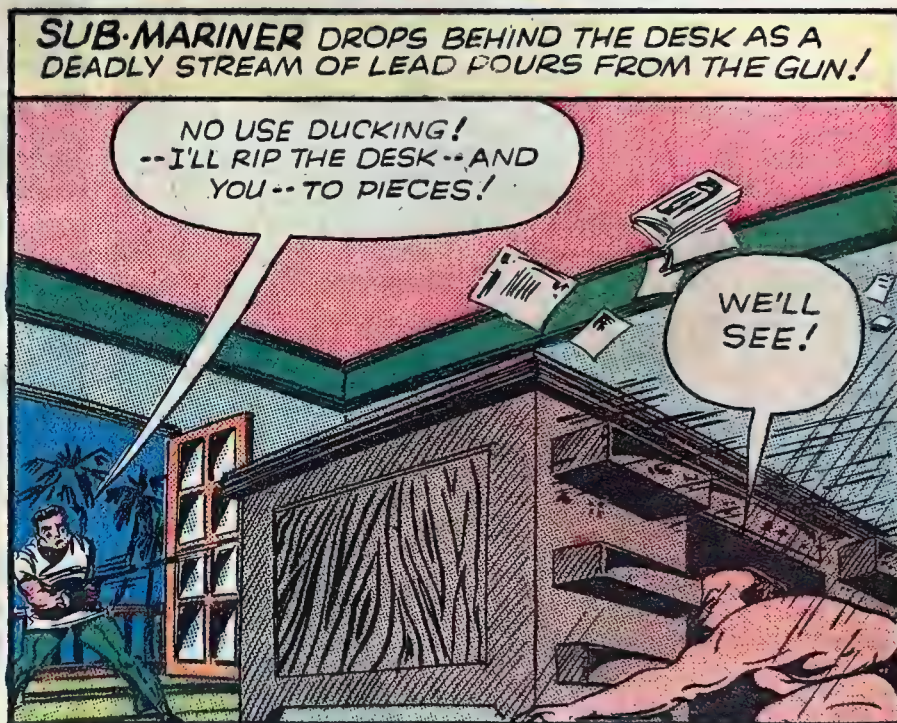
**B**UT THE FLOOR CREAKS  
UNDER COSWELL'S  
HEAVY FOOT ---  
**SUB-MARINER WHIRLS!**

BACK AGAIN,  
EH? DROP THAT  
GUN, COSWELL!



I WILL -- AS SOON  
AS IT'S EMPTY!  
HA! HA!

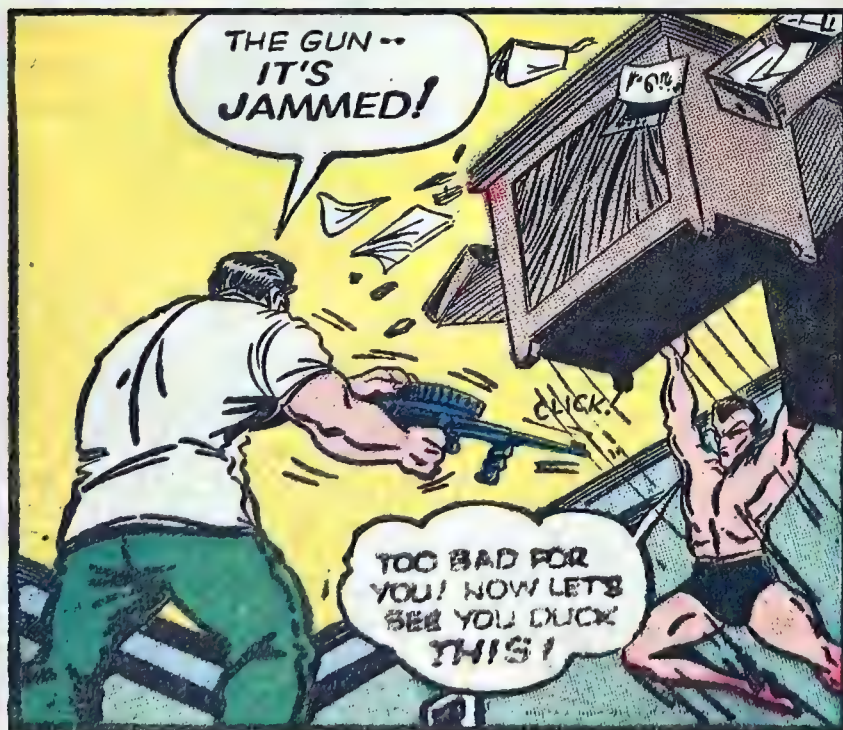
RAT-AT-TAT  
TAT-TAT  
TAT



**SUB-MARINER** DROPS BEHIND THE DESK AS A  
DEADLY STREAM OF LEAD POURS FROM THE GUN!

NO USE DUCKING!  
--I'LL RIP THE DESK -- AND  
YOU -- TO PIECES!

WE'LL  
SEE!



THE GUN --  
IT'S  
JAMMED!

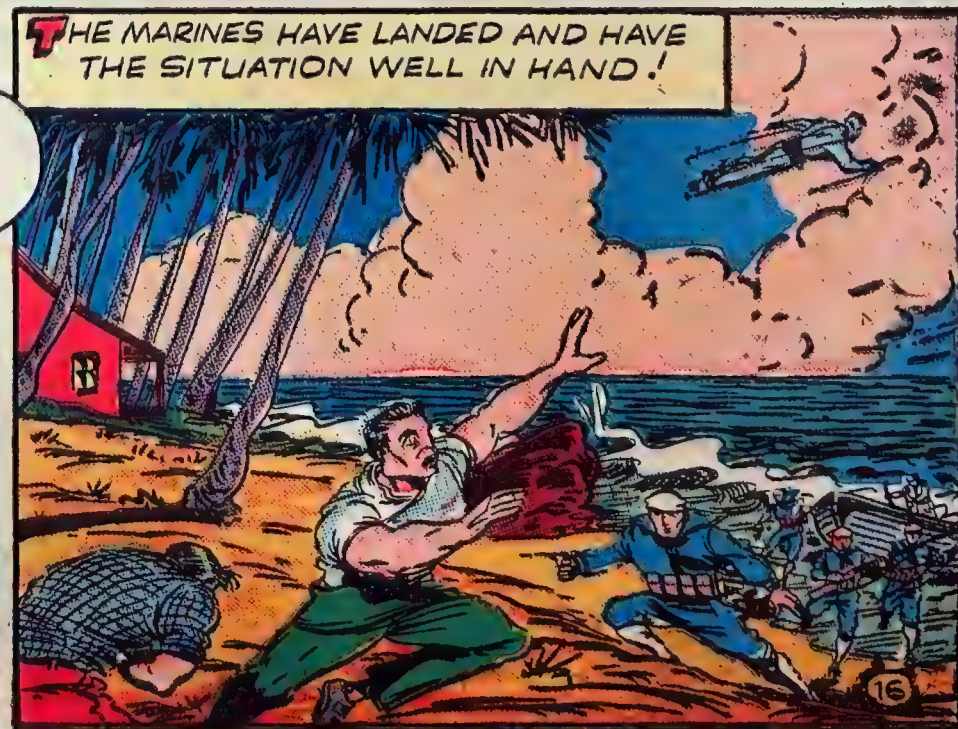
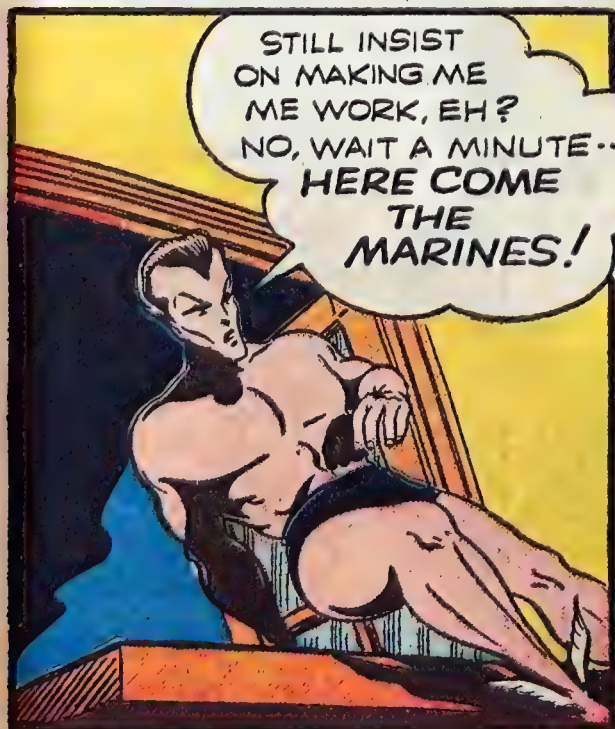
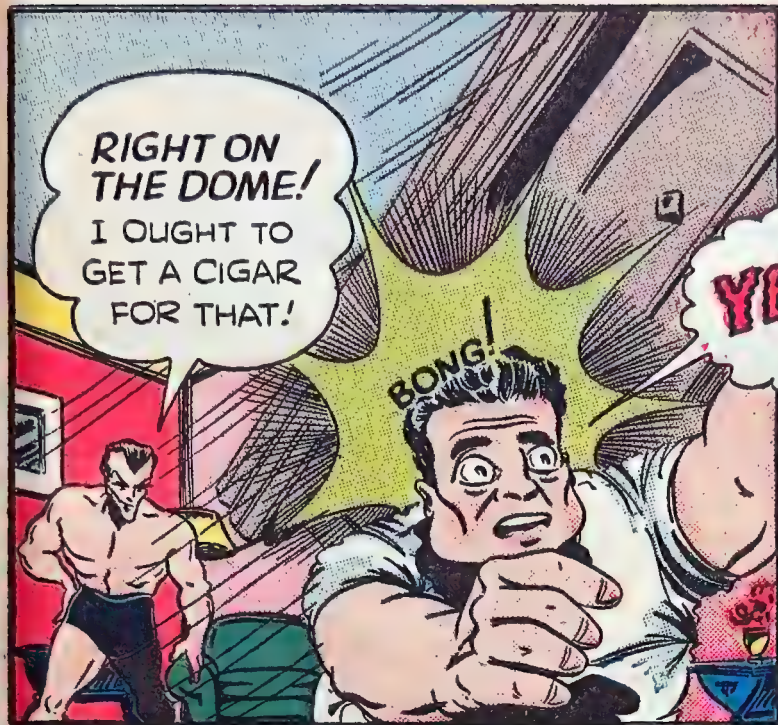
TOO BAD FOR  
YOU! NOW LET'S  
SEE YOU DUCK  
THIS!



**W**ITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, **SUB-MARINER**  
FLINGS THE DESK ACROSS THE ROOM!

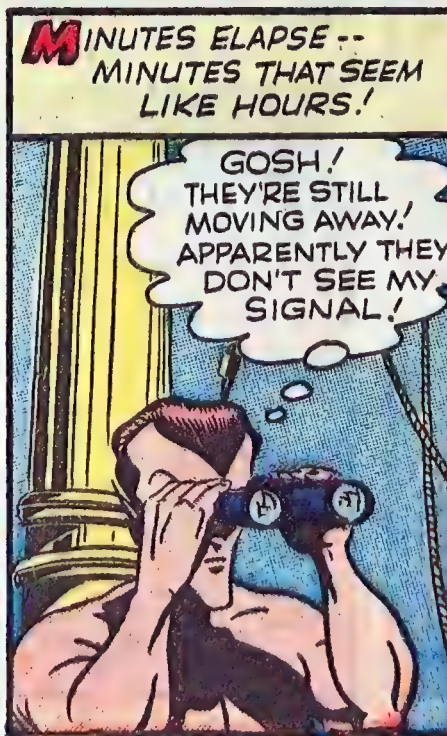
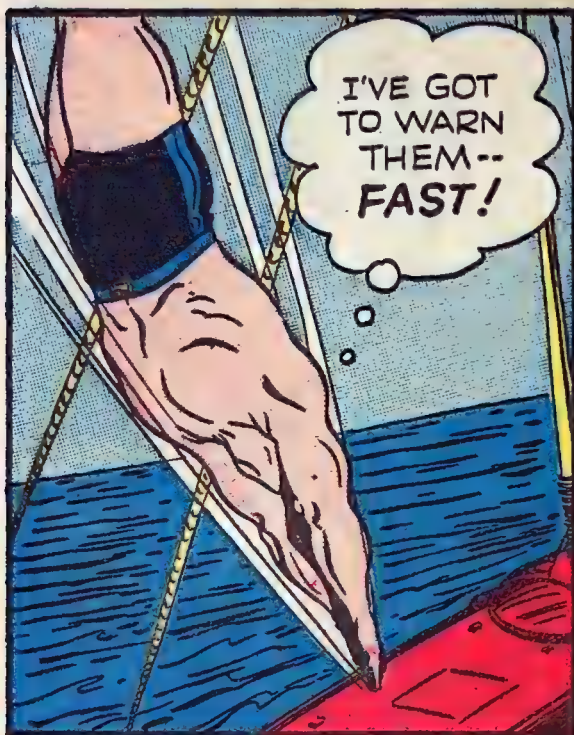
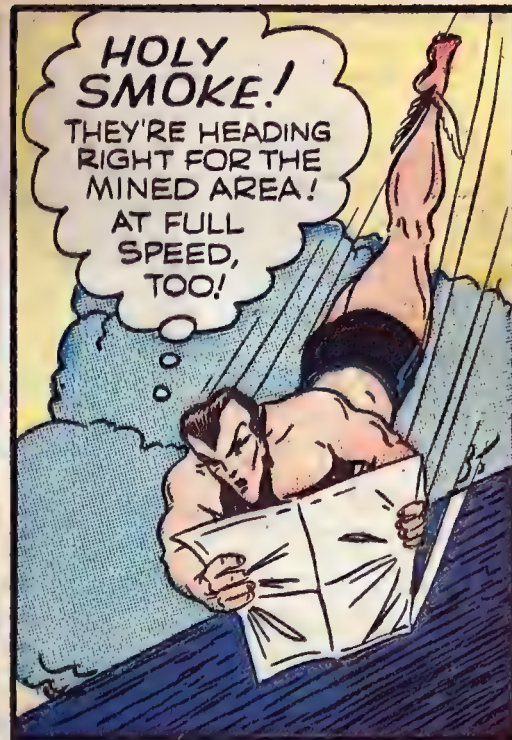
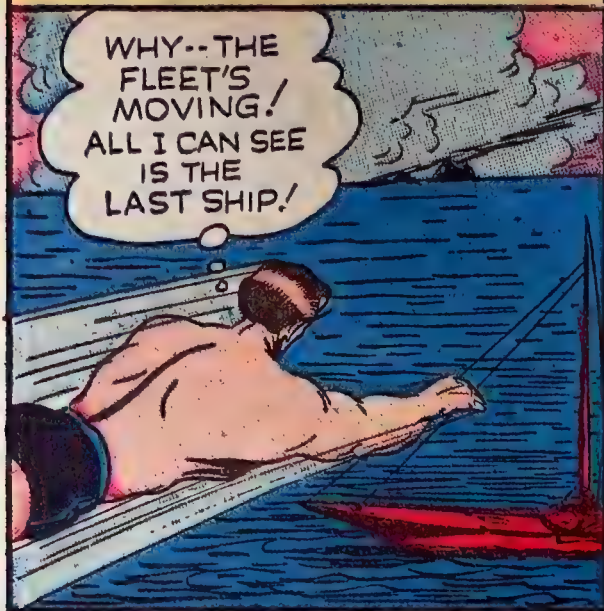
DON'T RUN,  
COSWELL!  
-- IT'S ONLY  
A WASTE  
OF TIME!







**R**EACHING A POINT ABOVE HIS YACHT, SUB-MARINER GETS A RUDE JOLT!

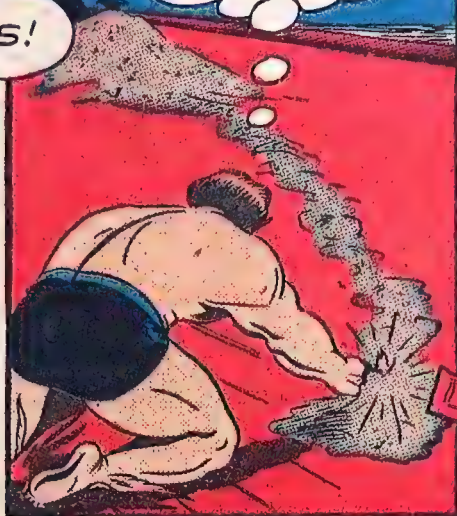
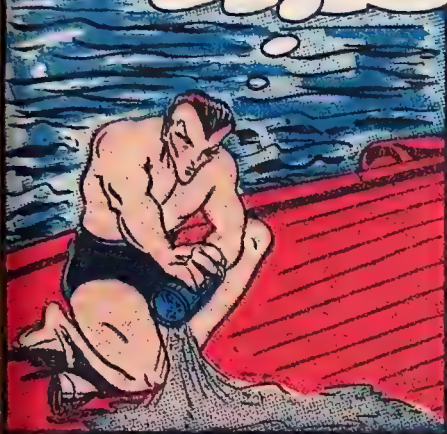




**SUB-MARINER BREAKS  
OPEN A SHELL AND POURS  
ITS POWDER ON THE DECK--**

LOOKS LIKE I'VE  
GOT TO RESORT TO  
DRASTIC MEASURES!

GUESS IT'S  
GOODBYE YACHT--  
BUT IT'S WORTH  
IT TO SAVE THE  
FLEET!



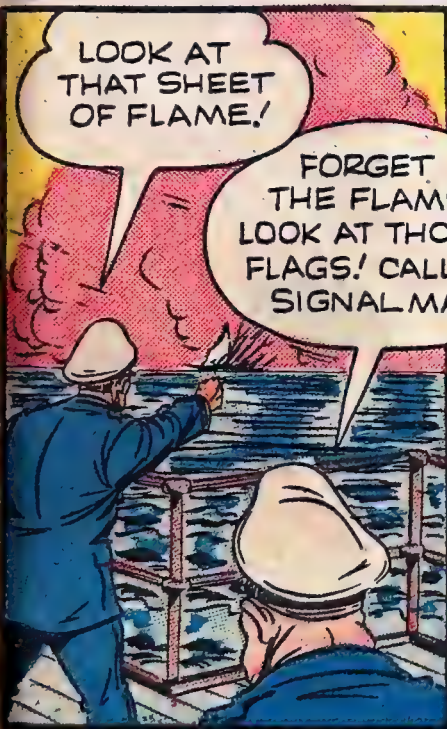
THAT  
GUNPOWDER  
MAKES A  
SWELL  
FOURTH-OF-  
JULY  
SALUTE!

LOOK AT  
THAT SHEET  
OF FLAME!

FORGET  
THE FLAME!  
LOOK AT THOSE  
FLAGS! CALL THE  
SIGNAL MAN!

**A** SIGNAL MAN  
TRANSLATES THE MESSAGE  
OF THE FLAGS -----

---T.U.R.N---BACK--  
--AT--ONCE---  
--A-P-P-R-O-A-C-H-I-N-G--  
--M-I-N-E--F-I-E-L-D--

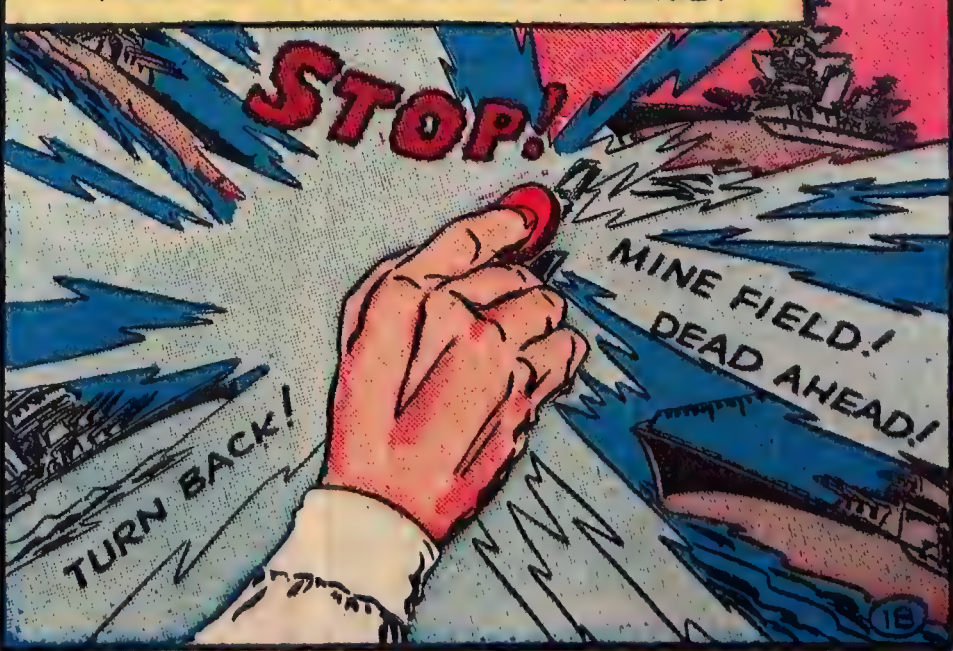


STOP THE  
FLEET!  
--MINE  
FIELD!

AYE, AYE,  
SIR!

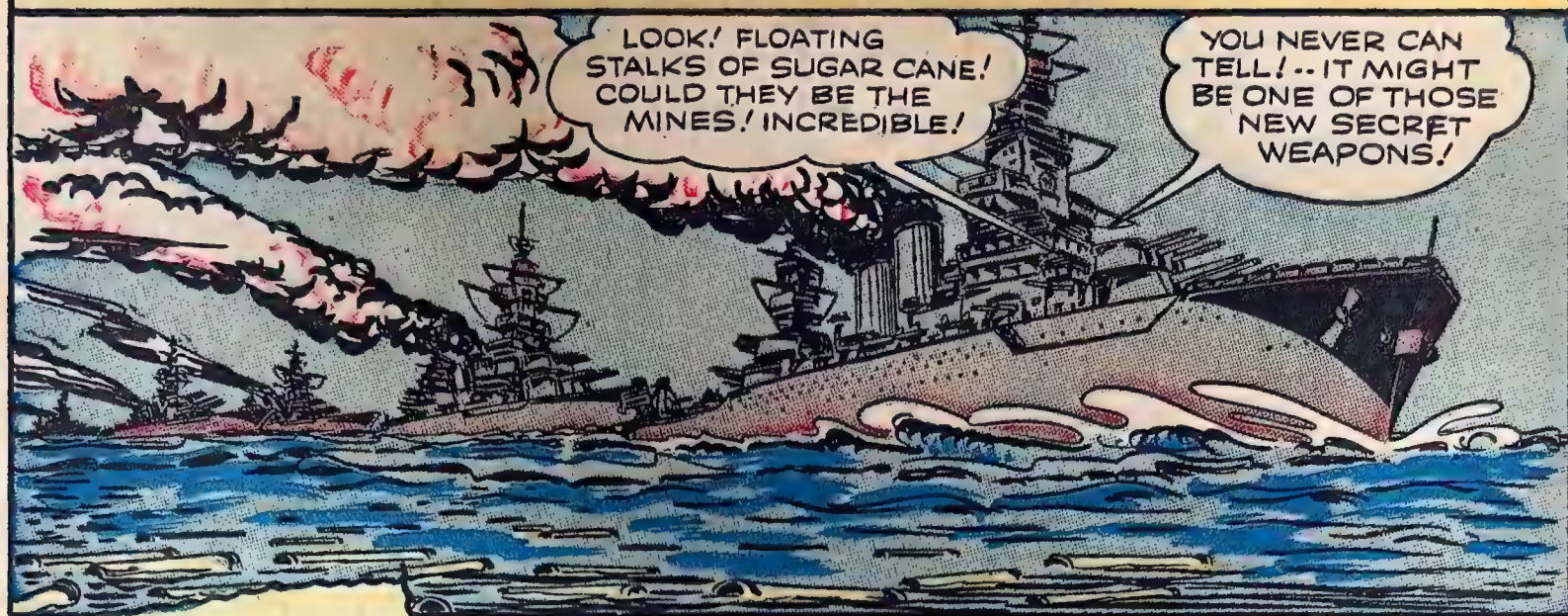


**T**HE AIR SIZZLES AS THE RADIO OPERATOR  
TAPS OUT A DESPERATE MESSAGE!





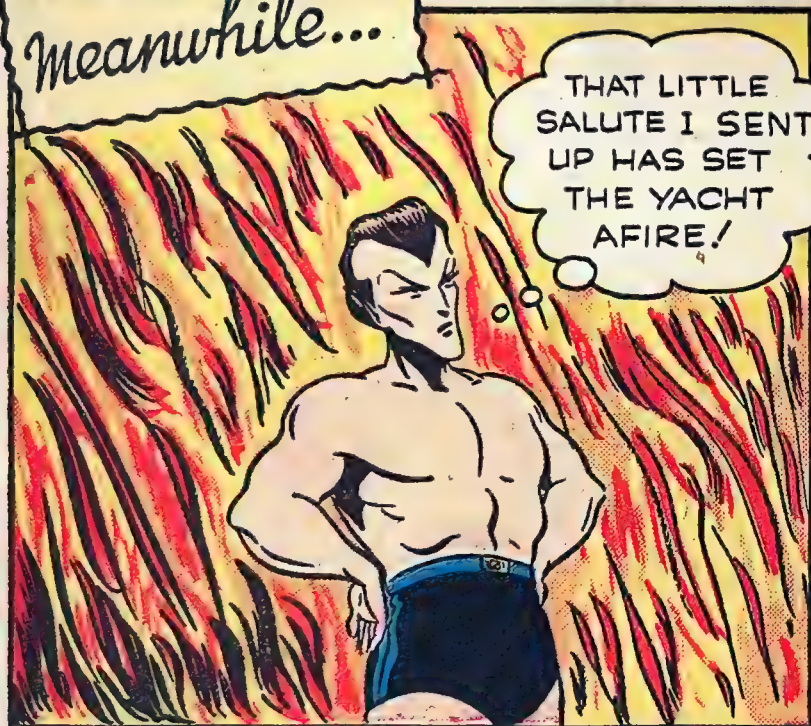
**T**HE GREAT SHIPS OF THE LINE SLOW DOWN AND VEEER HARD-A-PORT -- JUST IN TIME TO MISS BY INCHES THE EDGE OF THE STRANGE MINE-FIELD!



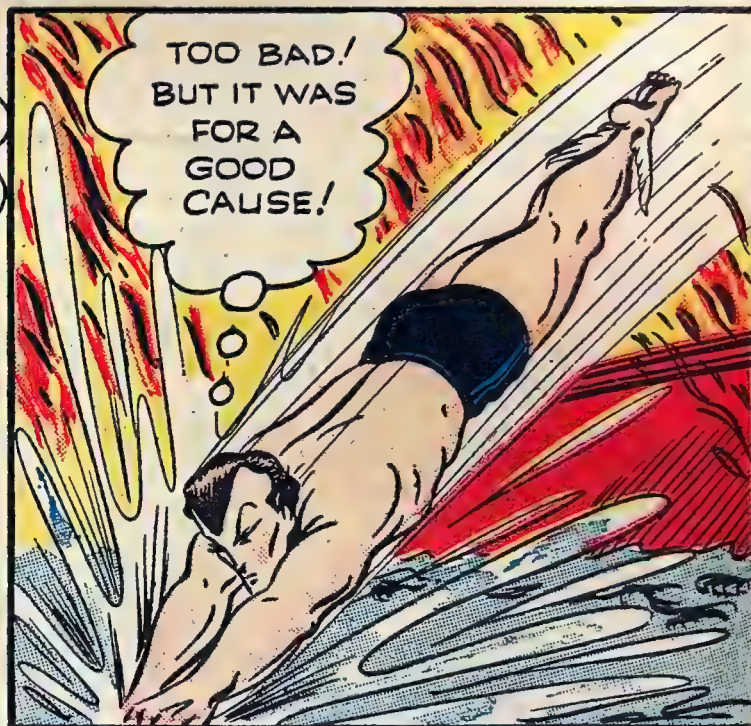
LOOK! FLOATING STALKS OF SUGAR CANE! COULD THEY BE THE MINES! INCREDIBLE!

YOU NEVER CAN TELL! -- IT MIGHT BE ONE OF THOSE NEW SECRET WEAPONS!

Meanwhile...



THAT LITTLE SALUTE I SENT UP HAS SET THE YACHT AFIRE!



TOO BAD! BUT IT WAS FOR A GOOD CAUSE!

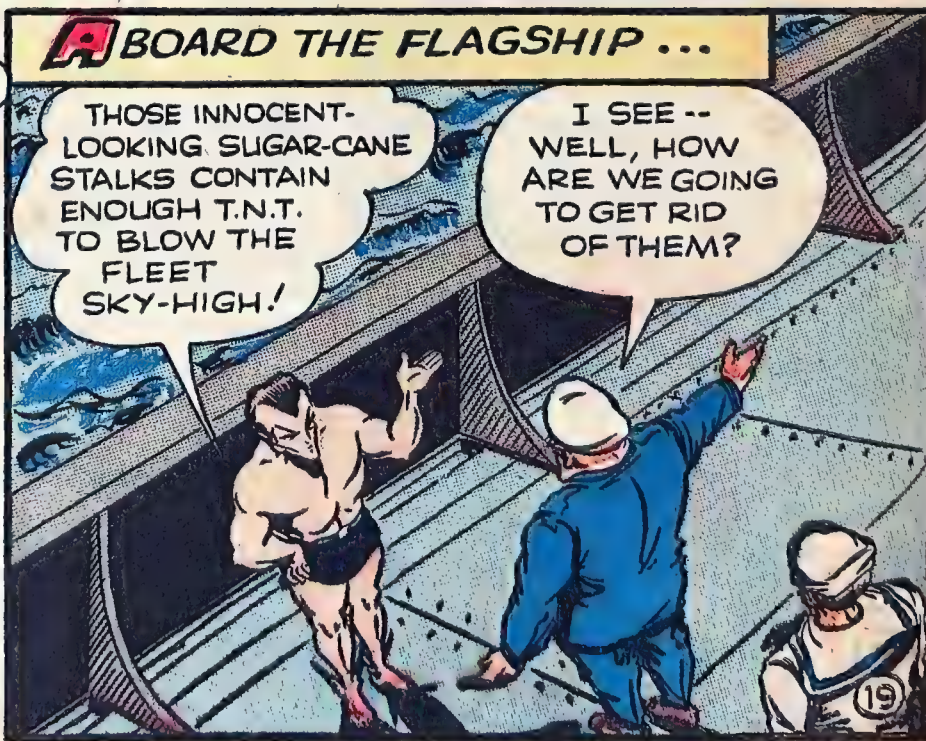


BETTER VISIT THE FLAGSHIP AND LET 'EM KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

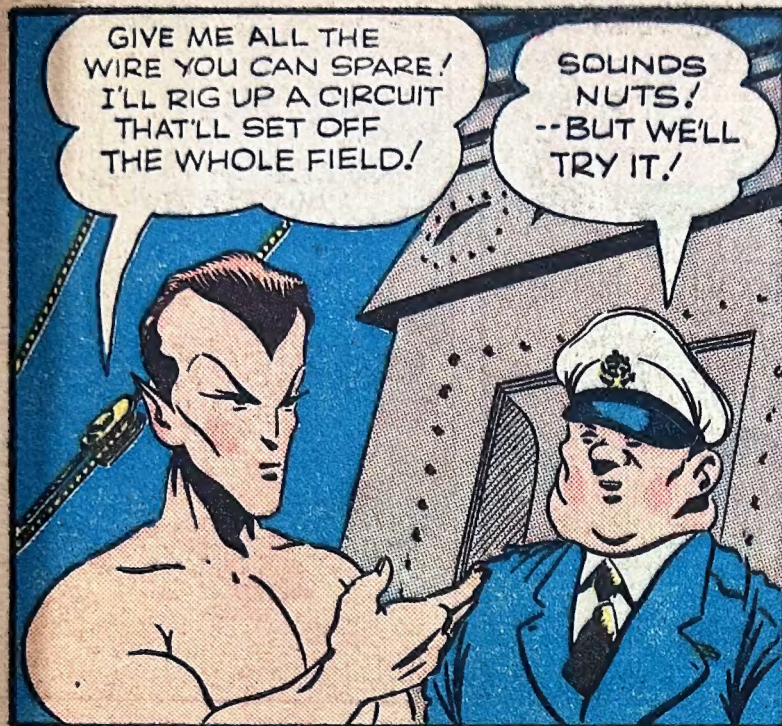
**A**BOARD THE FLAGSHIP ...

THOSE INNOCENT-LOOKING SUGAR-CANE STALKS CONTAIN ENOUGH T.N.T. TO BLOW THE FLEET SKY-HIGH!

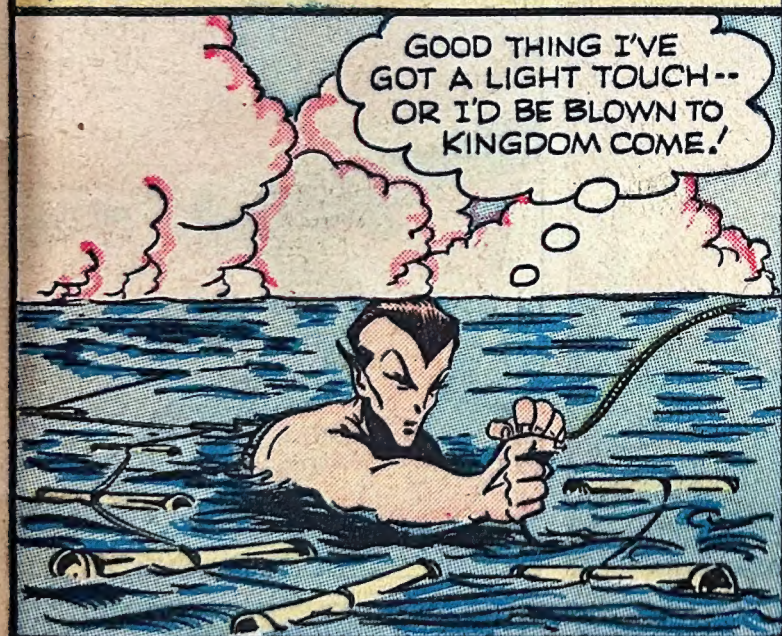
I SEE -- WELL, HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET RID OF THEM?



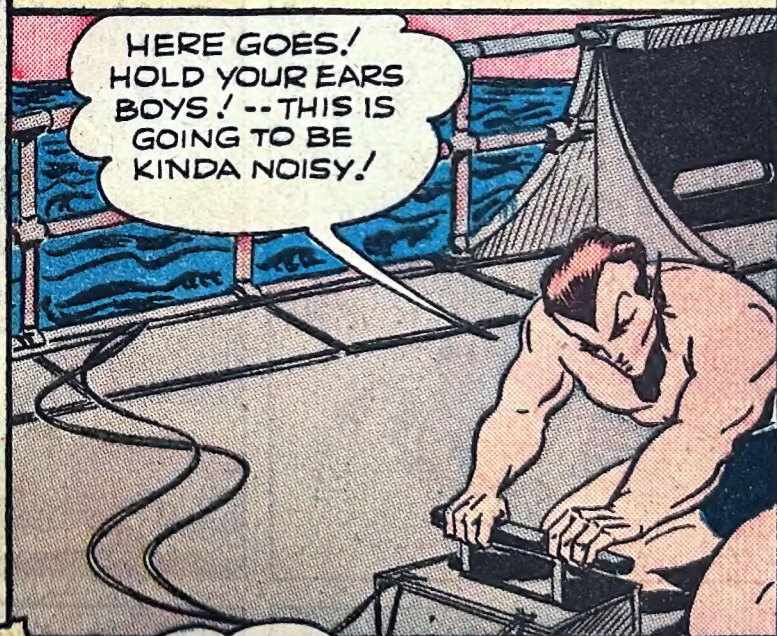




**C**AUTIOUSLY, **SUB-MARINER** SWIMS TO THE DYNAMITE-LADEN CANE STALKS.



**H**AVING PERFORMED THE DANGEROUS TASK OF WIRING THE STALKS, HE RETURNS TO THE SHIP.



**W**ITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE "SUGAR-COATED" MINE FIELD EXPLODES!



THRILL AGAIN!  
TO THE  
**SUB-MARINER'S**  
HAIR-RAISING  
ADVENTURES -  
AS HE ONCE MORE  
DEALS A  
DEATH-BLOW TO  
EVIL, IN  
NEXT MONTH'S  
**MARVEL**  
**COMICS**  
THE WORLD'S  
MOST EXCITING-  
COMICS  
MAGAZINE!



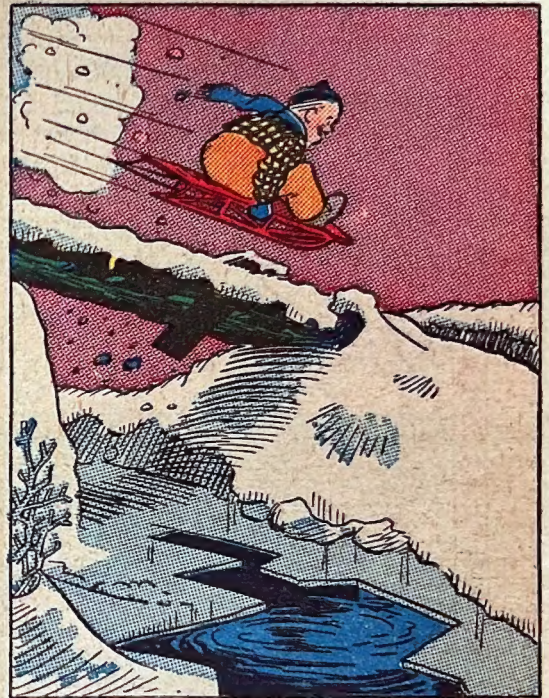
# TUBBY AN' TACK

BY  
RAY  
HOULIHAN

TUBBY!  
WAIT!

DON'T BE SO  
STINGY, TACK!  
I'LL ONLY TAKE  
A SHORT RIDE  
ON YOUR SLED!!

WOW  
!!!

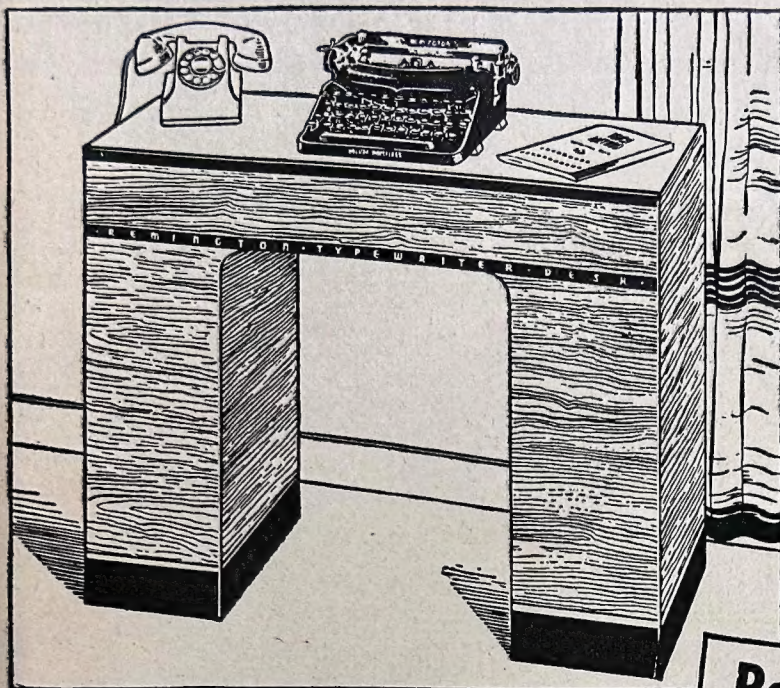


BUT, TUB-  
I JIST WANNA  
TELL YA THE STEERING-  
POST IS BROKEN!!!

PLOP!

RAY HOULIHAN





**ACT NOW!**  
ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



**THIS  
BEAUTIFUL  
DESK** FOR \$1.00  
ONLY

WITH ANY

**REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER**

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

**THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU!  
LEARN TYPING FREE**

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

**SPECIAL CARRYING CASE**

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

**SPECIFICATIONS**

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

**Remington's Amazing  
Combination Offer**  
How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. **DO IT TODAY!**



**SEND COUPON**

**NOW!**

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 423-4  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington ten pay way. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....





# C'mon - BOYS GIRLS MEN WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

**Real Live CANARY**

What a pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders. WRITE TODAY. Sent Express Collect.

Safe Delivery Guaranteed

**BOTH GIVEN**

**GUITAR-uke AND MANDOLIN**

Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. BOTH GUITAR-uke and Mandolin given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

**PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN**

\$10. for best letter written on this machine. Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.

**RADIO**  
Pocket Size  
Needs no batteries or electrical connections  
Sell only two 30 pkt. lots.

**22 Piece TABLEWARE SET GIVEN**

Set of 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. GIVEN for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

**LADIES' NEW FASHION WRIST WATCH GIVEN**

Sparkling enameled Ivory case. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds. WRITE TODAY.

**Beautiful DINNER SET**

This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 orders of Seeds. Sent Express Collect.

**CANDID-Type CAMERA**

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

**BLUE BIRD GRANITE GIVEN**

Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

Entire Set Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY.

**SEND NO MONEY**  
**WE TRUST YOU**

**Crinkled BED SPREAD**

Attractive Colors  
The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting stripes. Size 80 x 90. Simply dispose of only 1 order.

**VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN**

Handsome finish, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. GIVEN for selling only 4 orders. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

**Basket Ball GIVEN**

Latest Rubber Valve Type. Given for selling only 30 pkts. at 10 cts. each.

**FREE**

**THIS PIN IS YOURS**

Just mail the Coupon today and this beautiful Pin, symbolic of American Freedom, will be sent right along with the seeds. HURRY!

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

35th Year

**A COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT**

Includes: FISHING ROD, FISHING TACKLE, SPLIT SHOT SINKERS, FISHING BAIT.

**Suitable for Dad or Son**

This set is complete and practical, as shown. Given for selling only one 30 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

**Lancaster County Seed Co.,**  
Station 3 Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 30 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.